June 28, 1993

THE NEW YORKER

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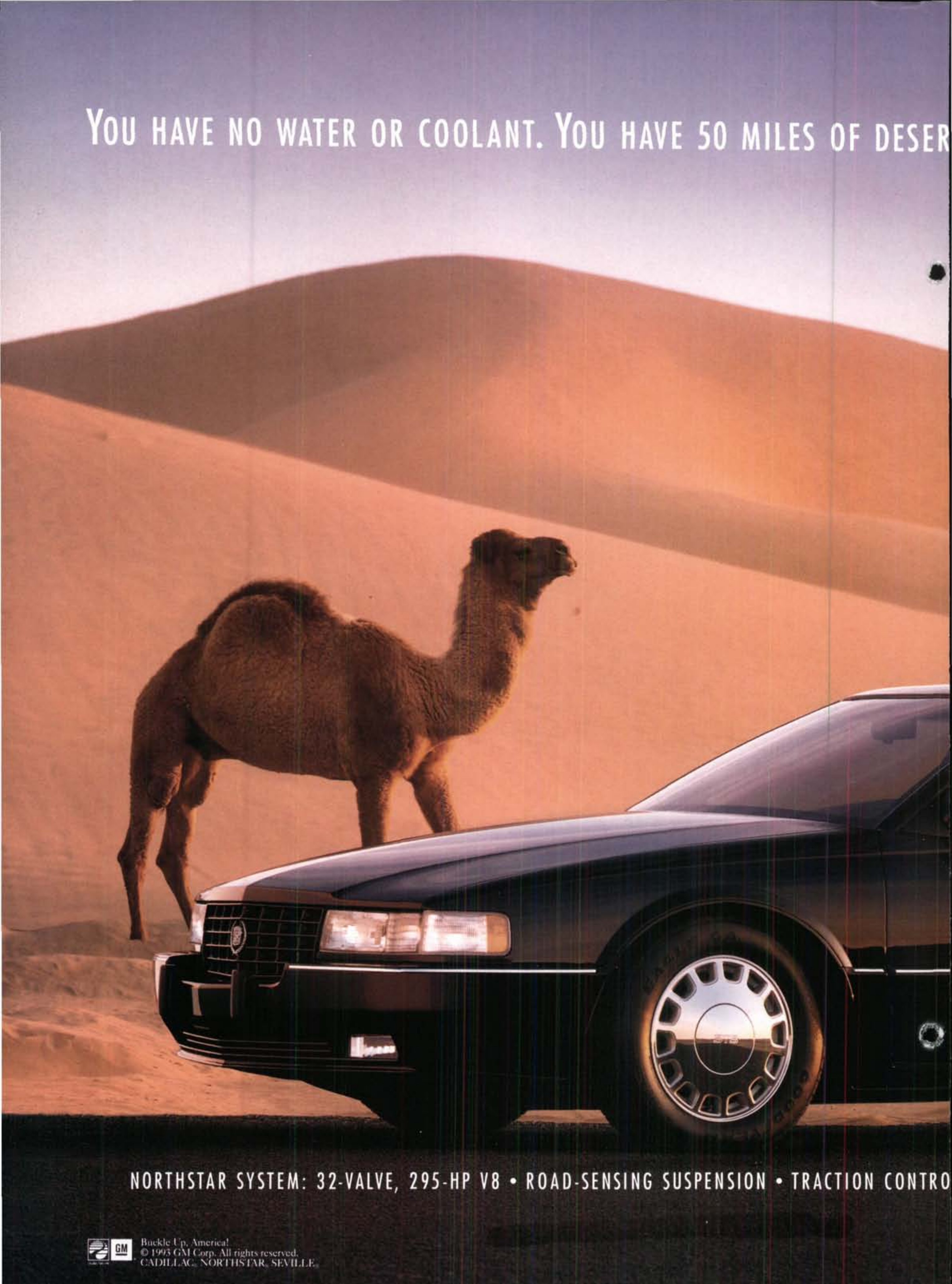
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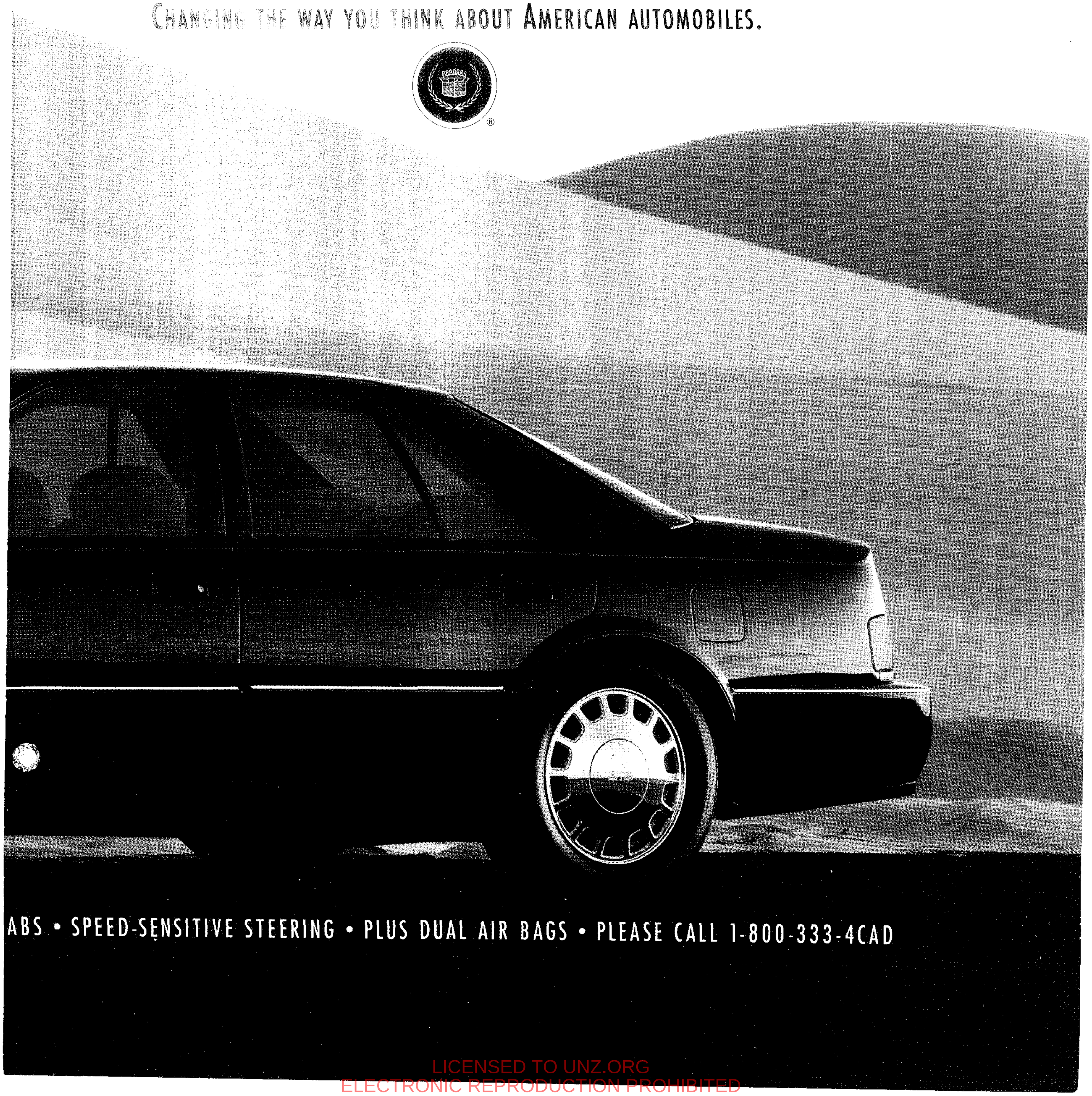

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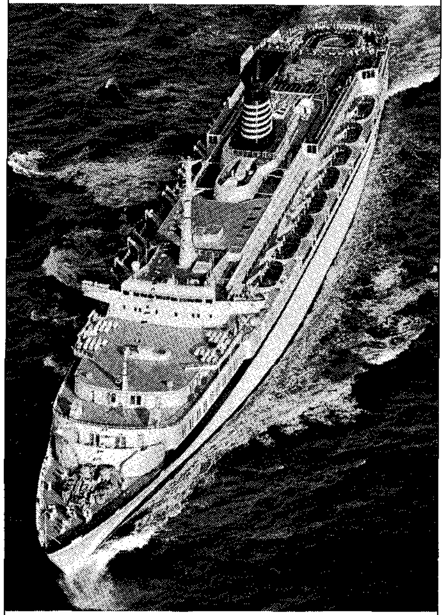

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THE NEW YORKER

JUNE 28, 1993

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DRAWINGS *Mick Stevens, William Hamilton, Joseph Farris, Mort Gerberg, Victoria Roberts, Warren Miller, Richard Cline, Roz Chast, J. B. Handelsman, Michael Crawford, Mike Twohy, Arnie Levin, Dana Fradon, Leo Cullum, William Steig, Peter Steiner, Danny Shanahan, Robert Mankoff, Robert Weber, Bruce Eric Kaplan*

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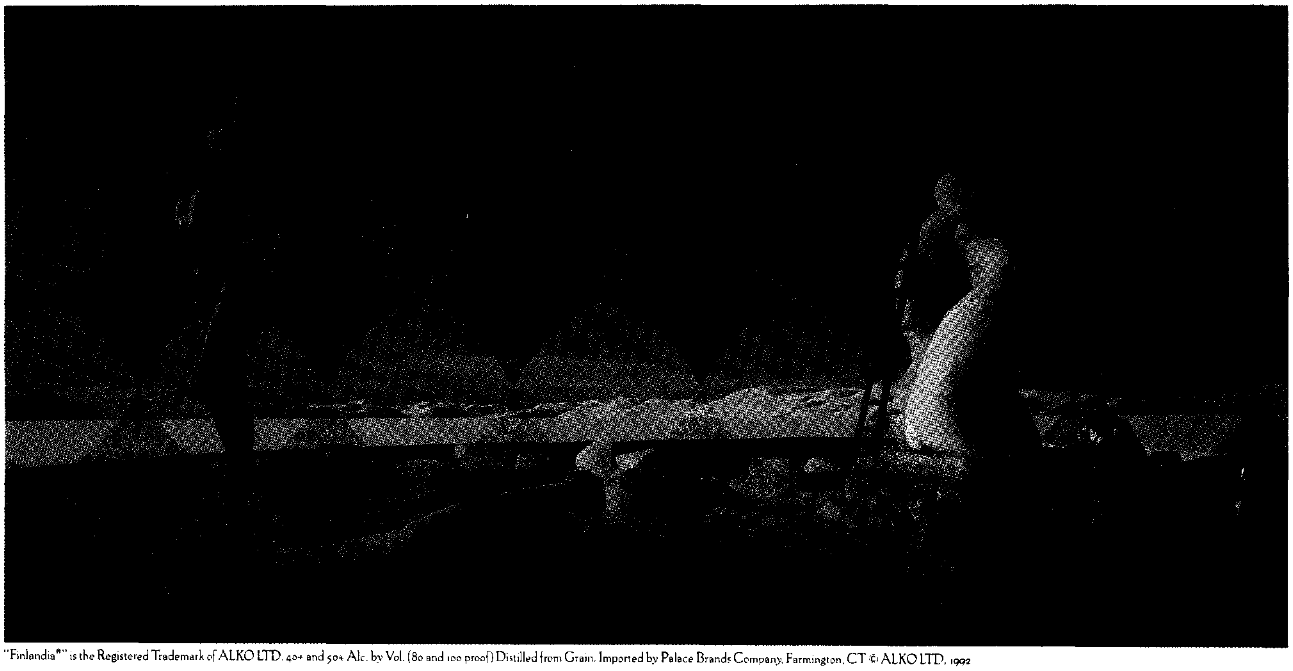
Nearly five months 'til the Savonlinna Ice Carving Championships and already we find Erkki Hokkanen busy sharpening his skills. Folks tell us he has yet to win the title. Seems there are those who deem Erkki's work "a bit ahead of its time." Erkki's reply roughly translated: "Hey, it's not like the grand prize is a lifetime supply of Finlandia or anything."



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From the author of *A Country Year*: "A tour de force, managing to turn those horrid creatures into beings not only fascinating but even lovable."
– *Kirkus Reviews*

Illustration: Wendell Minor

A Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

RANDOM HOUSE

COMMENT

A DEMOCRATIC ARMY

AMERICAN soldiers were under fire last week in Somalia, and the time may not be distant when other Americans will find themselves in harm's way somewhere in the Balkans. But the greatest danger for the American military as a whole, the danger most likely to prove calamitous one day, would be for the Army to march off to war in some such tormented place and find itself unsupported by large sections of the America it has left at home. Armies in authoritarian countries have no such problem: a lone dictator can be their social base. But a democratic Army needs the *demos*. During the entire era from Pearl Harbor through the Presidency of former General Dwight D. Eisenhower, the American military enjoyed reliable popular support: soldiers, sailors, marines, and airmen could feel sure, whatever their mission of the moment, that American society was their friend, that the country's abilities were at their disposal, and that the armed forces were strong because they had a strong country behind them.

But popular support is never a foregone conclusion. The American military have always had greater prestige in the South than in the North, deeper roots in some families than in others, closer ties to certain schools and universities than to others; and, given a sufficient number of bad breaks and knuckleheaded policies, these imbalances in the sociology of military support can easily widen into open splits. That is what happened to the military in the Vietnam War. The armed forces got caught up not only in the political dispute over America's Indochina policy but also in the cultural wars at home. The troops headed west toward Southeast Asia, and one day in San Francisco in 1967 an Army convoy snaking through the streets found itself spontaneously jeered by a random crowd on the sidewalks—an episode that should have told the country's leaders that something was amiss. A generation later, booing crowds are still a quite imaginable possibility, given the wrong circumstances. And against that danger—the danger of fighting abroad while being jeered at

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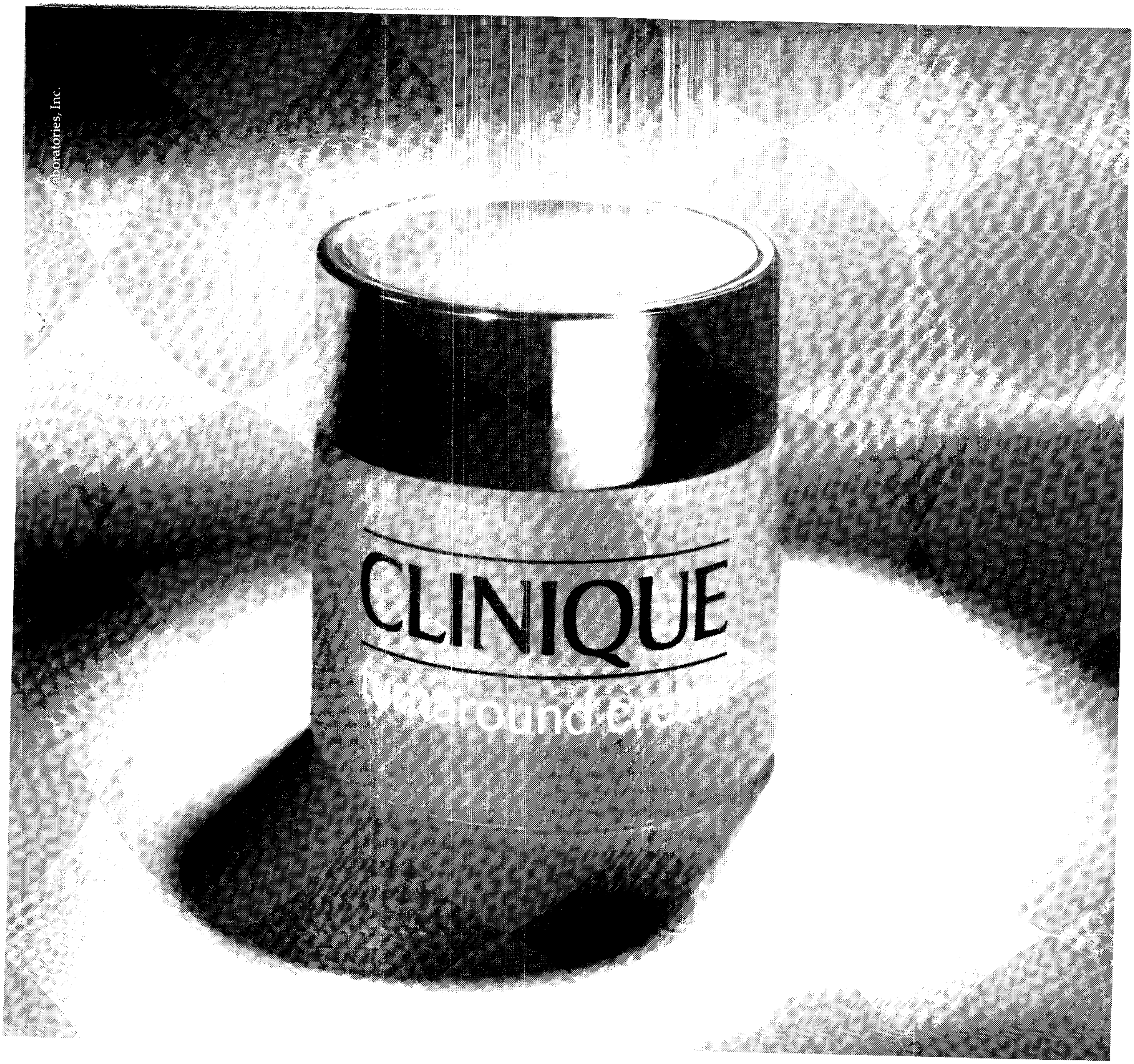

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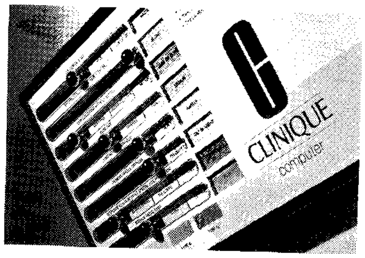

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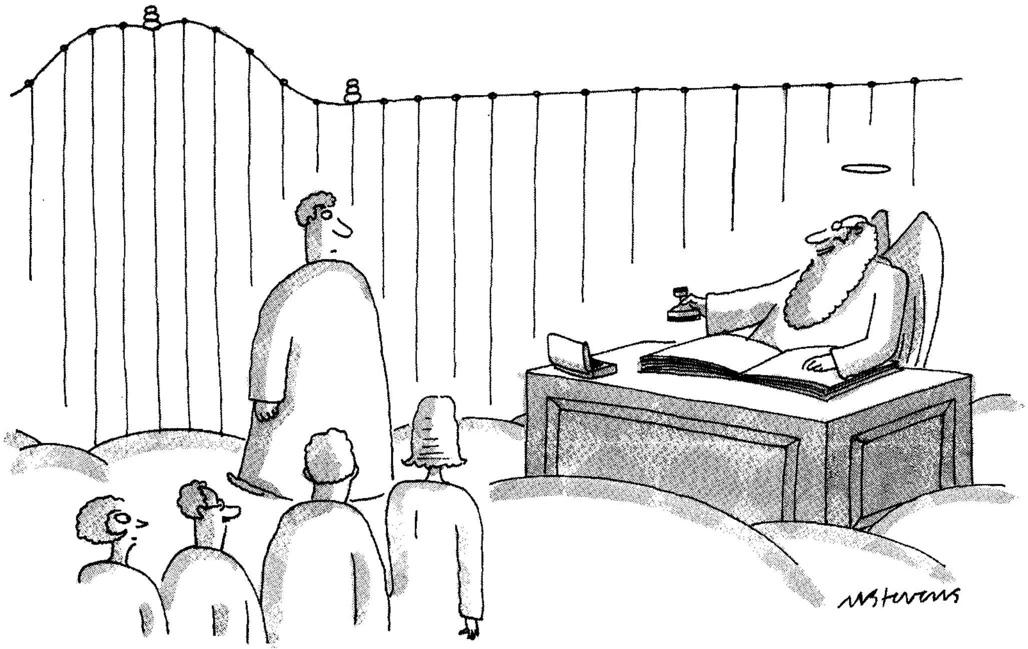
Can our generals and admirals and lawmakers seriously believe that gays in the ranks pose a bigger threat than that? Some of them apparently do, to judge from the hearings conducted throughout the spring by Sam Nunn's Senate Armed Services Committee. But on June 10th, General Colin Powell, the military's highest-ranking officer, in a commencement address at Harvard, promised a solution that would respect "the interests of gay and lesbian Americans who want to be allowed the privilege of serving." And on the same day Barry Goldwater, the gruff godfather of the conservative movement, weighed in with a Washington *Post* op-ed piece headed "The Gay Ban: Just Plain Un-American." "You don't need to be 'straight' to fight and die for your country," Mr. Goldwater wrote. "You just need to shoot straight." The ban still appears unlikely to be expunged all at once and in every particular. But the probability is that whatever compromise emerges will permit gays and lesbians to serve—and to serve honorably, without fear of inquisitions and other gratuitous humiliations.

Unquestionably, introducing a firm tolerance for homosexuals within the military will require some considerable changes. A fighting force has to rely on feelings of extreme loyalty and closeness among its members, and the old-fashioned, manly style of bonding does include (though it does not require) an open contempt for homosexuality—along with, just to keep things humanly complicated, an unstated and intermittent subtext of homoeroticism. To tamper with those tried-and-true masculine customs is a delicate business. The N.C.O.s, whose job it is to supervise the fighting troops, will have to find ways of modernizing the old soldierly feelings. They will have to reject certain aspects of the traditional masculine bond and play up certain other aspects. They will have to instill attitudes of maturity in eighteen-year-old boys. The leadership task will, all in all, be a big one.

The history of the United States armed forces is not, however, on the side of those officers and ex-officers who went before Senator Nunn's committee to argue against the practicability of such changes. Tradition is fine, but the actual tradition of the American military appears to be one of continuous updating and democratization—and not just in the dramatic and admirable instance of successfully turning the military into America's most racially integrated institution. There was the task of forging a single Continental Army out of militias in the squabbling colonies. There was the task of reforging a United States Army out of Northerners and Southerners after the Civil War. (Talk about challenges!) There was the tricky problem, faced repeatedly without a single notable failure during the whole of American military history, of going to war against countries whose emigrants were fighting in our own Army. Compared with such accomplishments, the task of getting heterosexual soldiers to feel bonds of loyalty with the homosexuals in their units is not especially daunting.

If the people who worry that the armed forces will be undermined by gay rights would only lift their anxious eyes to the outer world of American society, they might notice that the campaign for gay rights has already conferred a vast benefit on the armed forces themselves. Deep political moods change only rarely, but of late such a mood has indeed been changing, almost without anyone's noticing. Neighborhoods that had been instinctively antimilitary since the mid-sixties have undergone a silent evolution. Yesterday's antimilitarists have become today's pro-military-reformers. The marching protesters who used to look upon soldiers as sinister strangers, or even as enemies, are today clamoring for the right of all to serve.

The effects of this invisible shift are easy enough to calculate. Everyone recognizes that the Gulf War succeeded in polishing the tarnished reputation for military efficiency which the American armed forces brought home from Vietnam. The movement for permitting gays to serve with dignity in the military, together with the victories of the movement for the rights of women in uniform and a belated public recognition of the military's racial record, is reversing the military's bad reputation (bad among liberals, at least) in respect to some of the cultural and political issues that likewise date from the Vietnam era. A successful gay-rights campaign will end up being anything but a defeat for the armed forces. It will be a signal victory, and in the one slippery field in which the armed forces are always vulnerable—the field of public sentiment. For here is the *demos* refusing to turn away from its Army, and requiring its Army to be as democratic as it is. Gay rights mean a bolstering of the military's legitimacy, not an undermining of their morale: not a weakness, but a new strength. ♦



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

Winners

A NUMBER of gay- and lesbian-themed plays have just opened their ticket windows downtown, their producers no doubt hoping that the crowds swelling the city for Gay Pride Week will get in line. To attract business, these producers seem to be holding an unofficial best-title contest. This year's entrants include a piece, at the Sanford Meisner Theatre, written by Pennell Somsen and called "Laughing Lesbians and Hysterical Heterosexuals"; an extravaganza, at Actors' Playhouse, titled "Howard Crabtree's Whoop-Dee-Doo!"; and Sara Cytron's one-woman evening, at La Mama, which must count as the favorite: "Take My Domestic Partner—Please!"

Last year's undisputed winner, "The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me," at the Perry Street Theatre, will be closing on June 27, after a run that was remarkable for several reasons. The play attracted notice for its writer and original performer, David Drake, and for its politically active producers, Sean Strub and Tom Viola. It proved, through the excellence of its current star, Eric Paeper, to be a workable vehicle for someone other than its creator, and went on to become one of the longest-running solo engagements in the annals of Off Broadway. And, perhaps most memorably, "Larry Kramer" occasioned a giant billboard that presided over Greenwich Avenue and Seventh Avenue South for most of the play's year-long run, giving the Village a huge monument to healthy exhibitionism.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

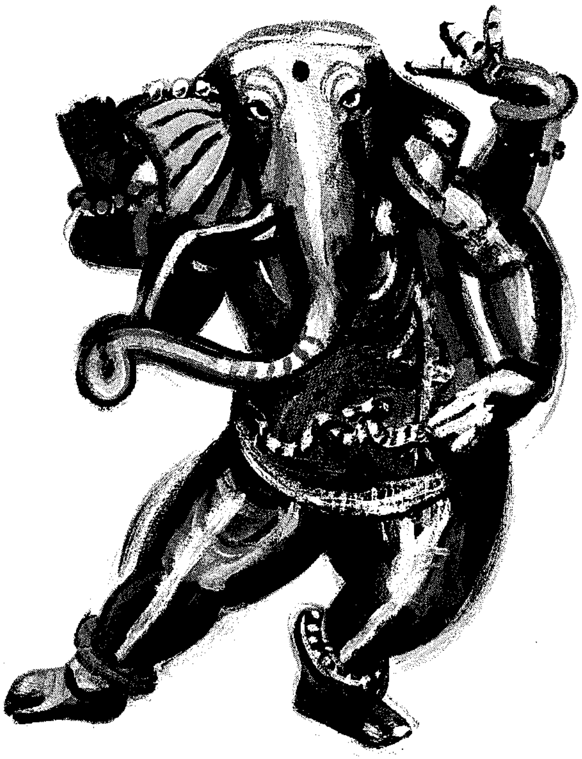
(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Howard Crabtree's Whoop-Dee-Doo!—A cast of nine in sixteen musical numbers. Previews through June 27. Opens June 29 at 8:30. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. For information about tickets, call 777-7474.)

Loose Knit—A play by Theresa Rebeck about five New York women and the men in their lives. With Reed Birney, Daniel Gerroll, Patricia Kalember, Kristine Nielsen, Constance Schulman, Tamara Tunie, and Mary B. Ward. Beth Schachter directed. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Orestes—A play by Charles L. Mee, Jr. The site-specific production is presented by En Garde Arts. Jefferson Mays and Theresa McCarthy lead a cast of nineteen. Previews through June 26. Opens June 27 at 8 and runs through July 18. (Penn Yards, one block west of Twelfth Ave. and 59th St. For reservations, call 274-8123.)

A Perfect Ganesh—A new play by Terrence McNally, with a cast of four: Zoe Caldwell, Dominic Cuskern, Frances Sternhagen, and Fisher Stevens. The work concerns two American women on a trip to India. John Tillinger directed. Previews through June 26. Opens June 27 at 7. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)



"A Perfect Ganesh" at Manhattan Theatre Club.

ANDREA VENTURA

OPENED RECENTLY

Angels in America: Millennium Approaches—The first half of Tony Kushner's epic work is set in 1985, at the height of the Reagan counter-revolution, and it maps the trickle-down effect of self-interest as Kushner's characters ruthlessly pursue their private and public destinies. The Pulitzer Prize-winning play is a saga about sexual politics, death, and decency. Not to be missed. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Blood Brothers—A glum non-musical musical, imported from Britain, about twin boys who are separated at birth. The boys later become friends, love the same girl, and die violent deaths. Willy Russell, whose credentials are good, wrote book, music, and lyrics, to no avail. With Con O'Neill, Stephanie Lawrence, Jan Graveson, and Mark Michael Hutchinson. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Buya Africa—A musical with Thuli Dumakude. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Camelot—Robert Goulet is King Arthur in this revival of the 1960 Lerner and Loewe musical. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Down the Road—Eric Stoltz conjures up the spectre of impersonal malevolence in an inventive and disturbing performance as an imprisoned serial killer who is telling his life story to a husband-and-wife team of true-crime writers, played by John Dossett and Lisa Eichhorn. Unfortunately, Lee Blessing's play places the actors at the service of an odd and ultimately unconvincing thesis: that media fascination with mayhem is responsible for inspiring mass murder. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242.)

Fool Moon—Bill Irwin and David Shiner are the inspired clowns in a show that is perfection itself. The only sound you'll hear is the merry music of the Red Clay Ramblers and the abundant laughter of the audience. (3/8/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

Forbidden Broadway 1993—Once again, a sparkling galaxy of parodies. (1/25/93) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

The Goodbye Girl—Bernadette Peters and Martin Short, two brilliant, funny stars, transform this otherwise indifferent musical adaptation of Neil Simon's movie into a sporadically festive evening. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by David Zippel. Michael Kidd directed. (3/15/93) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS; with John Michael Higgins. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally, a star performance by Brent Carver, as the heroic homosexual window dresser, and another by the redoubtable Chita Rivera, in the title role. Under Harold Prince's direction, the action is always lively and often witty and tender. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, the setting is by Jerome Sirlin, and the costumes are by Florence Klotz. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Later Life—The reunion, after thirty years, of a middle-aged man and woman who were once in love is at the heart of this play by A. R. Gurney—a reunion that comes to nothing. The scene is a cocktail party in Boston, where the couple are constantly interrupted by the other guests, who arrive two by two. Mr. Gurney has written with his customary wit and perception, and the actors do him proud. Charles Kimbrough and Maureen Anderman are the man and woman, and Anthony Heald and Carole Shelley are everybody else. Starting June 29, Edmond Genest replaces Mr. Kimbrough. (6/14/93) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes July 11.)

Laughing Lesbians and Hysterical Heterosexuals—A play by Pennell Somsen, presented by the Vortex Theatre Company. (Sanford Meisner, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. 206-1764. Closes June 29.)

Nostalgia Tropical—A revue of Afro-Cuban music from the thirties, forties, and fifties, featuring Meme Solis. (Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)

Oleanna—David Mamet, in fine, curmudgeonly form, takes on political correctness, sexual harassment, and a number of other topics in this brief, powerful drama that continues to stir up the ideologues. The play's skepticism is as evenhanded as it is corrosive. Treat Williams and Mary McCann make up the cast. (11/16/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.)

Playboy of the West Indies—Mustapha Matura transplants John Millington Synge's "Playboy" from Ireland to Trinidad. That it survives the move so well is due, in part, to Mr. Matura's poetic fluency in wielding the local patois, and, in part, to the distinguished cast, under the direction of Gerald Gutierrez. With Victor Love. (5/24/93) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Playland—A two-character play by Athol Fugard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Shakespeare for My Father—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. She combines

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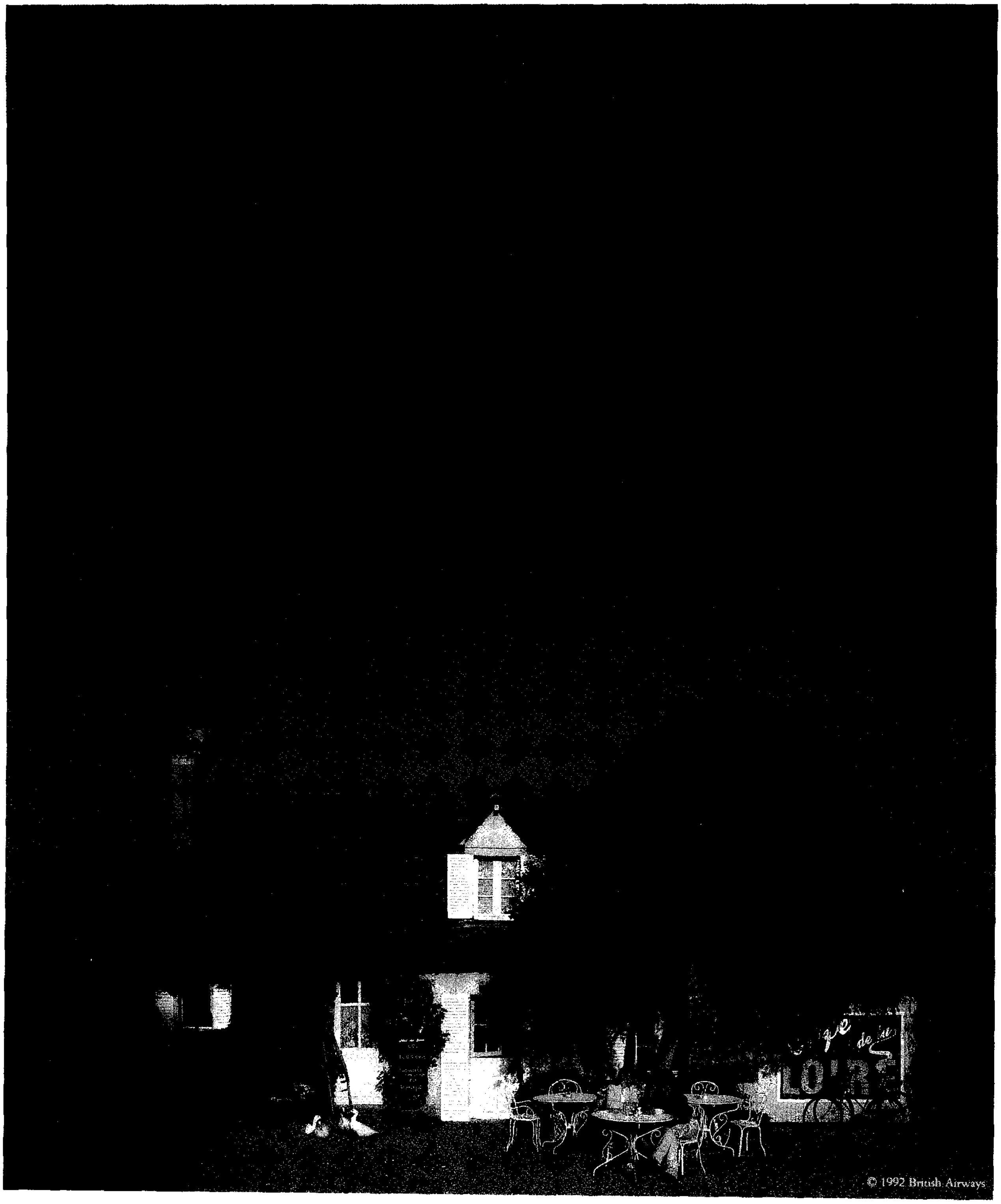

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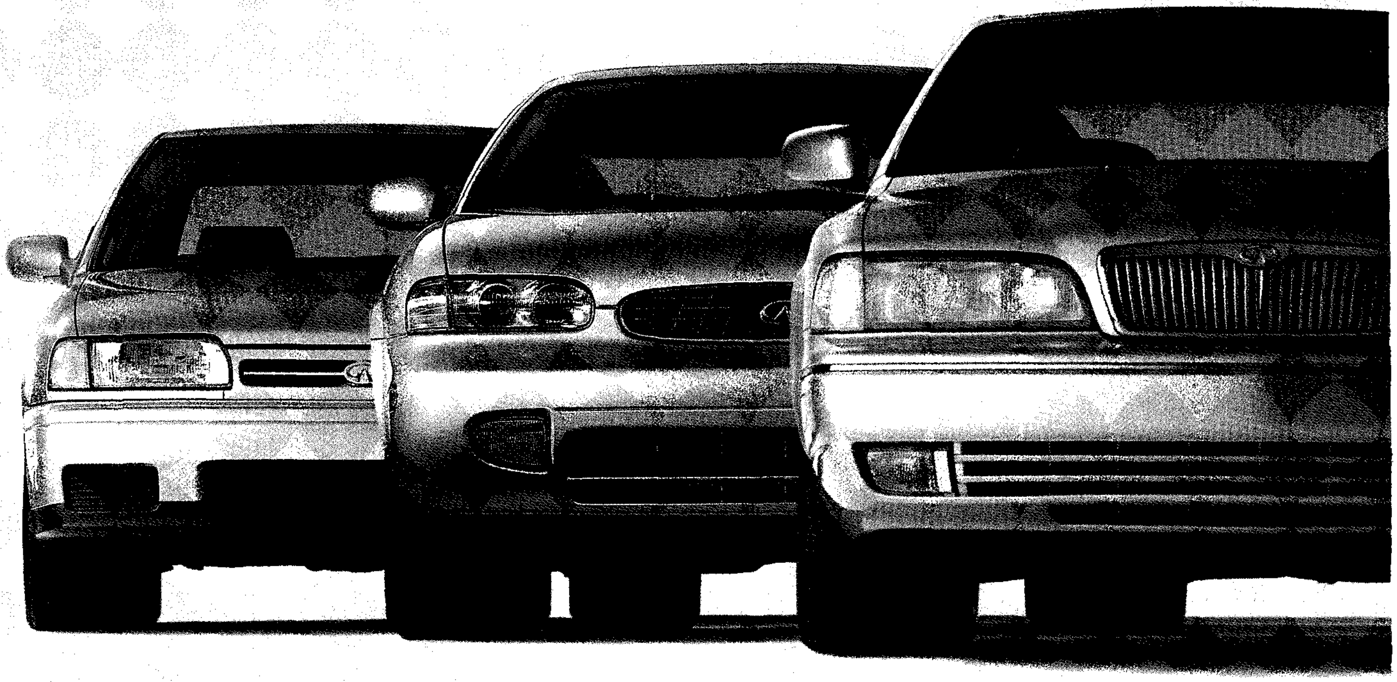

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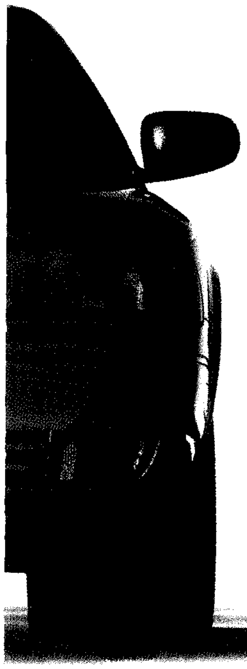

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anecdotes, brilliant thumbnail impersonations of British actors, and wry reminiscence with passages from Shakespeare, which she delivers with eloquence and emotion. This essentially serious evening is often as amusing as it is sad. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

She Loves Me—A revival of the 1963 musical by Joe Masteroff, Jerry Bock, and Sheldon Harnick. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Christine Estabrook, and Madeline Kahn. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. (11/2/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Take My Domestic Partner—Please!—Lesbian comic Sara Cytron's one-woman show. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes June 26.)

Ten Below—An odd young man in a baby-blue tuxedo jacket brings a homeless man home with him one very cold night. The show—written by Shem Bitterman—never quite becomes a play, but one almost doesn't notice, because of Kevin Conway's tremendous performance as the homeless man and Anthony Edwards' inspired attempt at the poorly defined role of the young man. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes June 27.)

Three Hotels—This new play by Jon Robin Baitz is no more than a technical exercise, but what technique! Debra Monk and Ron Rifkin are superb as husband and wife; the versatile Joe Mantello directed. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

The Who's Tommy—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill, but director Des McAnuff's production is caught on the horns of a theatrical dilemma that no amount of slick, exhausting spectacle can resolve. The hero, that deaf, dumb, and blind kid, is spectacularly passive, and thus unreachable, unknowable, and essentially undramatic. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Wild Men!—Set in "the North Woods" on a "Wild Man Weekend," the show makes outrageous mockery of the men's movement, its primal yearnings, and its guru, Robert Bly. Though not penetrating, the evening benefits from the vitality of everyone onstage. "Cheers" survivor George Wendt stars, along with a host of Chicago's Second City alums. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Wrong Turn at Lungfish—The play owes more to day-in, day-out television than it does to the theatre. With Calista Flockhart, Michael E. Knight, Kathleen Marshall, and Fritz Weaver. (3/8/93) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FALSETTOS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **JELLY'S LAST JAM:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE NIGHT LARRY KRAMER KISSED ME:** Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038. (Closes June 27.). . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.

DANCE

Hip-Hop Know-How

MARIA TORRES was born in Brooklyn, but as far as her hip-hopping is concerned she was born in the clubs. "I've been going to them for maybe twelve years," she said recently. "I began when I was thirteen. At first, hip-hop was just for guys. A lot of the moves are hard, athletic. I watched two friends of mine, and we'd dance with each other—that's how I learned. I would incorporate my jazz-dance background and my training in Latin and African dance. I like a more refined style, not one that's so *out* there." In other words, when Ms. Torres teaches hip-hop, which she's been doing professionally for four years, she's on her feet more than she's on her head. This will be a relief to novices who intend to take her public hip-hop lesson on June 26 in Lincoln Center Plaza, as part of the annual Midsummer Night Swing series. (Call 875-5400 for information.)

Ms. Torres's class will learn that hip-hop is built on "and" counts ("And *one*, and *two*"), and that the dancer moves between the beats. Yet the dancing calls for more than mere flat-footed counting. "Sometimes you're up on the balls of your feet," Ms. Torres said. "Sometimes you use your upper body only, sometimes just your arms." She adds, "Hip-hop is a way of life—how you dress, carry yourself, a lingo. But it has technique, too."

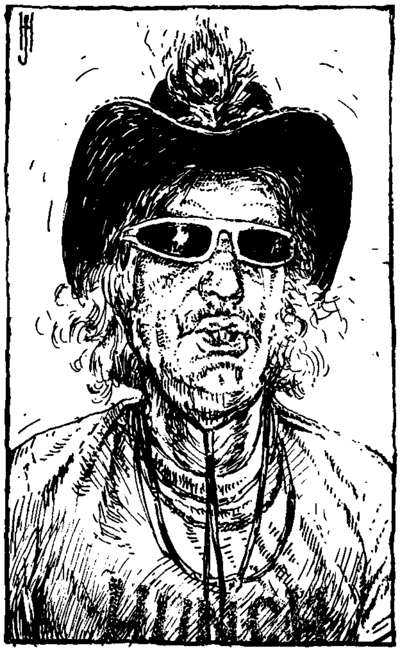
New York City Ballet—Final performances of the season. June 23 at 8: "Ballade," "Tarantella," "Robert Schumann's 'Davidsbündlertänze,'" and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ June 24 at 8: "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Mozartiana," and "Walpurgisnacht Ballet.". . . ¶ June 25 at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Robert Schumann's 'Davidsbündlertänze,'" and "Danses Concertantes.". . . ¶ June 26 at 2: "Ballade," "Garland Dance," "Mozartiana," and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ June 26 at 8: "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," and "Danses Concertantes.". . . ¶ June 27 at 4: A Balanchine gala program. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—June 23-24 and June 26, all at 8: "The Particle Zoo," "Duet 1992," solo from "The Empty Suitor," "Televisitation," and "Rejoyce: A Pilobolus Finnegans Wake.". . . ¶ June 25 and June 29 at 8, and June 26 at 2: "Untitled," "Alraune," "Walklyndon," "Solus," "Slippery Hearts," and "Sweet Purgatory.". . . ¶ June 28 at 8: "Bedtime Stories" (New York première), "Axons," "Clandestiny," "A Portrait" (première), and "Day 2." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through July 17.)

NIGHT LIFE

All Shook Up

HASIL ADKINS, who will appear at Maxwell's on June 26-27, is a wildly unpredictable one-man rockabilly band. The West Virginia native, who plays a guitar strung with everything from fishing line to barrel wire, together with a bass drum and cymbals, has been performing his brand of manic-depressive rock since the late fifties and draws on a repertoire of a couple of thousand original songs. Many of his compositions are both odd and sinister—the titles of tunes like "The Chicken Flop," "I Need Your Head," and "Haunted House" give something of the flavor of his œuvre.



Hasil Adkins

JARRETT HUDDLESTON

Nothing, however, can prepare one for Hasil Adkins live. He has been known to mumble, procrastinate, and generally space out, sending disgusted patrons out the door long before he gets down to singing. He reportedly once whipped out a pistol onstage and shot a noisy ceiling fan, and at a recent appearance in Chicago he flung his guitar into the audience, accidentally injuring a spectator. The frenzy of his bashing, howling, moaning performance is a little frightening even when he behaves himself, but when Adkins is focussed he provides an exhilarating, sometimes astonishing spectacle. Whatever was crazy and ecstatic about early Elvis, Hasil Adkins has managed to translate and preserve, and he can send a hot blast from the moment of rock's creation roaring through the room.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Academy, 234 W. 43rd St.—A cozy former theatre, situated a few doors away from Times Square, where techno and alternative-rock bands, among others, occasionally turn up. On June 23, **FRANK BLACK**, the college-rock king who used to call himself Black Francis back when he was the caterwauling lead singer of the Pixies, will perform with his new band. (His real name is Charles Michael Kitridge Thompson IV.) His new album, "Frank Black," offers more of the simultaneously ominous and fun-loving guitar rock that Pixies fans used to adore; Black's bratty voice can reliably eke grandeur out of nihilism. He's here with the Reverend Horton Heat. **PJ HARVEY** will perform on June 26. PJ Harvey is the name of the band; Polly Jean Harvey is the twenty-

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three-year-old English singer-songwriter who leads it. She is a fascinating provocateur of gender politics and sexual unease, and sometimes sounds like the next Patti Smith. Her first album, "Dry," became a minor hit last year on the strength of two unforgettably blunt and anti-romantic songs—"Dress" and "Sheela-na-Gig"—and she has just released "Rid of Me," which is a more assured and diverse outing, even if it can't provide the shock that the first one delivered. **RADIOHEAD** and **GALLON DRUNK** will open. For concert information, call 249-8870.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**KT SULLIVAN** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—A quirky, endearing Village watering hole, perpetually decorated for the holidays—all of them. The musicians work in the back of the room, in a well ringed by a bar—a setup that seems to bring out the latent show-biz tendencies in some of the bar's patrons. Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and John Parker, Fridays to the George Stubbs trio and the Freddy Francis trio (also here on Saturdays), and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. The Ballroom is also a tapas restaurant—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE** continues through June 27.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, a gift shop, and, of course, those incredible shrinking aisles that turn a mid-set dash to the rest room into something of a steeplechase. The **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET** is in swing through June 27. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great black loft that's jammed with row after row of tables—it looks a little like the site of a standardized test. Despite the cramped quarters, though, the Bottom Line is a pleasant place to take in a show of folk or rock. June 23: **JANIS IAN** will sing her hits—including, perhaps, "Society's Child"—and songs from her first new album in ten years, "Breaking Silence." June 24: **PINETOP PERKINS,** with **SAFFIRE: THE UPPITY BLUES WOMEN.** Pinetop is an eighty-year-old pianist with a fine new album, "Portrait of a Delta Bluesman." Saffire is a Fredericksburg, Virginia, trio that plays riotous barroom blues and sings Bessie Smith-ish numbers about love, sex, and middle age. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The art collection in this neighborhood restaurant, bar, and jazz club is a curator's worst nightmare. Fortunately, the musicians who gather round the Steinway each night are usually more harmonious. Through June 26, **DONALD BROWN** (piano), **STEVE WILSON** (sax), and **ESSIET ESSIET** (bass) will appear. On June 27, **CHARLES THOMAS, ALAN DAWSON,** and **RAY DRUMMOND** come in for a night. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving: the management has had the good sense not to renovate. **RADIOHEAD,** which performs on June 24, is a five-piece group from Oxford, England, that has skidded onto the alternative charts with an exhilarating single called "Creep," in which the singer, Morrissey-like, meditates on life as an outcast. The mood of the band's début album, "Pablo Honey," doesn't get much brighter than that, but smart, self-deprecating lyrics, tidal waves of guitar, and the singer's all-out style give the songs a charge.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The seating arrangement in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement makes flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. Through June 27: the **JAY HOGGARD** quintet, with James Newton. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—The latest entrant in the jazz-club sweepstakes. Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, the space is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. The **WOODY HERMAN** big band is here through June 24. On June 25-27, **WALT LEVINSKY** and the Great American Swing Band will play in a tribute to Benny Goodman. Dining.

Grand, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—The former home of the gone and forgotten Cat Club. The new owners have given the space a much-needed face-lift—more bars, a paint job, a new stage, and a thumping sound system. Only the velvet rope out front remains. June 26: Warrior Soul, Last Tribe, Brother Sun, and Rosary Violet.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but it has an odd, dingy charm. **GOD STREET WINE** and **ALLGOOD** perform on June 24. For concert information, call 249-8870.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A jazz room, one steep flight up from the Upper West Side hurly-burly. On June 23, the **CAROL BRITTO** trio will take the stage; on June 24, the **ROY MERIWETHER** trio is in for a night; on June 25, look for the **JUDY BARNETT** quintet; and the week's highlight, on June 26, will be tubist **SAM PILAFIAN** playing numbers off his "Makin' Whoopee" CD, with Frank Vignola (guitar), Joe Ascione (drums), and Dan Keiling (guitar/vocal). Dining.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for freethinking musicians. Some notable groups are appearing here as part of the club's "What Is Jazz?" festival. When saxophonist **MARTY EHRLICH** hooks up with drummer **BOBBY PREVITE** and the willfully obscure Boston-based saxophonist **STAN STRICKLAND,** as they will on June 26, the most exciting non-mainstream jazz group coalesces. Ehrlich is a thoughtful composer and exacting bandleader; no matter how outside this band gets, he makes sure it always swings. Michael Formanek is on bass for this gig.

La Cave on First, 1125 First Ave., at 62nd St. (759-4011)—Though situated in the basement of an Upper East Side Mexican restaurant (Pancho Villa), this is an establishment worth checking out. There's nothing trendy, or even distinguishing about it, and that may be the secret of its appeal. The entertainment varies, from tap dancing one night to gospel the next. On Tuesdays, the wonderful blues singer and pianist **BOB GADDY** has the stage.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—This blues bar stands apart from the Upper East Side's usual array of singles bars, and has become a big draw for the neighborhood's army of post-collegiates. The neon beer signs, Manny's caps, and funky drinks lend the place a frat-house aura, but don't let that put you off: this long, dark, brick-walled room is a good spot to catch blues artists both major and minor.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. June 25: Tsunami, Vineland, and Caterpillar. June 26-27: **HASIL ADKINS,** Menster Phip & the Phipsters.

Metropolis, 31 Union Sq. W., at 16th St.—The basement of this restaurant, a small, tidy, marble-pillared space, is the site of various musical happenings, most notably a club called Giant Step. Every Thursday night, the club's proprietors arrange blind dates between jazz and rap. As d.j.s spin jazz, funk, and hip-hop records, a loose collective of musicians and rappers take turns improvising. You never know who might show up, but Roy Hargrove, Branford Marsalis, and the members of Digable Planets are a few of the artists who have passed through. For schedule information, call 627-8616.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. It's currently faux forties at Michael's as **JOHN COLIANNI** (familiar to the club's regulars as Mel Tormé's annual backup man) leads his sixteen-piece Great American Swing Orchestra in hits from the Miller-Dorsey-Goodman era, with cabaret starlet **SARA ZAHN** playing the indispensable part of the "girl singer." Mondays belong to **WOODY ALLEN** and the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Closed Sundays.

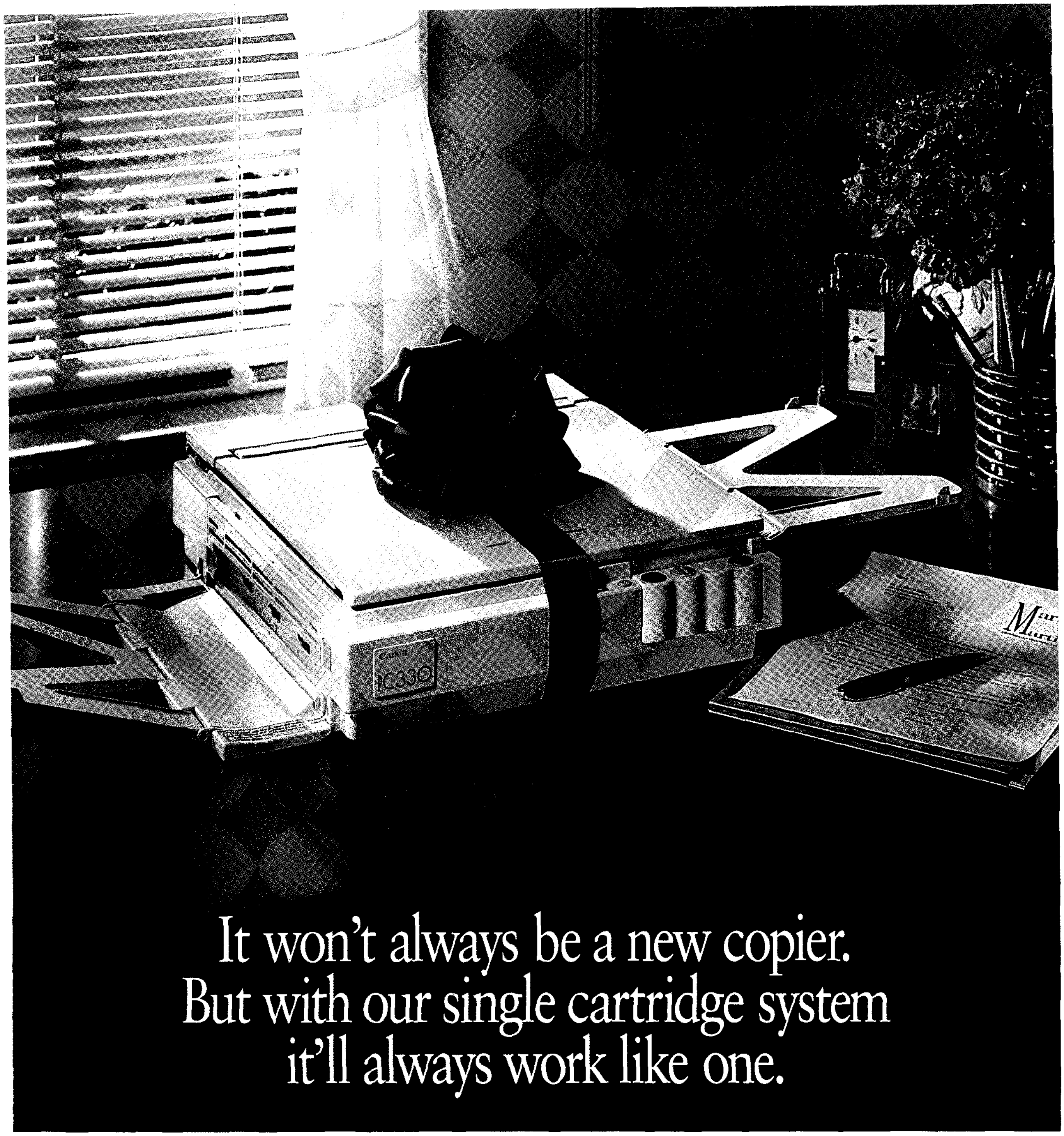
Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There, you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here, intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. **LAURIE BEECHMAN** is here for the next few weeks. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to such things as calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. June 23-24: **FLORA PURIM & AIRTO MOREIRA** will play Brazilian jazz and perform percussion miracles. June 25: Alceu Valenca. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This brown-toned ski chalet of a club is a fine place to study jazz-group dynamics. **PAUL BLEY, JIMMY GIUFFRE,** and **GARY PEACOCK** work out through June 27. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—With the opening of the Chestnut Room, this legendary tourist haven is making a bid to attract serious jazz fans. The club, which resembles a hunting lodge, is every bit as over the top as the rest

JEAN-CLAUDE SALEMI



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of the establishment, but the bookings have been impressive. The **DICK HYMAN** trio is here through June 27.

TIME CAFÉ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden inside this trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. Upstairs is a sumptuous Moroccan bar and lounge appointed with satin couches, mosaic tables, and Arabian-style fixtures. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a sleek and comfortable spot to take in a show. June 23: **NORA YORK.** June 26: She Never Blinks and **CHRIS STAMEY.** Stamey, a singer-songwriter-guitarist, estimates that the number of bands he's been in is "less than a hundred but more than fifty." One of them was the dB's, a Hoboken outfit that produced some brilliant, forward-looking pop in the late seventies and early eighties. Since then, Stamey has released several solo albums, and a couple years back he teamed up with fellow-dB Peter Holsapple on a memorable album called "Mavericks." The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—This club is located near what was once called Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. The pillared, loftlike room is decorated in a hodgepodge, vaguely Bourbon Street manner. **MERLE HAGGARD** and **SLEEPY LA BEEF** perform on June 23. Haggard is ornery and independent—which may explain why he's playing here and not at Radio City—but he's an undeniably great country bard. Attention should be paid. **MARCIA BALL** is here June 24, with Popa Chubby. Walter (Wolfman) Washington and the Long Shadows take over on June 25. June 26 belongs to **ROOMFUL OF BLUES.**

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town which still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. The **ARTHUR BLYTHE** quartet is in action through June 27. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—This locus of grooviness is usually thought of as a Deadhead hangout, but the club has also been the launching pad for a generation of young New York bands like Blues Traveler and the Spin Doctors. Shows here can be absurdly tight and sweaty—the club seems to have a hard time turning people away. Still, Wetlands is such a maze of a place that there's always some mellow corner to retire to. One of the better bands on the local scene, the spunky white-funk outfit **THE AUTHORITY,** appears on June 25. They seem poised to follow earlier Wetlands groups into the big time: their freewheeling sets turn into dance parties, thanks to an energetic mix of sly humor and feel-good grooves.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"THE INVISIBLE CIRCUS"—Victoria Chaplin and Jean Baptiste Thiérrée, creators of "Le Cirque Imaginaire," return with a new show. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3.)

PENNY ARCADE—The performance artist continues in her autobiographical show, "Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!," replete with male and female go-go dancers. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8.) . . ¶ On June 28 at 7:30, Ms. Arcade and her crew split a bill with the Sarah Skaggs Dance Company (who are performing "Higher Ground") at P.S. 122's Big Room series. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. For information about tickets, call 477-5288.)

DIAMANDA GALÁS—A preview performance of "Insekta, An Electro-Acoustic Monodrama," which she'll do in July at Lincoln Center's Serious Fun! festival. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. June 24, June 26-27, and June 29, all at 8:30.)

ART

Border Crossing

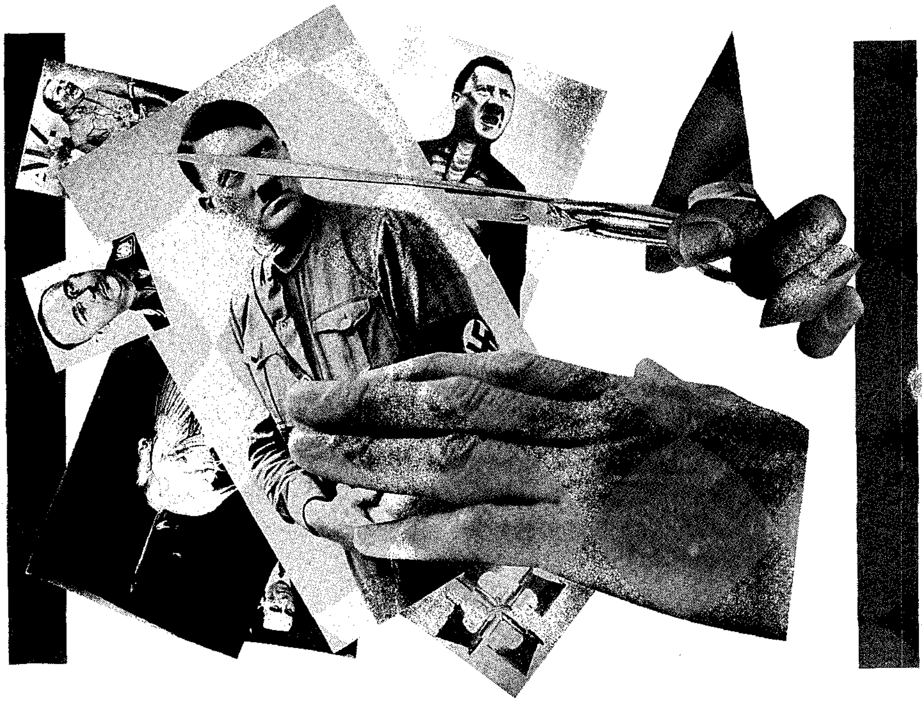
THE forty-fifth Venice Biennale, which opened to the public last week, is similar in many ways to its recent predecessors. The main part of the exhibition is, as usual, displayed in an architecturally eclectic array of national pavilions in the city's public gardens. The auxiliary Aperto (Open) section has once again been mounted in a giant warehouse that used to be the city Arsenal. As always, there are many satellite shows and events, including performances, screenings, multimedia spectacles, and banquets.

But in several ways this Biennale is different. For instance, Ilya Kabakov has taken brilliant advantage of the former U.S.S.R. pavilion, which he has boarded up and made to appear in disrepair, as an ironic backdrop for his installation of a red kiosk emitting the sounds of old May Day speeches and marching tunes. Elsewhere, a theme of internationalism—the organizers call it "cultural nomadism" and "the transnational spirit"—prevails. Thus, work by the American Joseph Kosuth is being shown in the Hungarian pavilion, and the French-born Louise Bourgeois is representing the United States. At the German pavilion, the entire space has been given over to installations by two artists: the Korean-born Nam June Paik and the German-born Hans Haacke, who lives in New York. In 1980, this pavilion was the scene of breakthrough exhibitions of work by Georg Baselitz and Anselm Kiefer, which prefigured the rise of German art. This year, the stamp on the artists' passports is "Global."

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Abstract Expressionism: Works on Paper, Selections from the Collection." This show, which presents work from 1938 to 1967, seems almost comically tame in the light of Abstract Expressionism's initial reputation. Included are de Kooning, Motherwell, Pollock, Stamos, Tobey, and many others. . . . ¶ "The Waking Dream: Photography's First Century" features rare prints from 1839 to 1939. Through July 4. . . . ¶ "Drawings from the J. Paul Getty Museum." More than a hundred small works and figure studies, with special emphasis on the Italian Renaissance, including Leonardo's delicate sketch of a child embracing a lamb (for a painting long since lost) and other works by, for example, Bernini, Bronzino, Mantegna, Raphael, and Titian. . . . ¶ The New Costume Institute's first show, "Infra-Apparel," presents three centuries of underwear as outerwear, from the diaphanous frocks of the Directoire period to Jean Paul Gaultier's remarkable costumes for Madonna. . . . ¶ "Persian Tiles" features more than fifty examples from the museum's collection, most of them from the mid-thirteenth century. . . . ¶ "Modern Metalwork" showcases diverse works in metal, from Art Nouveau jewelry to a massive steel lounge chair. . . . ¶ "A Masterpiece of Sculpture from Renaissance Florence: Verrocchio's Bronze Statues of Christ and St. Thomas." (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—John Heartfield (1891-1968). Father of photomontage and Dada pioneer, Heartfield, who anglicized his name from the German Helmut Herzfeld, was a prescient enemy of Fascism. He excoriated the Nazis with works like "Hurray, the Butter Is All Gone!" (1935), depicting a German family, complete with baby and dog, eating scrap metal for strength, and "Have No Fear, He's a Vegetarian" (1932), in which a bug-eyed Adolf Hitler prepares to slaughter a turkey. The show also contains Heartfield's book jackets for John Dos Passos and Upton Sinclair. Through July 6. . . . ¶ "Latin American Artists of the Twentieth Century." In this exhibit of more than three hundred works, one rediscovers several lesser-known artists, most notably Tarsila do Amaral (1886-1973), a lively Cubo-



STEPHEN KRONINGER

John Heartfield at MOMA.

Surrealist painter from Brazil, and Jesús Rafael Soto, the Venezuelan whose brilliant Op constructions, famous during the sixties, seem timely again. The younger generation of Latin Americans, including Julio Galán, Guillermo Kuitca, Jac Leirner, and Ray Smith, is especially strong.... ¶ Drypoints by Braque and Picasso, Pop art that incorporates commercial signs, and computer-assisted photolithographs are among the more than ninety works in "Reading Prints," an installation tracing the role of language in art. Through July 6.... ¶ "Cinderella," an installation, both comical and poignant, of seventeen photographs, in which the characters are William Wegman's sad-faced weimaraners.... ¶ Photographs by Philip-Lorca diCorcia. Through July 6. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Rebecca Horn, the first artist to have concurrent exhibits at all three Googs (uptown, SoHo, and Venice), combines elements of film, sculpture, performance, and poetry, to explore themes of human frailty, machinery, and desire. Starts June 25.... ¶ "Modern Masterpieces from the Permanent Collection" features more than a hundred works, from Impressionism to Cubism, including paintings by Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Mondrian, Miró, and Picasso. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Paul Klee." One of the unique strengths of this museum's permanent collection is its extensive holdings of paintings and drawings by Paul Klee. Sixty works are on view in this meaty show, which traces the artist's career from grotesques made in his teens to the geometric abstractions made shortly before his death. Klee's childlike sense of wonder seems to blossom as the artist matures. No artist could personalize geometry quite as he did, and the roots of many of the more idiosyncratic veins of postwar art can be found here. Several drawings amplify the maze of the artist's mind, his ability to make an art that resided somewhere between play and an almost scientific investigation. The room devoted to Klee's Bauhaus years is perfection.... ¶ With the recent controversial purchase of the Panza collection, the Guggenheim should also be known for its extensive minimalist holdings. "Singular Dimensions in Painting," a history of geometric and monochromatic postwar painting, draws largely on Panza works and does a fine job of showing off a sampling of these extraordinary holdings. The show starts with a Reinhardt black painting, a sublime piece of negation, and from there it plots the passage of the rectangle in the American painting—radiating with Albers, reverberating with Rothko, almost literally slipping off the canvas with Rauschenberg, emphasizing its edge with Stella, hazing out in a TV blur with Robert Ryman, and presenting its surface with Agnes Martin. The Kellys have an electrifying intensity and examine color as form, while the Martin grid paintings—more related to landscape than pure abstraction—reside outside minimalism's rigidity, and here have a fascinating kinship with Ryman. Robert Mangold never looked so good. He reintroduces figure/ground relationships that the artists who preceded him worked hard to eliminate.... ¶ "Rebecca Horn." Starts June 25. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 10.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1993 Biennial may be over, but the Whitney continues on its path of social and political engagement with two new shows: "The Subject of Rape," an installation that examines rape in art, history, law, and the media; and "Abject Art: Repulsion and Desire in American Art," which explores the use of degraded materials, impurity, and excess. Starts June 23.... ¶ "Collection in Context: Hopper in Paris" showcases more than eighteen works by Edward Hopper, painted during his three sojourns in Paris in the early nineteen-hundreds. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Second Direction: Twentieth-Century Sculptors' Drawings." More than seventy-five works from the museum's permanent collection, including figure drawings by Louise Nevelson and Isamu Noguchi. Starts June 25.... ¶ Donald Lipski's startling installation, "Pieces of String Too Short to Save," has transformed the entire lobby into a vast junkyard—the detritus of a civilization. There is no string in sight, but everything else you can think of—books, bicycle reflectors, truck tires, cassette tapes, wooden lasts, dust mops—is hung on the back wall or piled on the floor. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

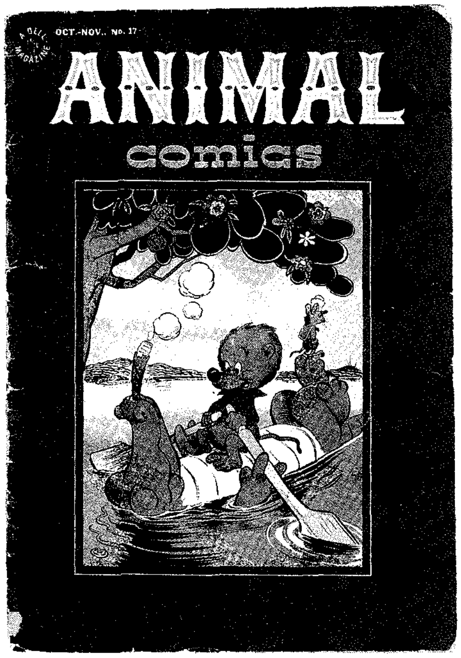
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Bears: Imagination and Reality." Black bears and grizzlies will be on dramatic display in twenty-three new dioramas here; visitors can also view a forty-claw necklace and video interviews with people who have survived close encounters with bruins.... ¶ "The Dinosaurs of Jurassic Park" features several life-size props created for Steven Spielberg, including a Tyrannosaurus rex, a triceratops, and a velociraptor.... ¶ More than fifty color photographs examining "The Pantanal: Brazil's Forgotten Wilderness," a floodplain "the size of Wyoming," home to rare and endangered animal and plant species.... ¶ "The Hall of Human Biology and Evolution," a new permanent exhibition. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Gods, Guardians, and Lovers: Temple Sculptures from North India, A.D. 700-1200" presents the twenty-armed Ganesa, the elephant-headed god of wisdom and good fortune; Vishnu in his boar incarnation; a monkey untying the girdle of a celestial beauty; and other lasciviously smirking guardians and lovers. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Czech Cubism: Architecture and Design." (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Flora Photographica: The Flower in Photography from 1835 to the Present." Much more than a collection of pretty blossoms, this exhibition of a hundred and eighty images is a testament to the flower's multifaceted and evocative fragility. The show ranges from Scowen & Company albumen prints from the eighteen-seventies to Robert Mapplethorpe's stately tulips. There are famous faces with flowers, too, including a 1932 Cecil Beaton portrait of Marlene Dietrich with a huge corsage, like a dream prom date, and a great 1953 shot, by Jean Dieuzaide, of Salvador Dali emerging from the water, a pair of petals balanced on the points of his waxed mustache. Starts June 26.... ¶ "Dandies and Decadence: British Writers at the Turn of the Century."... ¶ "Femininity, Fashion, and Feminism" is an exploration of coded messages implicit in apparel. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 5:45; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:45.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—The library devotes its entire space to "Jazz," an exhibition that features more than four hundred original scores and arrangements, rare manuscripts of works by Duke Ellington and Charles Mingus (including a section of Mingus's "Epitaph," until recently thought lost), film footage, photographs from the forties to the sixties, and radio broadcasts from the thirties. Starts June 24. (Open Wednesdays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)



Walt Kelly at F.D.R.

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GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Michael Goldberg—A mini-retrospective of a popular minor painter. The show begins with an energetic, painterly work from 1960, followed by several placid abstract paintings of the sixties—hybrids of late Abstract Expressionism and early post-minimalism, in which a wide, flat brushstroke functions as form. In the seventies, this brushstroke multiplies and becomes more geometrical, and in the eighties the artist's work turns both more agitated and more playful. The show ends with three highly charged recent paintings, in which the artist orchestrates all sorts of geometric and linear play on different layers of painted space—compositional traffic jams. Through June 26. (Lennon Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Walt Kelly (1913-73)—Original artwork from Kelly's swamp comic strip, "Pogo." Through June 30. (F.D.R., 670 Broadway.)

Annette Messager—For close to two decades, Messager's focus has been society's violence against women, expressed here by long metal spears pinning all sorts of things to the gallery wall: dolls; stockings stuffed with models of sexual organs; drawings of such sinister things as rape, crucifixion, and tanks in the desert; and maps that suggest invasion and colonization. Through June 26. (Baer, 476 Broome St.)

Dario Urzay—This young Basque painter has taken pedestrian abstract paintings evoking sunrises, the desert, and stratified rock formations, and sealed them under a thick coat of lacquer. They are dazzling in a benignly tasteless way. Through June 30. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

"Seven Latin American Artists"—This deft selection of works in various media by Arturo Duclós, Julio Galán, Guillermo Kuitca, Miguel Rios, Teresa Serrano, Jorge Tacla, and Meyer Vaisman manages to say quite a bit about contemporary Latin-American art. An emerging fascination for geographic, often autobiographical motifs, like maps and blueprints, is in evidence here, along with the more traditional interest, fuelled by Catholic and folkloric traditions, in metamorphosis. The show may make you want to see more of Serrano. Her three-part work, made of embroidered blankets, iron, and leather, and titled "The Three Mountains," must be one of the strangest and most evocative sculptures in town. Through June 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

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ART—Cont'd

"Vintage Game Boards"—This granddaddy of SoHo galleries from time to time turns nostalgic, as in the current show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century American game boards. There are several examples of exuberant visual design among these boards, the best of which are evocative records of their time: from a 1905 Parker Brothers "Train to Boston," with its track snaking between four major cities, to a 1950 P. M. Mills "Globe-Trotters," with its lofty view of the planet recalling the era's wonder at the discovery of the polar regions. Through July 16. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **ALA**, 560 Broadway: Works by five abstract painters. The best are Stephen Westfall's paintings of tightly spaced rectangles and Craig Fisher's splattered raw canvases. Through July 2. . . . **SHAFRAZI**, 119 Wooster St: This show features paintings from 1982 and 1983, a moment of great energy in the art world, when a sense of impending doom was coupled with boundless enthusiasm. Through June 25.

Short List—**MAX FERGUSON:** Henoch, 80 Wooster St. Through June 30. . . . **ALINE GAGNAIRE:** Wimmer, 560 Broadway. Through July 10. . . . **CRISTOS GIANAKOS:** Stark, 594 Broadway. Through June 30. . . . **TEUN HOCKS:** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway. Through July 2. . . . **FRANK OWEN:** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through July 10. . . . **KERRI SCHARLIN:** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. Through July 24. . . . **KENJI TSURUTA:** Cacciola, 125 Wooster St. Through July 7. . . . **BARBARA VALENTA:** O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Through July 17. . . . **JAMES WEEKS:** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway. Through July 2. . . . **MARJORIE WELISH:** Donahue, 560 Broadway. Through June 30.

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Willard Boepple—New sculptures made of raw or lightly pickled pine, all characterized by monumentality on a small scale (they average two feet in height) and a sense of arrested motion (you feel that if you pushed a button the collection of planks, knobs, and chunky shapes would spin or tumble). Through July 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Brice Marden—Recent paintings and works on paper that more than live up to their titles—for instance, "After Botticelli," "Uxmal," "Aphrodite," "Virgins," and the dryly Bacchic "Vine." Through June 26. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alfonso Ossorio (1916-90)—Those who remember the Whitney's wonderful lobby show, last fall, of Ossorio's virtuosic and obstreperous watercolors from the nineteen-forties will surely leap at this opportunity to see some slightly earlier works on paper and some rather agitated assemblages and sculptural works from the sixties and early seventies. In the grand historic sense, Ossorio may indeed turn out to be a minor master, as many have predicted, but his work looks vital right now. Through June 26. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT:** Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. Through June 30. . . . **ANDRAS BÖRÖCZ** and **JOY TAYLOR:** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. Through June 25. . . . **EDUARDO OLIVEIRA CEZAR:** Littlejohn-Sternau, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 10. . . . **DAVID DRISKELL:** Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through July 16. . . . **STUART FROST** and **SEYMOUR LIPTON:** Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through June 25. . . . **PHILIP HERSHBERGER:** Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 2. . . . **YOUNG-HOON KO:** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 10. . . . **WILLY LENSKI:** O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 2. . . . **KENNETH NOLAND:** Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 3. . . . **KIKUO SAITO** and **JOHN DUBROW:** Salander O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Through July 3. (Open Mondays). . . . **XUL SOLAR:** Adler, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 30. . . . **JOHN H. TWACHTMAN:** Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St. Through July 2. . . . **NOT VITAL:** Baron-Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. Through June 30.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Street Poetry

At Richard York Gallery (21 East 65th Street; through July 16), an atmospheric bouquet of photographs by Herman Oliver Albrecht (1876-1944) is very much worth seeing. Albrecht, a German who moved to this country after the turn of the century and later became a painter, changing his name to Albright, managed to work both in photo-journalism and in the more "artistic" vein of photography that was very much in vogue in the early twentieth century.

Most of the forty photographs in this show were done in San Francisco, where Albrecht lived, and all the pictures have a wonderful sense of mood, enhanced by their age. While the artier pictures are fine period pieces, it is the street photography that is particularly memorable. Albrecht's shots of Chinatown, including a series depicting a funeral procession, are original and mysterious—haunting, even—and demonstrate his sensitivity to what black-and-white photography could do with shadow and light. An almost entirely black photograph, from around 1910, of a Chinatown street, is a superb example of Albrecht's ability to evoke a sense of time and place. In the middle of all the darkness is a shaft of light, with a couple of figures in it that seem to be moving—the image somehow has a rhythm. It's hard for photography to be poetic without being trite. This shot really succeeds.

Ansel Adams (1902-84)—A selection of Adams' familiar landscapes and vistas, as well as lesser-known photographic abstractions and portraits. Through July 29. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

Robert Frank—Photographs chronicling Frank's distinctive take on America in the fifties. Through June 26. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Robert Mapplethorpe (1946-89)—Black-and-white Polaroids taken between 1971 and 1975. Through June 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

"Malcolm X, A Photo History"—More than ninety images, including work by Bob Adelman, Eve Arnold, and Robert Haggins, Malcolm's personal photographer, all taken between 1959 and 1965. Through June 27. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**JESSIE TARBOX BEALS:** Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. Through June 19. . . . **ALEXANDRA EDWARDS** and **MICHAEL HOWELLS:** Danziger, 415 West Broadway. Through June 30. . . . **A. ROY GREER:** O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Through July 17. . . . **CHRISTOPHER JAMES:** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Through July 22. . . . **DAVID LEVINTHAL** and **EDWARD CURTIS:** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. Through June 30. . . . **ANDREA MODICA:** Saul, 560 Broadway. Through July 2. . . . **ABELARDO MORELL:** National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Through June 30. . . . **DOROTHY NORMAN:** International Center of Photography. Through June 27. . . . **LARRY SULTAN:** Borden, 560 Broadway. Through July 9. . . . **SABINE WEISS** and **BRUCE CRATSLEY:** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. Through July 30.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, the Museum of Natural History, the New York Public Library, and the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts.)

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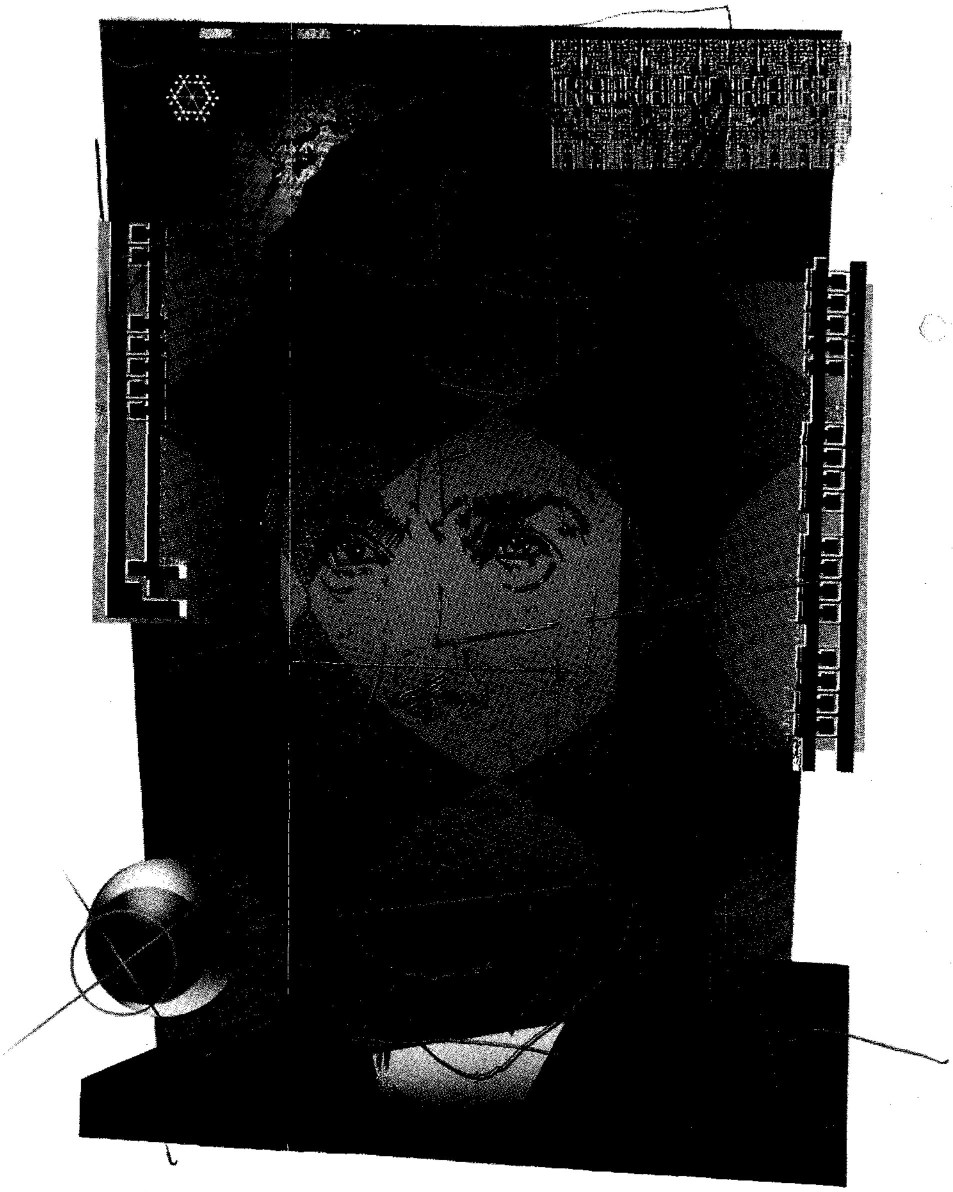
MUSIC

Universal Bach

The church cantatas of J. S. Bach are extended meditations on Christian themes, individual passages of Scripture, or events in the liturgical year. They were composed not as abstract expressions of their author's feelings but, rather, as what Hindemith some two hundred years later called *Gebrauchsmusik*—music made for a purpose, that purpose being a Sunday service with music, Scripture readings, and sermon all related. To understand the cantatas fully in their Christian nature—their many-layered strands of religious meaning—is a great and rewarding study. It would be wrong to say that they are "incidentally" great absolute music, but they do have (as do most rich artistic works) a separate life, a separate nature that would also be a life's study. The miracles of how inner voices can respond to a bass, how shorter notes relate to longer ones, and how chromatic notes affect a tonal center are just as much the subject of these works as their spiritual content.

For decades now, the Bach Aria Group has decontextualized this body of music. It was not called the Bach Cantata Group and rarely performed whole cantatas; its home base was not a church (it was originally a touring concert attraction and now continues principally through its annual workshops and recordings); Jewish musicians have been prominent members; and the approach is secular. The group's work has made a valuable statement about the universality of art; the cantatas have an aesthetic life beyond their religious context. The occasional New York concerts (this year's is June 23 at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine) offer a welcome reminder of that statement, and also a chance to hear the new singers and instrumentalists who are doing a stint with the group.



Peter Gabriel at Meadowlands Arena and Madison Square Garden.

ROY WIEMANN

IN TOWN—ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Samuel Wong conducts Mozart's G-Major Serenade ("Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," K. 525), Rossini's "William Tell" Overture, and Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (in Ravel's familiar orchestration). (Great Lawn, Central Park. June 28 at 8. . . . ¶ Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. June 29 at 8. No tickets necessary for either concert, both of which conclude with fireworks. For rain-date information, call 875-5709.)

Russian Chamber Chorus—Nicolai Kachanov directs works by Sergei Taneyev, including his cantata "John of Damascus." (Church of the Good Shepherd, 240 E. 31st St. 689-1595. June 24 at 8.)

Goldman Memorial Band—David Eaton conducts original works and arrangements for wind ensemble, by Johann Strauss, Vaughan Williams, Sousa, and others. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. June 25 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Luciano Pavarotti—The tenor, backed up by the Boys Choir of Harlem and members of the New York Philharmonic, conducted by Leone Magiera. (Great Lawn, Central Park. June 26 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Washington Square Music Festival—Gürer Aykal conducts the Festival Orchestra in Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 3 (featuring Suna Kan), Schubert's Symphony No. 3, and "Inspirations," a 1965 composition by his Turkish compatriot Ferit Tüzün. (Washington Square Park. June 29 at 8. No tickets necessary. In case of rain, the concert will be held at Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St.)

IN TOWN—RECITALS

Bryant Park Concerts—June 23: The Essex String Quartet. . . . ¶ June 25: The Meridian Arts Ensemble. . . . ¶ June 28: The Manhattan Brass Quintet. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Concerts begin at 12:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—Raymond Beegle directs the chamber singers in light classics. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. June 23 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Joan Lippincott—Organist, performing Mendelssohn's Sonata No. 3, Duruflé's "Choral Varié on the theme of 'Veni Creator,'" Larry King's "Fanfares to the Tongues of Fire" (also based on the "Veni Creator" melody), Herbert Howells' Rhapsody in C-Sharp Minor, and Widor's Sixth Symphony. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 757-7013. June 23 at 7.)

Bach Aria Festival—The Bach Aria Group presents cantatas and cantata excerpts by Bach and Vivaldi, as well as Bach's Fifth "Brandenburg" Concerto and Couperin's "L'Apothéose de Lully." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. June 23 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Bargemusic—Violinist Carmit Zori and pianist Sung-Mi Im perform Mozart's Sonata in E-Flat Major (K. 380); Jian Wang relieves Ms. Zori to play Brahms' F-Minor Cello Sonata; and all join forces for Mendelssohn's C-Minor Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. June 24 at 7:30 and June 27 at 4.)

OUT OF TOWN

Cape May Music Festival—Final concerts of this year's festival. June 23: The Calliope Renaissance Band performs works by Heinrich Isaac and Francisco de la Torre. . . . ¶ June 24: The Leonardo Trio, performing trios by Mozart, Schumann, and Dvořák. . . . ¶ June 27: Bill Crofut and Chris Brubeck, a trombone and banjo duo. (Congress Hall Hotel, Cape May, N.J. Evenings at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-609 884-5404.)

Opera Festival of New Jersey—June 25 at 8 and June 27 at 3: "The Magic Flute," sung in English. . . . ¶ June 26 at 8: "Carmen," in English. (Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-609 936-1500.)

Bach Aria Festival—The conclusion of this year's festival, in which the Bach Aria Group considers Bach's music as a crossroads of the regional musical styles of his time. June 25 at 8:30: Chamber works by Bach, Handel, Couperin, and Telemann. (Staller Center for the Arts, Stony Brook, L.I.). . . ¶ June 26 at 8:30: Choral and organ works by J. S. Bach, Buxtehude, Johann Kuhnau, and Johann Ludwig Bach (one of Johann Sebastian's distant cousins). (St. James Roman Catholic Church, Route 25A, Setauket, L.I. The concert will be preceded at 7 by a lecture on Bach and the German tradition.). . . ¶ June 27: An afternoon-long "Bachanalia," with an all-Bach concert (including the Cantata No. 51) at 2, a panel discussion at 3:15, and a concert at 4:30, featuring more works by Bach (including three secular cantatas and the Fifth "Brandenburg" Concerto) and by Antonio Lotti. (Chelsea Center, Northern Blvd., East Norwich, L.I.) (For information about tickets, master classes, and other festival events, call 1-516 632-7239.)

Rutgers SummerFest—The musicians of Aston Magna present an all-Schubert concert that includes songs and the Octet. (Nicholas Music Center, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J. 1-908 932-7511. June 26 at 8, with a pre-concert lecture by Elizabeth Aldrich at 6.)

Norfolk Chamber Music Festival—In the opening concert of the festival's fifty-third season, which will run through Aug. 7, the contemporary-music ensemble Speculum Musicae performs works by Mario Davidowsky, Pablo Ortiz, John Cage (his "Six Melodies," for solo violin), Joan Tower (her "Amazon"), and Schoenberg (his Chamber Symphony, Op. 9, as arranged by Anton Webern). (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. 1-203 542-3000. June 26 at 8:30.)

Caramoor Festival—Opening concerts of the festival's forty-seventh season, which will run through Sept. 4. June 26 at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducts the Orchestra of St. Luke's in Beethoven's "Creatures of Prometheus" Overture, Symphony No. 3, and Piano Concerto No. 3 (featuring Misha Dichter). . . . ¶ June 27 at 5:30: The piano duo of Misha and Cipa Dichter performs Brahms' own two-piano transcription of his Symphony No. 4 (plus several of his "Hungarian Dances"), as well as Milhaud's "Scaramouche" Suite and Ravel's "La Valse." (Katonah, N.Y. 1-914 232-1252.)

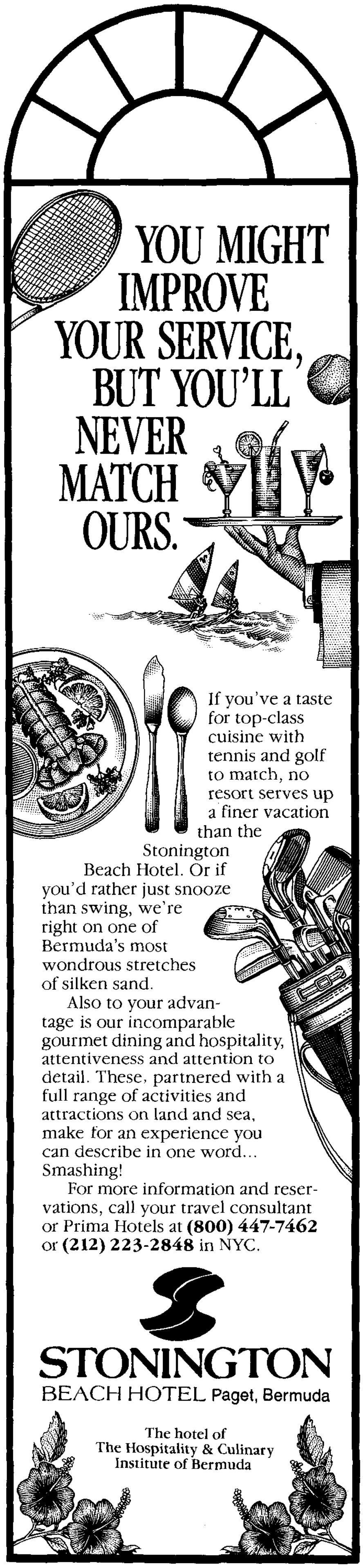
JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Peter Gabriel—The release last year of "Us," Gabriel's first pop album in six years, was greeted with a curious lack of enthusiasm. This unresounding welcome is hard to figure out, because the album is a fascinating, profound, and even courageous work, full of dense grooves, pan-global instrumentation, folk-rock lyricism, soul-music grit, and unembarrassed self-exploration. (The lyrics on "Us" represent a rare instance of someone talking about his psychotherapy in an intelligent, openhearted manner that inspires empathy rather than cringing.) Gabriel somehow reconciles the digital sheen of contemporary pop and the ancient organic roots of rhythmic song in a genuinely moving way. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. June 23 at 8. . . . ¶ Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. June 24 at 8.)

Pete Seeger—When it comes to the folk song and political balladry, "America's tuning fork" has perfect pitch. At seventy-four, he has lost some of the energy with which he captivated audiences for decades, but he hasn't lost his adventurousness. The vast number of tunes he has introduced to audiences include protest songs, work songs, union anthems, ecological songs, kids' rounds, and lots of Bob Dylan songs. Now there's a new generation of young protest singers—many of whom grew up delighting in songs Seeger wrote, like "If I Had a Hammer," and those he popularized, like "On Top of Old Smokey"—who will draw inspiration from this laid-back knight-errant of our communal conscience. The pairing of Seeger with fifteen choruses singing international songs of freedom is promising indeed. You're guaranteed to come away humming and stirred. With Bernice Reagon, from Sweet Honey in the Rock. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. June 26 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Bruce Springsteen—The King of New Jersey is winding up the last leg of his world tour with two benefit concerts, which will provide a chance to hear how his new band sounds after many months of seasoning on the road. (Last year's shows at the Meadowlands were wonderful but raw, with the whippersnappers occasionally straining to approach the power of the long-lost E Street Band.) Amid all the critical jawboning about whether or not the songs on the "Lucky Town" and "Human Touch" albums live up to Springsteen's past achievements, the thrilling theatricality of these shows has rarely been noted. Long live the local hero. (Meadowlands Arena. June 24 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Madison Square Garden. June 26 at 8.)

JVC Jazz Festival—June 23 at 5:30: Vivienne McKone. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. No tickets necessary.). . . At 7:30: **JIMMY SCOTT.** (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. No tickets necessary.). . . At 8: **MEL TORMÉ** and **CLEO LAINE.** In performance, Mel Tormé puts on display two great treasures: his own resilient, rhythmically agile voice and the collection of American Songbook standards his voice caresses. Tormé believes in good old-fashioned entertainment, but shtick almost never intrudes on his act. The pipes of the Velvet Fog are still intact, and so is his taste. As for the elegant, Shakespeare-crooning Laine, you either love her or you don't; her diction is the best in the business. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.). . . At 8: **TRIBUTE TO ART BLAKEY.** Drummer Art Blakey led less of a hard-bop finishing school than a swinging military academy; if you withstood his percussive lash you were ready for anything. Grateful graduates from the last five decades who will honor their late mentor include Wynton Marsalis, Freddie Hubbard, Donald Byrd, Benny Golson, and Mulgrew Miller. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030.). . . At 8: Charles Lloyd. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719.). . . ¶ June 24 at 8: **KEITH JARRETT, GARY PEACOCK,** and **JACK DE JOHNETTE.** The inclusion of two superbly interactive accompanists, bassist Peacock and drummer DeJohnette, will almost certainly prod Jarrett away from the Jarrettisms (themeless meanderings, soporific rumination, and the contrapuntal roar of his obsessive humming) that can turn his solo performances into particularly frustrating musical search parties. The trio's concentration on standards, too, can only help. (Carnegie Hall.). . . At 8: **THE JAZZ CONNECTION: THE JEWISH & AFRICAN-AMERICAN RELATIONSHIP.** Cab Calloway, Clark Terry, the Klezmatics, and Alan King all on the same stage—and you want thematic explanations? This benefit for the Jewish Presence Foundation explores the links between minority status, improvisatory music, and humor. (Avery Fisher Hall.). . . At 8: The GRP All-Stars, with David Benoit, the Rippingtons, and Patti Austin. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070.). . . ¶ June 25 at 8: **A LULLABY FOR BIRDLAND,** with George Shearing, the Count Basie Orchestra, and others. (Carnegie Hall.). . . At 8: **GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.,** and the **MICHEL CAMILO** trio. (Avery Fisher Hall.). . . At 8: The Jazz Explosion Superband and **RUSSELL MALONE.** (Beacon Theatre.). . . ¶ June 26 at 8: A benefit for Jazzmobile, with the **BOBBY WATSON** big band. (Carnegie Hall.). . . At 8: **GILBERTO GIL.** Gil was one of the main provocateurs in the Brazilian Tropicalia movement, which usurped bossa nova in the late sixties. Tropicalia found room in its balmy mix for pop and folk elements; today Gil extends that eclectic legacy by bringing in rock, reggae, and African music. With any



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luck, jazz musicians will take to Gil's songs as they did to Milton Nascimento's. The celebrated Brazilian vocalist Gal Costa and pianist Eliane Elias open. (Avery Fisher Hall.)

Chicago—With the Stephen Stills band. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. June 25 at 8.)

Kenny G—With Peabo Bryson. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. June 23-25 at 8.)

Tang Liang-xing—A master pipa player. (The pipa is a Chinese stringed instrument similar to a guitar, as you surely know.) Mr. Tang is accompanied by the Taipei Municipal Chinese Classical Orchestra. (Taipei Theatre, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 48th St. 373-1850. June 25-26 at 7:30 and June 27 at 2.)

The The—Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. June 25 at 8.

Pat Metheny—Beacon Theatre. June 26 at 8.

Pierce Turner—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. June 27 at 8.

Women in Jazz—The first two in a series of five midday concerts. June 28: Saffire: The Uppity Blues Women. . . . ¶ June 29: Gretchen Langheld's House Afire. (Tobin Plaza, World Trade Center. Performances at 12:30. No tickets necessary.)

Little Feat—In an acoustic performance. (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. 1-516 334-0800. June 29 at 8.)

Peter Gordon and the Love of Life Orchestra Quartet—In a rooftop concert. (Y.W.C.A., Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. June 23 at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Detroit Tigers, June 28-29 at 7:30.

Mets—Vs. the Montreal Expos, June 23 at 1:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the St. Louis Cardinals, June 25 at 7:40 and June 26-27 at 1:40.

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000, and the Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Finfully Delicious—For those of you who didn't like the anthropomorphic end of "The Little Mermaid" and would like to rectify matters, there's the eleventh annual Coney Island Mermaid Parade, on June 26 at 2. The boardwalk will be home to sea creatures, floats, musical groups, antique cars, mermen, and, of course, mermaids, some of whom will take home trophies. Duff of MTV will be the Queen Mermaid. (For more information, call 1-718 372-5159.)

Quintessentially Queer—Heritage of Pride is sponsoring a number of events on June 27, including the annual Lesbian and Gay Pride March, which will leave from Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street at 12:30. At 2:30 there will be a moment of silence for those who have died of AIDS. Later, there will be dancing on the waterfront and fireworks over the Hudson. For more information, call 807-7433. Other events centered on Gay Pride Week are literary. June 23 at 7: Martin Duberman will read from his history of Stonewall. (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ June 23 at 8: Contributors to "Women on Women 2" will read from the anthology; there will also be a discussion with the book's editors, Naomi Holoch and Joan Nestle. (Barnes & Noble, Broadway at 82nd St. No tickets necessary.)

Possibly Compatible?—So, you think PC stands for politically correct. Maybe you should dust off your plastic pocket-saver and slide rule. The eleventh annual PC Expo, with its palmtop computers and spreadsheet software, is headed for the Hudson. The captain of the Starship Microsoft, Bill Gates, will give the keynote address on June 29 at 9. Other highlights include seminars on downsizing, silicon ecology, and optimizing Windows. More than eight hundred exhibitors will display and demonstrate their wares in this shiniest of personal-computer techno bazaars. (Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. June 29-30, from 10 to 5, and July 1, from 10 to 4. For information about registering and schedules, call 1-800 829-3976, ext. 8081.)

Settle Down—Henry Street Settlement, the Lower East Side arts and community center, will present its third Centennial Weekend, featuring highlights, in theatre, dance, and music, from its 1965-90 seasons. Performances include a staged reading of "Black Girl," by J. e. Franklin; dance numbers by Margaret Yuen, of the Red Silk Dancers; and music by Billie Lynn Daniel. (466 Grand St. June 25-26 at 7:30 and June 27 at 2. For tickets and schedule information, call 598-0400.)

Island Hop—On June 27, from noon to 4, the Coast Guard will ferry interested visitors to the annual open house at Governors Island, which is normally accessible only to the five thousand or so Coast Guard employees who call it home. The island's treasures include a rich military history, an eerie suburban quality, and a shockingly close view of lower Manhattan. (The Coast Guard ferry docks in a green metal building just north of the Staten Island ferry. No tickets necessary.)

Moonlight Merengue—Midsummer Night Swing will offer its fifth season of dancing, from swing to hip-hop, polka to merengue, at the plaza. On June 26 at 2, Maria Torres will give a special hip-hop instruction session. June 23: Walt Levinsky and the Great American Swing Band. . . . ¶ June 24: Walter (Wolfman) Washington & the Roadmasters. . . . ¶ June 25: Roy Gerson Swing Septet. . . . ¶ June 26: Los Pleneros de la 21 and Iris & Franklyn. (Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from 8:15 to 11. Dance instruction begins at 6:30 on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Through July 24. Tickets at the door.)

Trans Tropical—Cinque Folkloric Dance Theatre will perform the music and dance of West Africa, Cuba, Brazil, and Haiti, among other warmer climes. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. June 27 at 2 and 4. No charge beyond museum admission.)

Black Folklore—As part of Audelco's Black Arts Festival, there will be a folklore and crafts festival, featuring storytelling, music, arts and crafts, and games in Marcus Garvey Park, June 26, from 1 to 6. (Fifth Ave. from 120th St. to 124th St. No tickets necessary.)

Papa's Paris—June 29 at 6:30: The penultimate installment of an actors' reading of Hemingway's "A Moveable Feast." (Battery Park City's Hudson River Park. No tickets necessary. Tuesday nights through July 6. For directions, call 864-1414.)

Talks—June 24 at 6: In the last of three discussions about George Balanchine, this one titled "The Vision," ballerina Suzanne Farrell will talk with journalist David Daniel. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ June 28 at 6: William A. Ewing, photographic historian, will present a slide lecture about flower photography. (Mid-Manhattan Library, Fifth Ave. at 40th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ June 29 at 6: "Interweavings: Textile Design as Documents of Culture," the second in a series of talks on African-American design, will be followed by a performance by the Urban Bush Women. (Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. No tickets are necessary, but reservations are suggested. For more information, call 860-6321.)

Walks & Tours—June 23 at 6: Bryant Park's gardener, Michael Levine, will conduct his weekly tour of the park's plantings. For more information, call 983-4142. . . . ¶ June 26 at 1: Urban Explorations will visit community organizations and markets in Greenpoint, Brooklyn. For more information, call 1-718 721-5254. . . . ¶ June 27 at 1: The immigrant underworld will be exposed in a Lower East Side Tenement Museum tour. For more information, call 431-0233.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Map of the Human Heart" (directed by Vincent Ward), with Anne Parillaud, Jason Scott Lee, and Patrick Bergin.
Theatre 2: "Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).
Theatre 3: "Orlando" (†).
Theatre 4: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).
Theatre 5: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 6: "Orlando" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through June 24: "Heimat II: Chronicle of a Generation: Episodes 4 and 5" (Edgar Reitz, in German).
From June 25: "Heimat II: Chronicle of a Generation: Episodes 6 and 7."

Newman Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"A Time to Love and a Time to Die" (1958, Douglas Sirk), with John Gavin, Lilo Pulver, and Jock Mahoney.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through June 24: "Dave" (Ivan Reitman), with Kevin Kline and Sigourney Weaver. From June 25: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron), with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 2: Through June 24: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†). From June 25: "Dennis the Menace" (Nick Castle), with Walter Matthau and Mason Gamble.
Theatre 3: Through June 24: "Sofie" (Liv Ullmann; in Danish), with Erland Josephson. From June 25: "Dennis the Menace."

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Last Action Hero" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Austin O'Brien.
Theatre 2: "Last Action Hero."
Theatre 3: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 4: "Menace II Society" (†).
Theatre 5: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 6: "Cliffhanger" (†).
Theatre 7: "Made in America" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Hard-Boiled" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Un Coeur en Hiver" (†).
Theatre 2: "American Heart" (†).
Theatre 3: "Guilty as Sin" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 24: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel). From June 25: "Chain of Desire" (Temistocles Lopez), with Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 5: "The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).
Theatre 6: "Wide Sargasso Sea" (John Duigan), with Karina Lombard and Nathaniel Parker.
Theatre 7: "The Story of Qiu Ju" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Made in America" (†).
Theatre 2: "Life with Mikey" (James Lapine), with Michael J. Fox.
Theatre 3: "Menace II Society" (†).
Theatre 4: "Guilty as Sin" (†).
Theatre 5: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel), with Bob Hoskins.
Theatre 6: "Posse" (Mario Van Peebles), with Van Peebles.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor), an animated film.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Menace II Society" (†).
Theatre 2: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 3: "Guilty as Sin" (†).
Theatre 4: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Last Action Hero" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Austin O'Brien.
Theatre 2: "Sliver" (Phillip Noyce), with Sharon Stone, William Baldwin, and Tom Berenger.
Theatre 3: "Made in America" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jurassic Park" (†).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

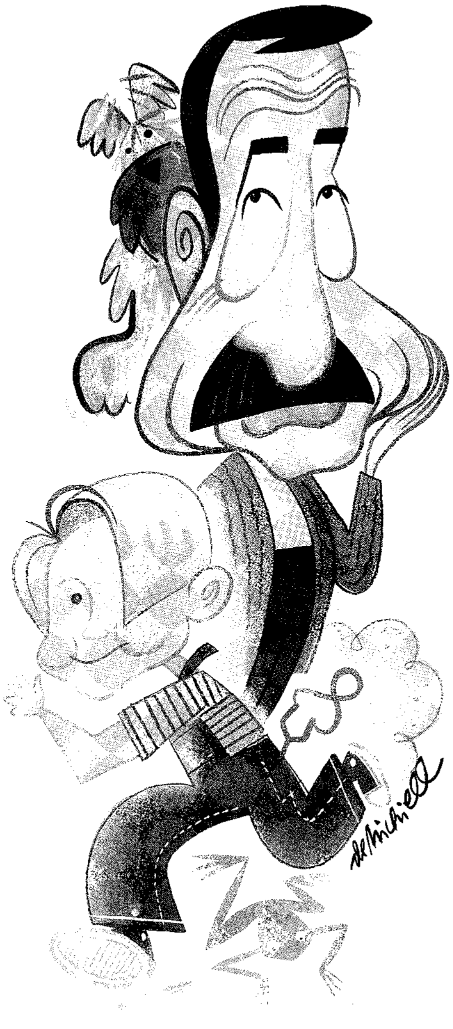
Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Life with Mikey" (James Lapine), with Michael J. Fox.
Theatre 2: "Wide Sargasso Sea" (John Duigan), with Karina Lombard and Nathaniel Parker.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Map of the Human Heart" (Vincent Ward), with Anne Parillaud, Jason Scott Lee, and Patrick Bergin.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (Rob Cohen), with Jason Scott Lee.
Theatre 2: "Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor), an animated film.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Howards End" (James Ivory), with A. Hopkins.



Mason Gamble and Walter Matthau in "Dennis the Menace."

ROBERT DEMICHIELL

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Last Action Hero" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Austin O'Brien.
Theatre 2: "Last Action Hero."

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 2: "Guilty as Sin" (†).
Theatre 3: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).

Art East Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)
"Olivier Olivier" (Agnieszka Holland; in French).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 2: "Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 4: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 5: "Much Ado About Nothing."
Theatre 6: "Jurassic Park" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 24: "The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud). From June 25: "Dennis the Menace" (Nick Castle), with Walter Matthau and Mason Gamble.
Theatre 2: "Cliffhanger" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 24: "Benny & Joon" (Jeremiah Chechik), with Johnny Depp, Mary Stuart Masterson, and Aidan Quinn.
From June 25: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron), with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan.

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Sliver" (Phillip Noyce), with Sharon Stone, William Baldwin, and Tom Berenger.
Theatre 2: "Made in America" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Menace II Society" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Dave" (Ivan Reitman), with Kevin Kline and Sigourney Weaver.

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor), an animated film.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Last Action Hero" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Austin O'Brien.
Theatre 2: Through June 24: "Sliver" (Phillip Noyce). From June 25: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron), with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 3: "Cliffhanger" (†).
Theatre 4: "Made in America" (†).
Theatre 5: "Dave" (Ivan Reitman), with Kevin Kline and Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 6: "Last Action Hero."
Theatre 7: "Guilty as Sin" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Menace II Society" (†).
Theatre 2: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "A Question of Color" (directed by Kathe Sandler) and "No Regret" (Marlon Riggs).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Romper Stomper" (Geoffrey Wright), with Russell Crowe.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (Rob Cohen), with Jason Scott Lee.
Theatre 2: "Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor), an animated film.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography" (Arnold Glassman, Todd McCarthy, and Stuart Samuels), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Olivier Olivier" (Agnieszka Holland; in French).
Theatre 3: Through June 24: "For a Lost Soldier" (Roeland Kerbosch, in Dutch). From June 25: "House of Cards" (Michael Lessac), with Kathleen Turner and Tommy Lee Jones.
Theatre 4: "Brother's Keeper" (Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky), a documentary.

MOVIE HOUSES-Cont'd

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dave" (Ivan Reitman), with Kevin Kline and Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 4: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 5: "Last Action Hero" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Austin O'Brien.
Theatre 6: "Cliffhanger" (†).
Theatre 7: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 8: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 9: "Last Action Hero."

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†).
Theatre 2: "Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor), an animated film
Theatre 3: "Sliver" (Phillip Noyce).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Guilty as Sin" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th Street between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Three of Hearts" (Yurek Bogayevicz.
Theatre 2: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Happily Ever After" (John Howley), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Wide Sargasso Sea" (John Duigan), with Karina Lombard and Nathaniel Parker.
Theatre 4: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (Rob Cohen), with Jason Scott Lee.
Theatre 5: "Lost in Yonkers" (Martha Coolidge).
Theatre 6: "Indochine" (Régis Wargnier, in French), with Catherine Deneuve.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Jurassic Park" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through June 24: "American Heart" (†).
From June 25: "Chain of Desire" (Temistocles Lopez), with Malcolm McDowell.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: Through June 24: "The Crying Game" (Neil Jordan), with Stephen Rea. From June 25: "House of Cards" (Michael Lessac), with Kathleen Turner and Tommy Lee Jones.

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"Sofie" (Liv Ullmann; in Danish).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Music of Chance" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Strictly Ballroom" (†).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Dave" (Ivan Reitman), with Kevin Kline and Sigourney Weaver.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor), an animated film.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).
Theatre 2: "Orlando" (†).
Theatre 3: "Orlando" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 24: "The Story of Qiu Ju" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin). From June 25: "Jacquot" (Agnès Varda; in French).
Theatre 5: "Much Ado About Nothing."
Theatre 6: "Un Coeur en Hiver" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Jurassic Park" (†).

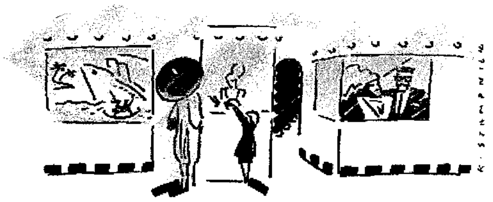
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Last Action Hero" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Austin O'Brien.
Theatre 2: "Cliffhanger" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 24: "Last Action Hero." From June 25: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron), with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 4: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 5: "Made in America" (†).
Theatre 6: "Guilty as Sin" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†).
Theatre 2: "Life with Mikey" (James Lapine).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Made in America" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cliffhanger" (†).
Theatre 4: "Posse" (directed by Mario Van Peebles), with Van Peebles
Theatre 5: Through June 24: "Cliffhanger" (†). From June 25: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron), with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 6: Through June 24: "Posse." From June 25: "Dennis the Menace" (Nick Castle), with Walter Matthau and Mason Gamble.
Theatre 7: "Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor), an animated film.


KEN STAMPNICK

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Menace II Society" (†).
Theatre 2: "Menace II Society" (†).
Theatre 3: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel), with Bob Hoskins.

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Sliver" (Phillip Noyce), with Sharon Stone, William Baldwin, and Tom Berenger.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Last Action Hero" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Austin O'Brien.
Theatre 2: "Last Action Hero."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
June 23: "Wild Orchids" (1929, directed by Sidney Franklin; silent) and "The Painted Veil" (1934, Richard Boleslawski), both with Greta Garbo.
June 24-25: "Mata Hari" (1932, George Fitzmaurice) and "The Mysterious Lady" (1928, Fred Niblo), both with Greta Garbo.
June 25 at 8: "The Story of Gösta Berling" (1924, Mauritz Stiller; silent), with Lars Hanson and Greta Garbo.
June 26-28: "Queen Christina" (1934, Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, and Lewis Stone; and "Conquest" (†).
June 28 at 8: "The Joyless Street" (1925, G. W Pabst; silent), with Werner Krauss, Asta Nielsen, Jaro Furth, and Greta Garbo.
June 29: "Inspiration" (1931, Clarence Brown), "The Torrent" (1926, Monta Bell), and "Romance" (1930, Clarence Brown), all with Greta Garbo.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
June 23: "Judgment at Nuremberg" (1961, Stanley Kramer), with Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, and Montgomery Clift.
June 24-26: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955, Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker; and "The Big Steal" (1949, Donald Siegel), with Robert Mitchum.
June 27-29: "Quo Vadis" (Mervyn LeRoy), with Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 23: "La Femme Infidèle" (1969, Claude Chabrol; in French); and "This Man Must Die" (1969, Chabrol; in French).
June 24: "Chinatown" (1974, Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966, Polanski), with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac.
June 25-26: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, and Patricia Neal; and "Roman Holiday" (1953, William Wyler), with Hepburn and Gregory Peck.
June 27: "Stolen Kisses" (1968, François Truffaut; in French); and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977, Truffaut; in French).
June 28: "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970, Werner Herzog; in German); and "Fitzcarraldo" (1982, Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale.
June 29: "The Big Chill" (†); and "Medium Cool" (1969, Haskell Wesler), with Robert Forster.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—June 24 at 3 and 6: "Bolivia: On the Trail of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1992, directed by Gerard Ranson and Claudia Vargas-Sherwood), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 25 at 2:30 and June 28 at 6: "The Europeans" (1979, James Ivory), with Lee Remick. . . . ¶ June 25 at 3 and June 26 at 5: "Sunny Side Up" (1929, David Butler), with Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, and El Brendel. . . . ¶ June 25 at 5: "The Heiress" (†). . . . ¶ June 25 at 6 and June 27 at 2:30: "Time in the Sun" (1939, Marie Seton), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 26 at 2 and June 29 at 6: "The Innocents" (see page 26). . . . ¶ June 26 at 2:30: "Duel in the Sun" (1946, King Vidor), with Jennifer Jones and Gregory Peck. . . . ¶ June 26 at 5 and June 29 at 2:30: "The Green Room" (1979, François Truffaut; in French). . . . ¶ June 27 at 2: "The Nightcomers" (1972, Michael Winner), with Marlon Brando. . . . ¶ June 27 at 5 and June 28 at 2:30: "Daisy Miller" (1974, Peter Bogdanovich), with Cybill Shepherd. . . . ¶ June 27 at 5: "Monika" (1953, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson and Lars Ekborg. . . . ¶ June 28 at 3 and June 29 at 6: "A Summer to Remember" (1960, Georgy Danelia and Igor Talankin; in Russian). . . . ¶ June 28 at 6 and June 29 at 3: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1968, Peter Hall), with the Royal Shakespeare Company.

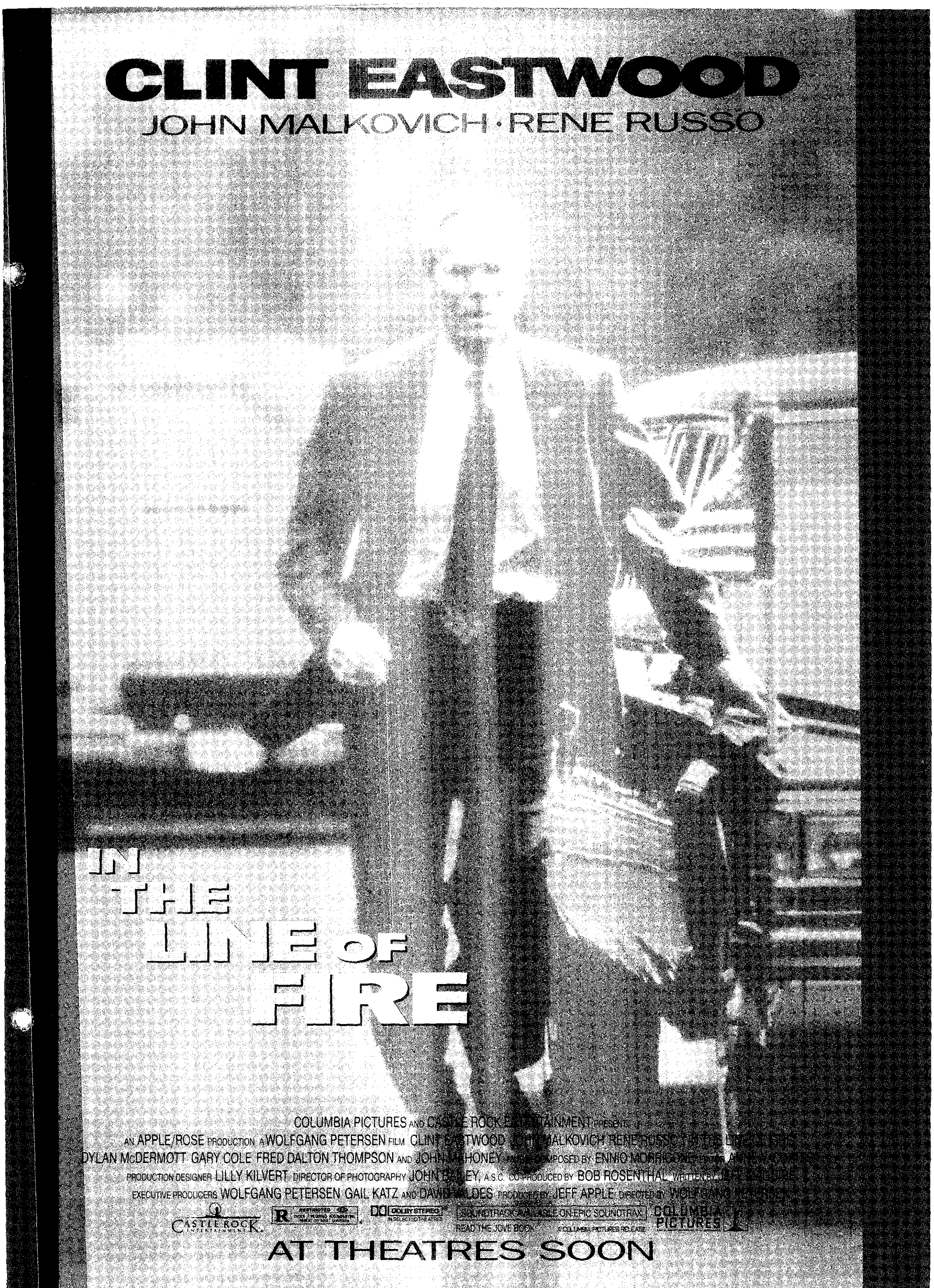
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—June 23 at 2, June 25 at 2 and 6:30, and June 26-27 at 3:30 and 7:45: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955, Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ June 23 at 4, June 25 at 4 and 8:30, and June 26-27 at 3:30 and 7:45: "Cape Fear" (1991, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Nick Nolte, and Jessica Lange. . . . ¶ June 24 at 2 and 7:15: "GoodFellas" (1990, Scorsese), with De Niro, Ray Liotta, Joe Pesci, Lorraine Bracco, and Paul Sorvino. . . . ¶ June 24 at 4:45 and 10: "Ocean's 11" (1960, Lewis Milestone), with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Peter Lawford, and Sammy Davis, Jr. . . . ¶ June 26-27 at 2: "The Red Balloon" (1956, Albert Lamorisse; a French film without dialogue); and "White Mane" (†).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"What Made Pistachio Nuts? Early Sound Comedy and the Vaudeville Tradition." June 26 at 2: "Speak Easily" (1932, Edward Sedgwick), with Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. . . . ¶ June 26 at 4:15: "Local Boy Makes Good" (1931, Mervyn LeRoy), with Joe E. Brown. . . . ¶ June 27 at 2: "It's a Gift" (1934, Norman Z. McLeod), with W. C. Fields and Baby LeRoy. . . . ¶ June 27 at 4: "International House" (1933, Edward Sutherland), with Fields, George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Bela Lugosi.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—June 23 at 3 and 6:30: "Dien Bien Phu" (1992, Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French), with Donald Pleasence.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—June 26 at 3 and 7: "Two Women" (1961, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, Raf Vallone, and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Episodes from "Star Trek: The Next Generation." Through June 27: "Unification I" and "Unification II.". . . ¶ From June 29: "Sarek" and "Relics." (Showings Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 12:30, 2:15, and 4; Thursdays at 12:30, 2:15, 4, and 6; and Fridays at 12:30, 2:15, 4, 5:45, and 7:30.)



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Spirits in the Night

"THE INNOCENTS" (playing June 26 and 29, at the Museum of Modern Art) is the rare psychological horror movie that can be enjoyed afresh each time you see it. It's a tense, elegant rendering of Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw," the tale of a governess (Deborah Kerr) at a secluded country estate who becomes convinced that her two young charges (Pamela Franklin and Martin Stephens) have fallen under the spell of ghosts. The director, Jack Clayton, understands the Jamesian power of suggestion. He etches whole sexual histories in facial shifts and single strokes of dialogue. He also suffuses the material with a palpable creeping terror possible only in the movies. This is one of the few literary adaptations that both intensifies and clarifies the source without simplifying or vulgarizing it.

Clayton and his screenwriters (William Archibald, Truman Capote, and John Mortimer) tell the story from the nanny's perspective, and take their emotional pitch from her fervor and excitability. It's a tribute to the brilliant, inventive black-and-white cinematography of Freddie Francis, and to Kerr's eloquent tremor of a performance, that when the heroine witnesses the apparitions, they're immediately credible to the audience. The filmmakers, though, never downplay her peculiar Victorian mixture of propriety and romanticism, her willingness to be "carried away." And, as the children, Franklin and Stephens embody the kind of precocious, eerie high spirits that could be construed as "corruption." The governess sights the ghosts at all hours, but the ambiguities reach their fullness in the dark. The whole movie is frighteningly beautiful: a night-blooming flower.

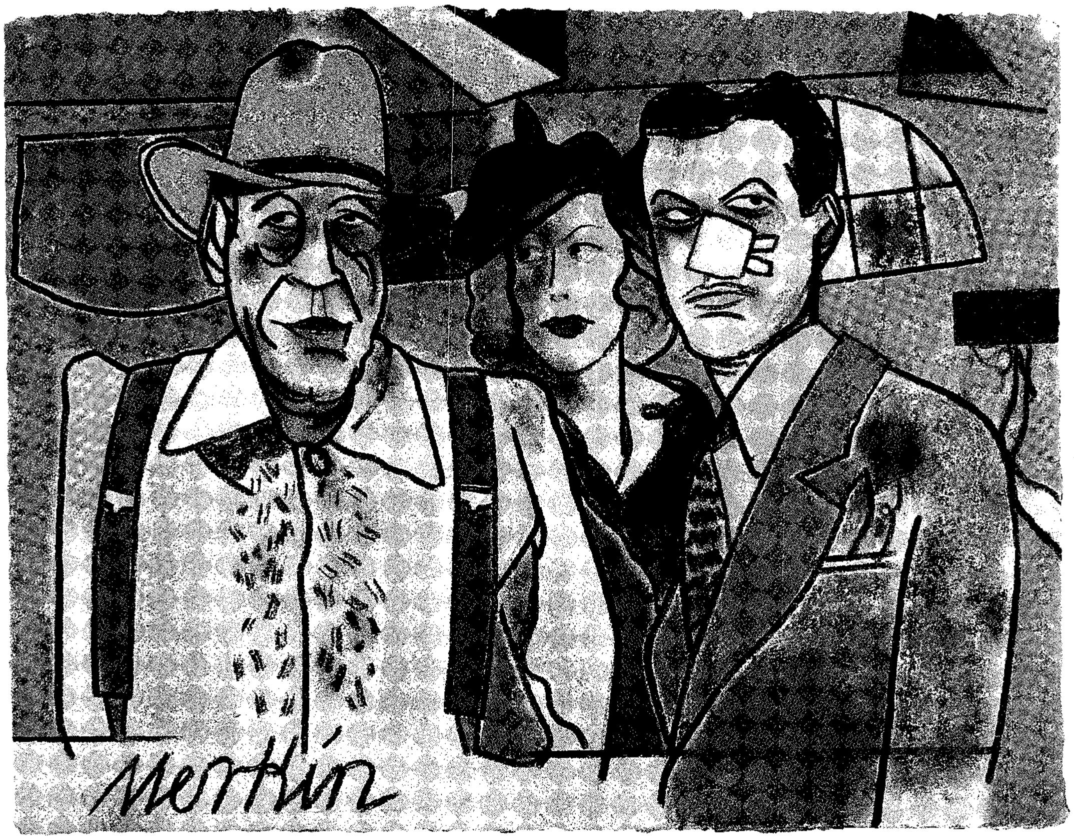
(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

American Heart—Jack Kelson (Jeff Bridges), the hero of Martin Bell's film, is a fortyish ex-con who lives in a miserable furnished room in Seattle with his fourteen-year-old son, Nick (Edward Furlong). This is the sort of character that tends to bring out the worst in actors: a loser with big dreams. But Bridges wins the audience's belief. He doesn't try to *act* the movie's trite ideas about fatherhood and self-fulfillment and the American Dream: his physical eloquence makes everything Kelson does look like the result of a lifetime of constant trouble and lousy choices, and his dry, unassuming, lived-in acting style has a mysterious cumulative power. The documentary flatness of Bell's direction is ideal for recording a performance like this one. But when Bridges isn't onscreen the script (by Peter Silverman, from a story by Silverman, Bell, and Mary Ellen Mark) is left to its own devices, and the movie seems to flounder. The picture turns out to be about nothing more interesting than luck, and that's too bad, because Bridges' beautiful, radiantly precise acting has stirred in us the hope that it might actually be about grace. Also with Lucinda Jenny and Don Harvey.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/14/93.) (Village East Cinemas. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through June 24.)

The Big Chill (1983)—An amiable, slick comedy with some very well-directed repartee and skillful performances. It's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult, but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together, and who has now, after years of flailing about disconsolately, slit his wrists. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly is an extraordinarily lovely presence.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 29.)

Cliffhanger—For the first ten minutes, it lives up to its title. Up in the Rockies, Gabe Walker (Sylvester Stallone) and a damsel in distress dangle over an abyss, while the director, Renny Harlin, speeds up the editing until we giggle with nerves. But that rasping tension is soon smoothed away, as the plot sets off on its daft and hackneyed course. A hundred million dollars is being flown over the mountains; a criminal named Qualen (John Lithgow), as brilliant and psychotic as every other movie criminal these days, wants to get his hands on it, but watches it drop out of the air and fall on the peaks. Can Gabe beat him to it? Well, yes, but don't let on. The camera glides and wriggles into places no man has gone before, and some of the rock-face shots make your head spin. But who cares if somebody is hanging on for dear life when none of the lives at stake seem especially human? Gabe has a couple of solemn scenes with his old girlfriend Jessie (Janine Turner), but the dumb, catchy pathos of Stallone's "Rocky" days has deserted him, and we cringe at his efforts to move us. He's not alone; the whole picture keeps missing the target. It aims at tautness and ends up with random desperation. You can never work out where the characters are or how they manage to burst into view at the critical moment. Harlin hardly notices the landscape—he's too busy cramming together his closeups and delivering one emotional hammerblow after another.—A.L. (6/21/93) (Village Theatre VII, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Un Coeur en Hiver—A tale of love and violins, but don't expect "Intermezzo." Claude Sautet's film, as its title suggests, is not much of a heartwarmer; but its cool look at thwarted passion is enthralling nonetheless.



At Theatre 80 St. Marks, John Huston, Faye Dunaway, and Jack Nicholson in "Chinatown."

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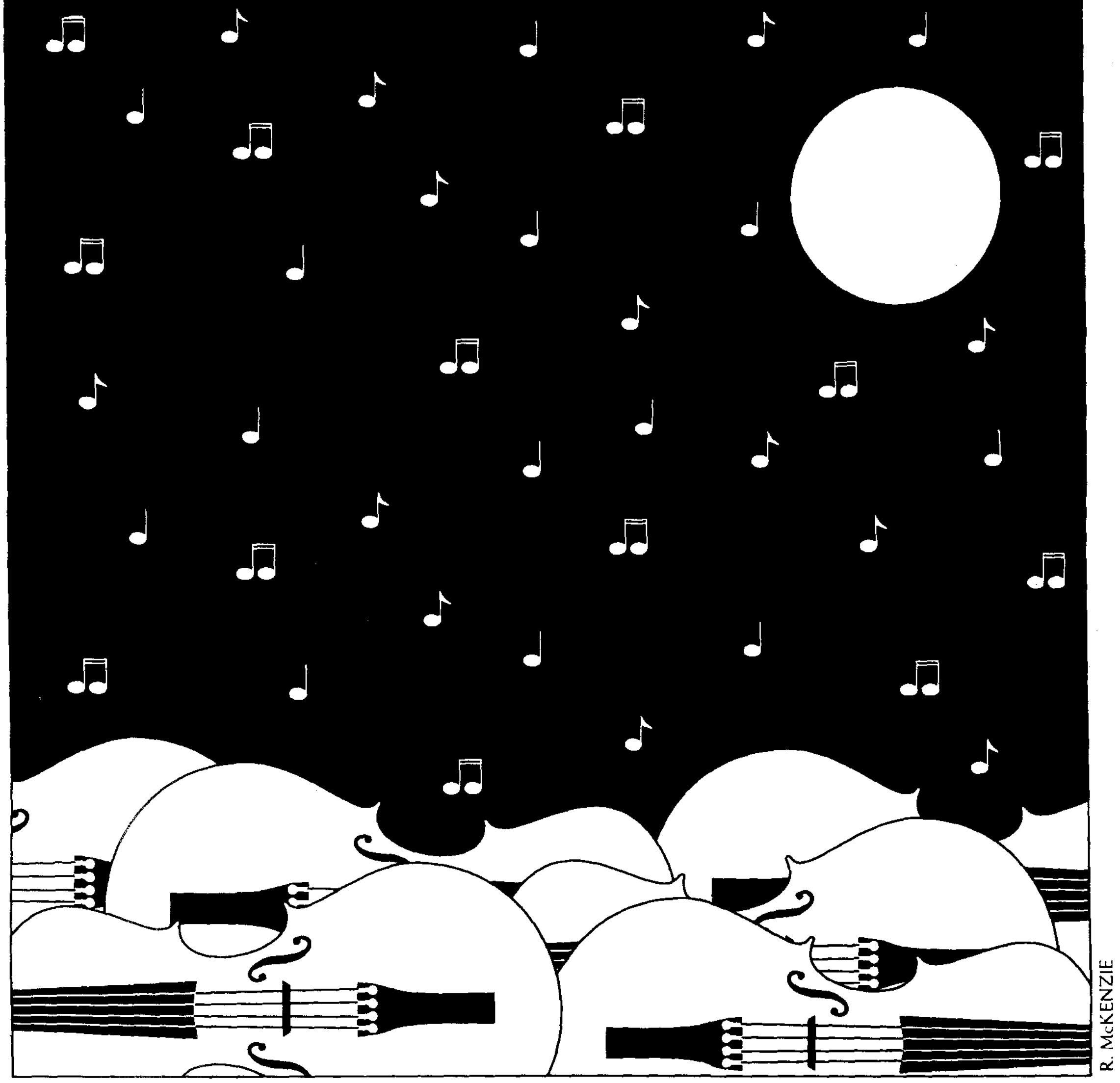

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IN BRIEF-Cont'd

Stéphane (Daniel Auteuil) makes and mends violins; Camille (Emmanuelle Béart) plays them. The two of them shift from distrust to desire to disappointment—in other words, they go through all the motions of love except the making of it. This is so restrained it's shocking; we feel the terrible pressure of all that Stéphane might do with his life and yet refuses to attempt. With his spirit as buttoned down as his shirts, Auteuil offers a startling portrayal of failure, never hamming it up for the sake of our compassion. André Dussollier turns in an equally quiet performance as Stéphane's business partner and rival in love; add Béart's immaculate poise, and you wonder what strange district of Paris this is. The movie will hardly blow your mind, but there's nothing precious here; Sautet builds up a needling tension, aided by fine renditions of Ravel at his most difficult and plaintive. In French.—A.L. (6/7/93) (Village East Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Conquest (1937)—Greta Garbo as Napoleon's mistress, Countess Marie Walewska, who bore him a son, and Charles Boyer as Napoleon, who, it appears, loved Marie intensely, but briefly. The M-G-M picture is ornate, unexpectedly tasteful, carefully detailed—and lifeless. There is some literate writing in it, but the various scenarists—Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel, and S. N. Behrman—working from Helen Jerome's version of a Polish play, don't seem too sure of what the movie is about, or where its center should be. They don't allow Marie Walewska enough shadings or enough strength; her tenderness—which is about all she *is* allowed—becomes tedious. This is one of the rare occasions when her melancholy beauty didn't dominate a film; there's skill but no poetry in her performance. Boyer takes over, by the force of his talent, and gives the picture traces of irony and tension. Directed by Clarence Brown, who, failing inspiration, could perhaps have used a little vulgarity, or some speed; the pacing is measured. With Maria Ouspenskaya, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Alan Marshal, Henry Stephenson, and Leif Erickson.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 26-28.)

Guilty as Sin—There's a germ of an amusing idea in this farfetched "Jagged Edge" ripoff (from the same producer, Martin Ransohoff). The villain, a well-heeled gigolo, isn't a conventional ladies' man. He's a narcissistic male vamp: a sex-reversed femme fatale. But the germ doesn't have a chance to grow in the sterile atmosphere imposed by Sidney Lumet's journeyman direction and Larry Cohen's largely witless and mechanical script. Apart from Don Johnson, who camps things up as the bad guy, no one seems to be in on the joke—including Rebecca De Mornay, as his intrigued, then appalled attorney. She does, though, bear a remarkable resemblance to Hillary Rodham Clinton.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, Orpheum VII, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Hard-Boiled—Hong Kong action specialist John Woo does a vivid cartoon version of the kinetics and the twisted-loyalty themes of Sam Peckinpah in this tale of duelling triads and lawmen. It gives the phrase "friendly fire" a new urban meaning: undercover police as well as innocent bystanders are caught in the crossfire when supercop Chow Yun-fat gets to the bottom of an enormous criminal arsenal. Images of a tearoom and a hospital shot up and transformed into charnel houses may reflect the chaos of Hong Kong, but Woo is no message-movie-maker—he works everything out strictly in terms of violent spectacle. His operatic excesses push it all into pitch-black comedy. Bodies don't just fall in this movie: they go into extravagant flailings that alternately resemble a tumbling act, a Twyla Tharp dance, and Sammy Davis, Jr.,'s pistol-tap routine. In Cantonese.—M.S. (Cinema Village.)

The Heiress (1949)—This William Wyler production is very likely the best film adaptation of Henry James, with the possible exception of "The Innocents." The screenplay, by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, is based on their stage version of James's "Washington Square," and at first the period settings and clothes may make the movie seem a little heavy and stagy, but then Wyler's mastery of the psychological nuances can have you drawing deep breaths. It's a peerless, super-controlled movie, in the same mode as Wyler's 1952 "Carrie," though more fully sustained. Wyler's greatness here is that he can hold the elements of the film in his palm without constricting the actors. He frees them. Montgomery Clift is just about perfect as James's fortune hunter Morris Townsend and Olivia de Havilland does her finest work ever as the heiress Catherine Sloper. With Ralph Richardson, Miriam Hopkins, Vanessa Brown, Betty Linley, Ray Collins, Selena Royle, and Mona Freeman. Music by Aaron Copland; art direction by John Meehan and Harry Horner.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; June 25.)

Hot Shots! Part Deux—Over the final credits, a voice announces that this burlesque of Rambo was "filmed in Hollywood before a live studio audience." A so-so joke, but a fecund idea. When it comes to features, the "Hot Shots!" team of director/writer Jim Abrahams and co-writer/executive producer Pat Proft can't go the distance (even for under ninety minutes). But sending up movie fads on a cable-TV comedy show (like a resuscitated "Not Necessarily the News"), they might emerge as brilliant wise-acres—especially if they picked targets more timely than Rambo. Though good sport Charlie Sheen is all pumped up to play top-gun-turned-commando Topper Harley, and Valeria Golino has developed a fetching deadpan as his true love, Ramada, the funniest bits are isolated spoofs of recent clichés, like a "Basic Instinct" bedroom scene—silly stuff that's cable-ready.—M.S. (Gotham Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th St. Triplex; through June 24.)

Jurassic Park—With Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough; directed by Steven Spielberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, Regency, and Metro Cinema.)

Made in America—"Broad comedy and heartfelt drama." Doesn't it sound grisly? And that's just how the press kit describes this slapstick sperm-bank sob story. TV-soap star Nia Long plays a brilliant, beautiful black high-school senior who discovers that her mother's husband died before she was even conceived, that her Afrocentrist mother (Whoopi Goldberg) was artificially inseminated, and that the sperm donor of record—whom she insists on calling her father—is a white, Barnum-like car salesman (Ted Danson). For half the running time, Danson pratfalls while Goldberg and Long burn; later, when Goldberg and Danson get cozy and Long objects, it becomes a failed tearjerker. All the crowd-pleasing guffaws are in the trailer, and they occur only when the plot turns. It's like a novel whose energy goes into funny chapter headings. Luckily, Will Smith, as Long's best friend, takes the lurches in his lanky stride—he's in the odd position of being the comic relief in a comedy. Richard Benjamin directed the script by Holly Goldberg Sloan (from a story by Marcia Brandwynne, Nadine Schiff, and Sloan).—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Menace II Society—This inner-city crime melodrama, set in Watts, is a speedy, violent, adolescent-cynical take on the no-hope lives of young black men. The filmmakers—twenty-one-year-old twins Allen and Albert Hughes—aren't interested in the tragic irony of the classic gangster film; they aim, instead, for the throwaway, life-is-cheap tone of grimy fifties B-pictures. They move from horror to horror in a businesslike, deadpan way that reflects, with frightening conviction, the thoroughness of their characters' alienation. The Hugheses are so scrupulous, so comprehensive, in their refusal to do the usual things that they leave themselves short on expressive options. As the picture goes along, you actually start to wish it were a little squarer, that the filmmakers would give you something more to hold on to than the grinding pulp momentum that substitutes here for true dramatic structure. The Hugheses achieve some brilliant and memorable sequences, and the lack of sentimentality is a step in the right direction, but the movie winds up running in place.—T.R. (5/31/93) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, 68th St. Playhouse, 86th Street East Twin, and Embassy.)

The Music of Chance—Jim Nashe (Mandy Patinkin) is a mixture of tough guy and wandering spirit. On a country road he picks up Pozzi (James Spader), a gambler down on his luck. In one of the random, risky twists in which the film specializes, Nashe decides to help him out. They go to a lonely country house, inhabited by a pair of wealthy oddballs called Flower (Charles Durning) and Stone (Joel Grey), who trounce Pozzi at poker and then demand an unusual payment: he and Nashe must build a stone wall on the grounds. From here on the movie becomes an unlikely fable about power and freedom, as Nashe and Pozzi are put through their paces like creatures of an author's cruel fancy. Philip Haas does well to curb the threat of whimsy in all this; he cuts Paul Auster's original novel back to the bone and toughens the progress of the plot. There's nothing he can do about Spader's silly, unconvincing Pozzi, but Patinkin is a great help; he looks so grave and laid-back that you almost end up believing in the whole thing.—A.L. (6/7/93) (Paris.)

Orlando—Sally Potter's film is based on Virginia Woolf's 1928 novel, which is not one of the author's major works. The story is a fragile piece of whimsy about an English nobleman born in the Elizabethan era who does not grow old or die and thus becomes the central figure in a series of historical tableaux that take the viewer right into the twentieth century; at a certain point, the title character discovers that he has turned into a woman. Potter (who also wrote the screenplay) takes Woolf's exercise in frivolity awfully seriously; the movie is like a Benny Hill sketch performed with fringe-theatre solemnity. And if it weren't for bad acting, this picture wouldn't have any acting at all. Tilda Swinton, who plays Orlando, may not actually wink at the audience, but she always looks as if she were about to. Her smug performance is perfectly suited to the film's arch, knowing tone. Potter and Swinton manage to make androgyny seem at least as dull as conventional sexuality. Also with Billy Zane, Charlotte Valandrey, Lothaire Bluteau, and Quentin Crisp.—T.R. (6/14/93) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Strictly Ballroom—Baz Luhrmann's first film brings good news: Australian cinema is on the move again, with a vigor not seen since the days of "Mad Max." There's no violence in "Strictly Ballroom"—the general lack of unpleasantness, in fact, is quite unnerving—but the speed of it still leaves you reeling. A young dancer, played by Paul Mercurio, acquires a new partner (Tara Morice), dreams up a flash routine, and sets out to break the Old Guard. The plot is cut-rate melodrama, and Luhrmann knows it; but he never sneers at his hero's ambitions. Besides, there are so many other things to laugh at—the costumes, the minor characters with their major obsessions, the psychedelic makeup, the trashy music. The movie is over before you know it, and is not one to linger in the mind, or indeed pass through the mind at all; but it's a good-humored ride for the senses, never too sickly, and who can say no to that?—A.L. (2/15/93) (Angelika Film Center, and Cinema 3.)

What's Love Got to Do with It—With Angela Bassett and Laurence Fishburne, directed by Brian Gibson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, Cinema 3rd Avenue, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

White Mane (1953)—One of the most beautiful films ever made. Shot in the Camargue, France's wildest, loneliest region, it's a fable—a tragic fairy tale—about a boy's love for the horse he alone is able to tame. Hunted down by a band of men who want the animal, the boy and his horse head out to sea rather than face capture. The filmmaker was Albert Lamorisse; his intentions were clearly to achieve a piece of visual poetry—unlike most filmmakers who head that way he succeeded. James Agee wrote the English narration.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; June 26-27.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

DR. ACRA'S BUGS

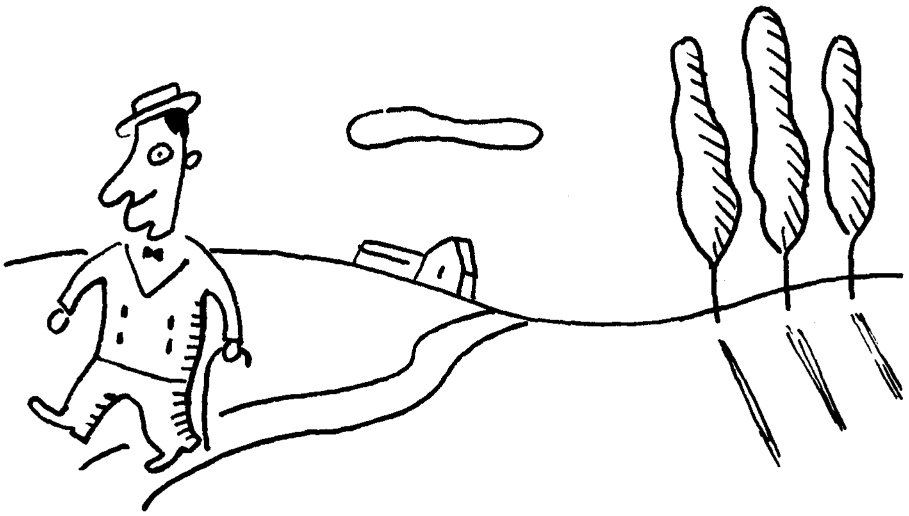
PREHISTORY is the big fad this summer, so it was exciting when a pleasant-sounding woman phoned to offer a tour of her father's celebrated collection of hundred-million-year-old bugs. She said that scientists had extracted DNA from a weevil in the collection. Her father had found the weevil (*Libanorhinus succinus*, now extinct), encased in amber, near the city of Jezzin, in the mountains south of Beirut. We consulted the morning paper, and discovered that it was true. "DNA FROM THE AGE OF DINOSAURS IS FOUND," a front-page *Times* headline said. There was synergy there. In the film "Jurassic Park," dinosaur blood is extracted from the belly of an insect frozen in amber. But the blood couldn't have come from a weevil. Weevils are vegetarians. Midges, however, are also in the collection, and midges suck blood.

The woman who called is Ms. Reem Acra, and she lives in a tall building on the East River. She moved to the United States from Beirut years ago; so did her brother Fadi, who is now a jewelry designer in Pottstown, Pennsylvania. He had just come up from Pottstown to help show off the collection, and little boxes were stacked on the dining-room table in bright-colored piles. They were said to contain seven hundred microscopic insects from the Lower Cretaceous Period (ninety-eight to a hundred and forty-four million years ago), registered and filed. For viewing them, an old Bausch & Lomb microscope was set up on the table. "Some of the insects were extremely weird," Fadi said, and most were extinct. All kinds of things were stuck in the amber: wasp wings, pollen, bits of leaf, as well as spiders, termites, leafhopper nymphs, pseudoscorpions. In one piece of amber, two prehistoric midges were locked in a strange embrace. "They were caught in the act," Fadi said.

Ms. Acra produced an old photograph of her father, Dr. Aftim Acra. "Our father is a workaholic," Fadi said. "He is also quite a genius, if I may say so." The photograph showed a short, bald man standing by some scientific instruments. In a pressed white shirt, he looked precise, energetic. He is a professor emeritus of environmental science at the American University of Beirut, and he and his wife still live in the city. His own father had been a fabric dealer, and his mother had taught herself to read. Deposits of the Cretaceous amber had been found outside Beirut toward the end of the nineteenth century. Dr. Acra found his first amber in 1962, while he was hunting for fossilized fish. Twenty years later, he sent the famous weevil to the entomologist George O. Poinar, Jr., at Berkeley. In the process of extracting the DNA, Dr. Poinar's colleagues destroyed the weevil, prompting criticism from competitors at the American Museum of Natural History. Fadi said he couldn't remember what the weevil had looked like. "It wasn't a special weevil," he added, not taking sides. "It was one of many."

Dr. Acra called later, from Beirut. He described the field trips he used to take with his son. There was beautiful country around Beirut: low mountains, covered with forests of pine. "We would find the amber in small pieces," he said. The digging was difficult; it took patience and time. "We had nobody to teach us anything, so we took the samples home, washed them off, and polished them. The specimens were so well preserved—you cannot imagine."

Dr. Acra explained that he didn't get



PHILIPPE PETIT-ROULET

up into the mountains anymore. "After the civil war started here, it was extremely dangerous to roam around in the hills. It was dangerous to roam around our neighborhood, in fact." He began sending samples out of the country with journalists he knew. Scientists at the British Museum examined the samples first, and named an ancient species of moth for the doctor (*Parasabatinca aftimacrai*). An entomologist at the Museum of Natural History found the world's oldest caterpillar. Dr. Acra said that he had heard of Steven Spielberg's film, and looked forward to seeing it, but dinosaurs were not his field, and he would not be held responsible if his bugs were cloned. "This is something for the distant future," he said. "To create a human being or an animal contradicts our belief in God, so I don't know."

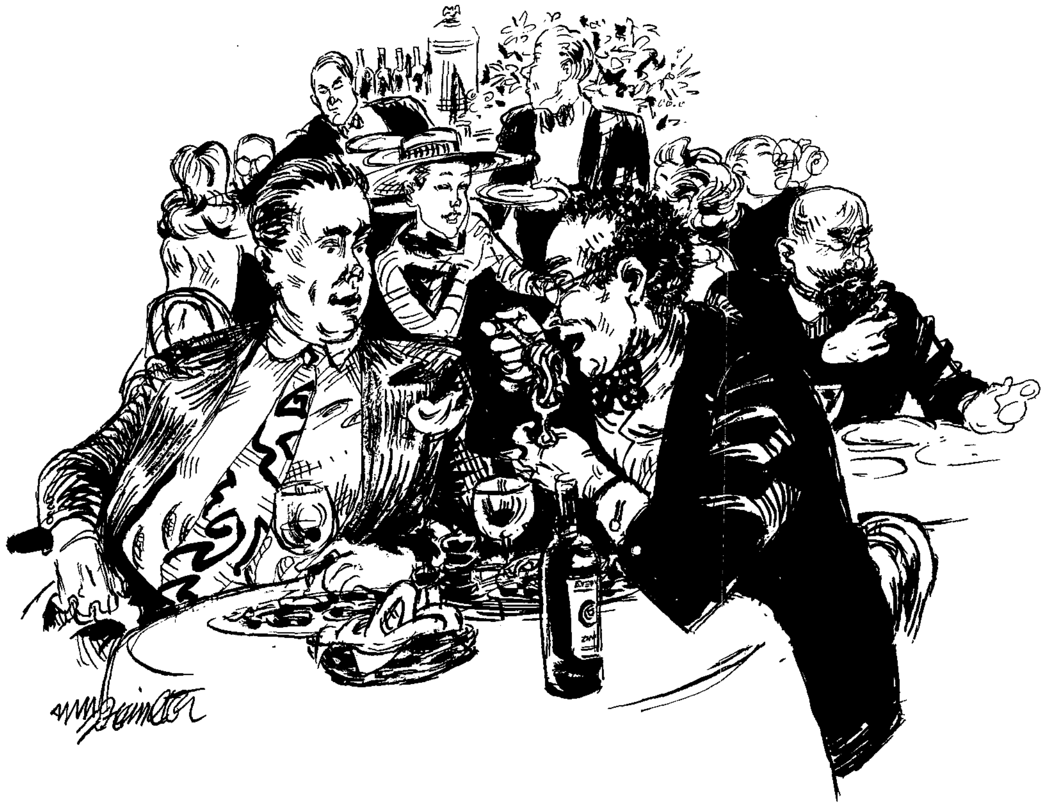
ODD COUPLE

At the Big Sur Gallery in Tokyo, Hoki Tokuda Miller, Henry Miller's last wife, is displaying reproductions of his watercolors. "I have the originals," she said, "but I don't want to leave them here." The gallery, which Hoki (the name is short for Hiroko) opened last year as a memorial to her husband, consists of one room lined with Miller's bright, busy paintings—paintings that he would sometimes use as barter to pay the doctor and the dentist, she said. There are also posters and photographs of Miller thinking, or sketching, or talking to a young Hoki at his Pacific Palisades home.

When Henry and Hoki met, early in 1966, she was twenty-eight, a pretty, round-faced Japanese singer and pianist in a miniskirt. He was seventy-four and was having a bad year, she said: "Bad legs, bad joints, bad eyes, tunnel vision, in one ear no hearing. He had to walk with a cane." Hoki married him in 1967, was separated from him three years later, and divorced him in 1977. She still uses his name, and she shows some of his art work on the walls of the Tropic of Cancer, a piano bar she owns in Roppongi, one of Tokyo's cabaret districts. It's a comfortable watering hole, where Hoki, a professional jazz pianist and chanteuse, performs nightly.

"I don't know what Henry saw in me," Hoki says. "He dreamed of a Japanese woman so devoted to a man that she walks behind him. I'm not typical. I graduated from Alma College, in Ontario, where I'd studied piano on a scholarship. In Tokyo, I sang with a Dixieland jazz band and cut a few records. In 1965, those things helped me get a temporary entertainment visa to work in Hollywood. I played the piano and sang every night for a year and a half at a Japanese restaurant, the Imperial Gardens, on Sunset Strip, with my name on the roof: 'Hoki Tokuda, Straight from Tokyo.' I met Henry at his doctor's house, where I played Ping-Pong with him. He was a tough player. He cheated. No style. Nothing. I was furious. I wanted to beat this old man. Then he started coming to the Imperial Gardens every night and asking me to play romantic French songs. He took me to parties, introduced me to movie stars—Jennifer Jones, Rita Hayworth, Jack Nicholson. He began to tell people I was his fiancée. Friends told me to marry him and give him a good time, saying he wouldn't live long." (He died, at eighty-eight, in 1980.) "I said no to him for almost two years. I was making good money. He looked so old, but he was interesting, funny, a gentleman. He didn't talk to me about his writing. Maybe he thought I wouldn't understand. He talked a lot about sex and the weather."

In the summer of 1967, the Immigration and Naturalization Service informed Hoki that her entertainer's visa would not be renewed; the only way she could avoid having to leave the country was by marrying an American citizen. Henry again asked her to marry him, and this time she did. "I wasn't greedy, as his friends think. I didn't want anything. In me he had a wife, a cook, a pianist, a singer." But not a lover. An unwritten condition of the marriage, she says, was that she was not going to sleep with him. She and her roommate, a Japanese woman called Puko, moved into Miller's Pacific Palisades house. They



"Nonsense—I can sit on my Warhols twice as long as you can sit on yours."

slept upstairs; Miller slept downstairs.

"Our marriage was sensational front-page news," Hoki says. They went on a two-month honeymoon in Europe, accompanied by a film crew and twenty or so friends and fans, during which, she says, Henry was treated like a god. But, according to Hoki, Miller proceeded to cast doubt on her status as his fifth wife, claiming that she was in fact his eighth; and such was the confusion that they decided to get married again. "It was so embarrassing," she says. "We kept it very secret, and we went to the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas to get remarried. Puko, the judge, and the bell captain were witnesses."

Hoki returned to Japan in 1986, and later wrote a book about her life with Miller. She called it "Mrs. Henry Miller's Nightmare," after Miller's 1945 book about America, "The Air-Conditioned Nightmare." It was published only in Japanese, and first appeared as a series of essays in a Tokyo weekly magazine. It described life with Miller in the Hollywood of the nineteen-sixties, where they were surrounded by hippies and movie stars, and by the occasional ex-wife or ex-lover. Someday, Hoki says, she will write an autobiography.

RICH AND FAMOUS

THE television pitchman Robin Leach was here the other day attending a surprise birthday party at the Peninsula Hotel, on Fifth Avenue, for the tiny sex psychologist Dr. Ruth Westheimer. His tanned skin gave off a prosperous glow, and he wore a gray silk suit with lapels as wide as cricket bats. He looked altogether more substantial than he appears on television. He had come from Antigua, where he has a lavish house (he used to live in Connecticut), and was on his way to San Francisco to launch a new cable-television network, all about food. In the background at the party, fond songs were being sung about Dr. Ruth. (She's sixty-five.) The room was done up with pink ribbons and swags of pink balloons, and Dr. Ruth's friends wandered around holding plates of cold shrimp.

Mr. Leach looked grand in this company, almost removed. "You're amused by the color of my gray suit," he said, in his honking, walrus voice. "I'm a Cockney in certain respects," he added. Actu-

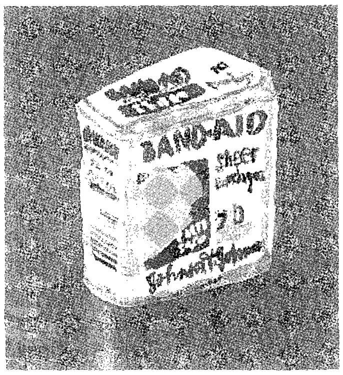
INTENSIVE CARE

THESE are the questions I've been asked since I worked on Show No. 6079 of "All My Children," which will be broadcast on Tuesday, June 29th:

Q: What's Susan Lucci like?

A: Perky, sharp, thin, underappreciated—but I'm just speculating, since she wasn't in my episode.

Q: What was your part?



GARY PANTER

A: I was a nurse. I appear in Act III, in the hospital-sun-porch scene, and I say, in a mean voice, "Intensive-care patients are only allowed two visitors per hour," and then "We don't want to overtax him," and, finally, "Rules are rules." I say this to Hayley, to stop her from seeing Adam, who is in intensive care after he and Natalie are in a car wreck while speeding to someone's wedding—I forget whose—after Natalie has had a big fight with Trevor, who has recently discovered he was duped by Laurel Banning, who then mysteriously disappears, although she—Laurel—has just sent a note to Natalie's son Timmy, which he reads to An Li, Tom, Trevor, and Myrtle, who are sitting around keeping each other company and are beginning to suspect that Jack and Laurel might have eloped.

Q: Wait a minute—what were Adam and Natalie doing in a car together? They hate each other!

A: I have no idea. I'd never seen the show.

Q: What did you wear?

A: A white pinafore, a white blouse with big shoulder pads, homely white oxfords, white panty hose, tasteful jewelry, no hat. I was hoping I'd be dressed in something skimpy, but the costume department informed me that only one nurse on the show is ever allowed to wear something really tight and short, and that's Nurse Gloria.

Q: Why?

A: I have no idea. I'd never seen the show.

Q: What's going to happen to Adam and Natalie?

A: The powerful and mercurial Adam, who is married to Nurse Gloria, and is the twin of shy, gentle Stuart, discovers he can't move his legs, although in real life he went jogging between the morning camera blocking and the afternoon dress rehearsal. I get the feeling he will recover. Natalie, on the other hand, is definitely going to die. I was told this by Natalie herself while I was having my hair done and she was getting her head bruise applied. "I'm flat-lining either this Thursday or next—I can't remember which," she said. "Natalie's sweet, so she's got to die. If you're on a soap, you want to be a bitch or be miserable, because then you'll last forever."

Q: How were you?

A: Really good. In fact, Conal O'Brien, the director, told me that I was "very steady" and that the sixteen million people who watch the show will probably appreciate my work. And this is a guy who can be tough: for instance, during camera blocking, he told Christopher Lawford—Charlie—that he was giving the camera "too much tush."

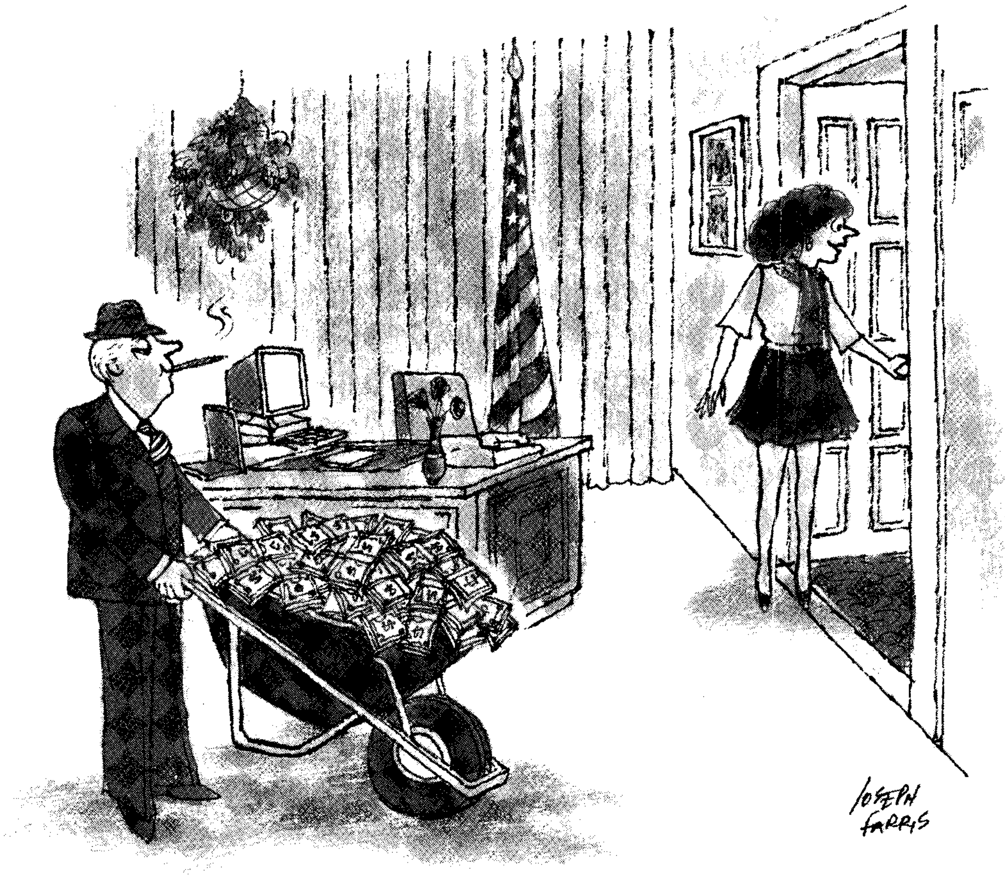
Q: How did you prepare?

A: I studied my script, I practiced my lines, I got to the studio at 7 A.M. for all the rehearsals and dry blocking, and during lunch I called my doctor for some authentic insight on nursing.

Q: What did she say?

A: She recommended that I consider my character's back story; avoid wearing my hair in a bun, because nurses don't do that anymore; work on understanding my motivation; and forget about a tight uniform, because only Nurse Gloria gets to wear one.

—Susan Orlean



"A very special interest to see you, Senator."

• •

ally, he's from Harrow, outside London, and his father was an office manager for Hoover vacuum cleaners. Mr. Leach sipped a glass of wine and played with the enormous ring on his finger, remembering the old days. He said he'd taken Dr. Ruth to Beijing for one of his shows ("Runaway with the Rich and Famous") and they'd eaten in a restaurant by the Great Wall which served monkey brains: "They actually put the monkey on the table, came with a big knife, and pscheewww!"

These were Robin's only travel tips: never change your watch when you fly; always travel light; always drink the best champagne. He'd been to Australia and seen a house so big that it had an automobile road inside it, on which a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce would convey the owners from room to room. He'd found a house in Germany with three hundred and sixty-five rooms and seven full-time clock winders. He'd found a house in Hong Kong where everything was gold, including the people's clothes. "They had gold bricks in the floor," he said. "They were lawyers." He made a sour face. Such opulence, you could tell, sometimes made him ill.

SWEET MUSIC

MOST of what New Yorkers hear on the street they wish they didn't have to. The best of the street musicians are the steel drummers. Next in order of tolerability are the violinists. Worst are the young drug dealers in their Jeep Cherokees fitted with boom boxes the size of packing trunks. Sirens, motorcycles, jackhammers, backfires, and the brawls of drunks complete the aural mix. For twenty years, the Renaissance Street Singers have struggled across the urban soundscape like a lonely wagon train of euphony.

The group, which recently celebrated the beginning of its third decade with two concerts in the Seventeenth Street loft of its conductor and founder, John Hetland, currently averages a dozen members, about equally divided between men and women, and ranging in age from generation-Xers to sober citizens. Hetland, who works with computers, is fifty-one. The group performs every second Sunday on the streets (more precisely, on the sidewalks) of New York, or in some other place of public resort.

Early in the group's history, the repertoire included both religious and profane vocal music of the Renaissance. But, Hetland says, "I found, as I looked over the pieces we were doing, that the ones I continued to like were all sacred." These struck him as having been more important to their composers—"not written to pass the time, or to make a pleasant sound." Hetland "can't credibly deny" that his judgment may also have been conditioned by the fact that he is the son of a Lutheran minister. The repertoire is entirely sacred today and is drawn principally from Lincoln Center's Library for the Performing Arts.

The Renaissance Street Singers accept no money. Hetland will stop conducting in mid-beat to retrieve and return coins and bills that passersby drop in his tote bag. "Sometimes people think, when something's free, Yeah, it's free, but you're supposed to contribute. I relish the opportunity to prove that it really *is* free," he says. Hetland took his group to the streets "because it doesn't cost anything, you don't have to make a reservation, and that's where the people are." His favorite sites include the crook of Commerce Street and the garden of the I.B.M. Building. The entrance to Track 15 in Grand Central is another acoustically choice spot, though in recent years there have tended to be people sleeping there. The Street Singers encounter other distractions, too. Fire trucks and police cars have a way of passing by in the gentlest measures of a piece, and tour buses sit for long stretches with their motors running. The deranged may try to join in, and cops have occasionally asked the group to move along. The Street Singers ignore what they can, stop when they must, and, a fortnight later, reappear, in some other spot. ♦

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DAVE

David Gergen has been cast as a benign wise man who can give Bill Clinton traction, but spin can't substitute for substance.

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

As President Clinton listened to his Supreme Court nominee, Ruth Bader Ginsburg, tell the story of her rise, he seemed transported by more than his usual empathy—lifted, for a moment, out of his own political troubles. Here, at last, on June 14th, he had found a moment of peace—strangely, at his own White House. He called on Brit Hume, the ABC correspondent, who had been a notable antagonist of the President's spokespeople. With mannered deference, Hume, addressing Clinton twice as "sir," asked the President to explain "a certain zigzag quality in the decision-making process here." Clinton was furious: "How you could ask a question like that after the statement she just made is beyond me," he said. And he refused further questions. Thus the first crisis of image arrived on the desk of the new Presidential counsellor, David Gergen.

VICTOR JUHASZ

The next day, at a hastily called news conference, a jovial President called once again on Brit Hume, for "a follow-up." "You know what I'm really upset about?" he remarked to Hume, who had recently remarried. "You got a honeymoon, and I didn't." Gergen, standing against a side wall, leaned over to Dee Dee Myers, the press secretary, and said in a stage whisper, "*That was perfect.*" Clinton proceeded to alert the press to his decisiveness, the very trait Hume had been skeptical of the day before. By announcing his positive characteristics, which the correspondents were obliged to report, Clinton was taking a page from Ronald Reagan, for whom Gergen last played director. That night, Gergen was fêted by his former colleagues at *U.S. News & World Report*, who presented him with a poster for the movie "Dave," with his face pasted over that of Kevin Kline—the stand-in President.

Just twelve days earlier, in his previous appearance in the briefing room, Clinton had seemed to demonstrate the meltdown of his political skills. In his statement withdrawing Lani Guinier as his nominee for assistant attorney general for civil rights, he spoke about "my center," and so made it an issue. One thing the public is certain it wants in a President is for him to know who he is. Agreement or disagreement, like or dislike may follow, but if a President lacks mastery over his own persona his aura dissolves, and the audience, losing interest, drifts away. So Clinton stood in the briefing room talking, talking, talking. The man who had known how to walk the walk and talk the talk in the campaign was stumbling. "I don't know what mistakes are out there that we *haven't* made," a Presidential aide says. A second one breaks into uncontrollable laughter during conversations. A third doesn't read the newspapers. Still another is described by friends as "homicidal." And another describes himself as "seething" one day and saying "What can I say?" the next. "It's true, we have no political strategy," someone with direct, regular access to the President said. The remark was offered matter-of-factly, ungrudgingly. But behind it lay deep anxiety that the potential of Clinton's Presidency may be lost.

Oddly, what were strengths for Clinton as a campaigner became weaknesses when he assumed office. The candidate who seemed all-encompassing and inclusive has become a President who seems unfocussed and appeasing. The more visible he makes himself, the more diffuse he looks; the more accessible he is, the smaller he appears; the more he shows he knows the details, the more his themes are obscured. In incident after incident, his impulse to minimize conflict has only heightened it. His "centrism" has ultimately seemed less a matter of ideology than an aversion to struggle. His efforts at town meetings and in local-television interviews to dramatize himself as a man of the people have diminished him. When he ventured out into the country to repeat the barnstorming success of the campaign, it looked as if he were fleeing the terrors of the capital.

Clinton arrived calling for the overthrow of the status quo, yet he seemed surprised to find that the entrenched castes of the capital act to protect their positions. Thrown off balance, he has become reactive. He finds himself fighting battles he doesn't want to engage in, and on the most disadvantageous ground. The consummate pol appears not to have anticipated the full machinations of power. This seeming lack of comprehension has been exacerbated by the vacuum of power he has created in surrounding himself with deferential advisers who are either without national political experience or much younger, so that he won't have to delegate the Presidency. His imperiousness can be seen in his design of a White House that would not challenge him when he chose indecision.

Installing Mack McLarty as his chief of staff was central to the pattern. McLarty is his oldest friend, his kindergarten playmate, who became the C.E.O. of Arkla, one of the largest companies in Little Rock. The small-town executive is a courtly gentleman, a former chairman of the Arkansas Democratic Party, who holds thoroughly conventional "moderate" beliefs. He once described himself as "probably more in step with a Sam Nunn or that type of philosophy" than with Bill Clinton. In 1990, when Clinton was challenged for governor by his arch-enemy Sheffield Nelson, then Arkla's C.E.O., McLarty remained neutral, and Nelson chose him as his successor. As chief of staff, McLarty would not be a peer as other Presidents have had peers; he would be the old (if self-protective) friend as manager. If he worries about any constituency, it is "business." McLarty's skills are more corporate than political, and they have not proved transferrable to Washington. When he arrived, he refused many interviews, including one on "Meet the Press," apparently feeling ill-prepared for his role and unsure of his grasp of the issues. He has been scrambling ever since. His limits have been tacitly acknowledged by the tasks he has been given—assuaging the conservative Democratic senators David Boren and Sam Nunn (with little effect) and speaking to businessmen like himself. Layer upon layer of deputies have been set over him. In previous Administrations, blame for mistakes was put on the chief of staff before being assigned to the President. Miraculously, McLarty has escaped even the slightest tarnishing—perhaps because Clinton is acting as his own chief of staff. A number of his friends speculate that he put McLarty in the slot in order to retain control himself. The effect has been a self-defeating loss of control.

Clinton's other close friends and associates have not filled the space. They have been unable to protect him. At the start of the Administration, the second most powerful man in the country was the Secretary of State, Warren Christopher. He was Clinton's No. 1 adviser, who had managed the selection of the Vice-President and of all the other Cabinet members. A poor boy from North Dakota who rose to become one of the most distinguished lawyers in Los Angeles, Christopher was a kind of father figure for the President, who could see his own log-cabin story echoed in Christopher's. But since January 20th Christopher has been losing influence. With no larger agenda of his own in foreign policy, he has been unable to force Clinton to make decisions. In meetings, he is a soothing presence, not a guiding light. He performs like the boardroom attorney with his best client, gently making suggestions and presenting options.

The television producer Harry Thomason, an old friend from Arkansas, fled Washington as if it were Jurassic Park after the press snapped at him for his role in exposing the scandal in the White House travel department, which, though it had neglected, over the years, to keep accounting records, had pampered reporters. (It was a strategic retreat

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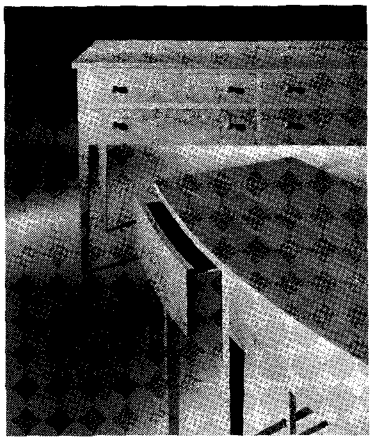

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to plan a biting new CBS comedy about Washington.) Bruce Lindsey, Clinton's close friend and constant companion, had been sentenced to the personnel office, where piles of résumés literally towered to the ceiling and sometimes even fell over. Lindsey would slowly send appointments up to Clinton, who would roll many of them back down. Hillary Rodham Clinton, the President's closest confidant, was immersed in health-care reform, and withdrew almost entirely from the scene during the illness and the death of her father, precisely at the point when the economic-stimulus bill was being defeated, the first in the series of recent fiascoes. When she finally reëmerged, she was horrified at what she saw.

BILL CLINTON, who likes to touch all bases before making an important decision, picked David Gergen as his counsellor without consulting a single one of his political advisers. Members of the White House staff, on the road with the President in Philadelphia, first heard the rumor from reporters. Dee Dee Myers, the press secretary, couldn't confirm it. If Gergen was in, George Stephanopoulos was out. The thirty-two-year-old communications director was the principal figure in the second tier below Clinton, which is composed of staff members a decade younger than the President. These young men and women, who were the heart and soul of his campaign organization, had sought to bring the spirit of the War Room to the West Wing, and without Stephanopoulos its members didn't know where they stood in relation to the President. "I feel like my guts are being ripped out," one said.

Stephanopoulos had presented himself as a figure of both public and private power with the President. Though he was often not in on the decision-making meetings, he would not say so. At the same time, he acted as the face of the Administration, a youthful but unemotive image, respectfully trying to parry the sarcasm of a White House press corps that felt he was blocking its rightful access to the President. He cultivated the assumption that he knew everything, but he gave away little. This bred discontent, and he was the closest object on which the press could vent its frustrations. In the beginning, his press briefings were televised, but they became so contentious that he banned the cameras.

In every role—son of a Greek Orthodox priest, Rhodes scholar, congressional aide, floor assistant for House Majority Leader Richard Gephardt—Stephanopoulos showed filial self-discipline above all. Having been with Clinton from the start, he acted as his all-purpose aide-de-camp throughout the campaign, coördinating policy papers when he wasn't scampering for hotel rooms. He did everything well, and then headed to the gym to work out. His main role, besides talking to the press, was synthesizing the ideas of the political consultants and helping to present them to the candidate. He was the glue that held together the famous Gang of Four, the chief campaign advisers—James Carville, Paul Begala, Stan Greenberg, and Mandy Grunwald. During the transition, he aspired to be deputy chief of staff to the inexperienced McLarty. That would have made him, in effect, the one in charge. But, because only Clinton himself could be in charge, he left Stephanopoulos where he was, thus insulating himself with a childhood friend.

Stephanopoulos, in his running battle with the press, was finally defeated by the story line that an immature, arrogant, shaggy staff was at the root of Clinton's difficulty in appearing Presidential. What was needed, Marlin Fitzwater, Bush's press secretary, suggested, was a few fat old bald guys. It seemed to make sense—especially visual sense, because Stephanopoulos had impressed his image on the public eye. The irony is that, for the most part, the young staff people close to Stephanopoulos are the seasoned political warriors, while the older staff people, who are closer to the President, are the novices. Almost all the egregious mistakes have been made by the latter, such as Bernard Nussbaum, the legal counsel, who refused to heed warnings from liberal staffers in the Senate and the White House about Lani Guinier. But none of this mattered, any more than the illusion that the Administration needed to compensate now for its "lurch to the left," even as public investment was being gutted from Clinton's program. Seemingly plausible fiction was more compelling than complicated truth. It was late afternoon on the day before the announcement when Stephanopoulos learned that he was to be shifted to adviser without portfolio, and replaced by Gergen. He wondered whether anyone had really thought through the appointment of Gergen and what he would do. "Weird," he said to a friend over dinner that night.

At the 8 A.M. press conference at the White House on Saturday, May 29th, Clinton and Gergen staged a pas de deux, with the President looking for his new counsellor first on his right, then on his left. Gergen made a joke about ideologies, and they both laughed. Gergen proclaimed, "I come here as, I think, a centrist." But was he Clinton's center rediscovered?

GERGEN'S political life spans a whole era—the era that Clinton has pledged to end. Gergen is so deeply entrenched in Washington (he started out as an assistant in Richard Nixon's speechwriting office) that some conjecture he was Deep Throat. When he first came to the capital, the old establishment was fracturing under the pressure of the Vietnam War. Upon returning to the White House this month, he quit seventeen boards and clubs, including the Bohemian Club, the Trilateral Commission, the Aspen Institute, and the Very Special Arts Foundation. In 1962, Richard Rovere wrote a half-mocking taxonomy of the establishment and named its unofficial chairman, the investment banker John J. McCloy, a man for all boards and Presidential commissions. If there is any contemporary résumé that resembles McCloy's in credits, it must be Gergen's. Yet, though he may be a familiar face in all the old familiar places, he's a new type, bred in the hothouse of Washington: the spin doctor and pundit as wise man.

From that background, Gergen has emerged as a figure of stature. He was a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think tank, where he edited the magazine *Public Opinion*. But Gergen is not really a scholar; he has published no books and almost no essays except opinion pieces discussing political strategies of the moment. Nor is he really a conservative, like others at the A.E.I., such as Robert

"I think we should give day camp a chance, Adrian. Let's not become prisoners of our own dogma."

Bork and Irving Kristol. Instead, he has managed to withhold commitment to a fixed ideology, or even to a long-standing position. He has written thousands of column inches, but he has left no paper trail of beliefs that might be held against him. Although he served as editor and columnist at *U.S. News & World Report*, he is not really a journalist. For him, *U.S. News* was a forum and a base of operations for being a wise man.

It was as a commentator on PBS's "MacNeil/Lehrer News Hour" that he found his true métier. There he held forth, his unhurried opinions and occasional whimsy surrounded by sobriety. He always sounded reasonable, detached, mature. He was intelligent without being intellectual, decent without displaying an obtrusively bleeding heart. Gergen is an old-fashioned but not curmudgeonly man, who sees politics spread along a right-center-left spectrum and comfortably situates himself slightly to the right of a drifting center. On that spectrum, he stood as a useful marker. But it was his reassuring, calm manner, enhanced by the PBS atmospherics, that carried him to the top.

Bill Clinton first met David Gergen in 1984, at Renaissance Weekend, an annual four-day retreat of seminars held at Hilton Head, South Carolina. Before Clinton ran for President, and the group expanded to include many who sought an opportunity for networking, it prided itself on being a kind of fellowship, almost like an adult Sunday school, and even featuring sessions on "My Favorite Prayer." The Gergen Clinton encountered was a distinguished Washington personage, who presented himself as somewhat disillusioned with his Reagan experience.

Gergen's most elaborate explanation of his odyssey as a centrist took place at a White House press briefing on June 7th, when he stood at the lectern for the first time as a Clinton spokesman. He presented his motive as patriotism, transcending party. He is a man who serves Presidents. He strained to clarify the effects that this service has had on his thinking: "Over time, I acquired obvious Republican— I began wearing Republican cloth and I voted Republican and everything like that. And I'm proud of the service that I had the opportunity to do. And I think it is a privilege to serve here no matter who the President is. Now, things evolved."

The son of a mathematics professor, Gergen grew up in the New South enclave of Duke University. He attended Yale when it was still more George Bush's college than Garry Trudeau's: the virtues of Dink Stover and Frank Merriwell dominated, and the scions of St. Grottlesex set the tone of the Old Campus. Gergen was an editor of the *Yale Daily News* and a member of the Manuscript Society, a senior club with an emblem whose design incorporates Renaissance symbolism. The first politician he worked for, soon after graduating, in 1963, was Terry Sanford, a progressive Democratic governor of his home state. Gergen went on to Harvard Law School and then served as an officer in the Navy. While he was finishing his stint, his old *Daily News* friend and law-school roommate Jonathan Rose, whose father was an influential Republican, recommended him to Ray Price. Price had been the editorial-page editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, the country's principal organ of moderate Republicanism, and had become the chief speechwriter for President Nixon. Among Gergen's early tasks was to oversee the scripting of the Republican Party Convention in 1972, where Nixon was renominated by acclamation.

Shortly after Gerald Ford became President, Gergen was fired. But a year later, in 1975, with Ford worried about the upcoming campaign, Gergen was summoned back. "He was *definitely* a Republican," a Republican who worked with him says. In the late nineteen-seventies, he settled at the American Enterprise Institute.

In the 1980 Presidential campaign, George Bush and his campaign chairman, James Baker, envisioned Gergen as their issues director, but, according to David Keene, the campaign manager, "he wouldn't come on board, because, he kept telling us, he couldn't get out of his commitments. But the day after the Iowa caucuses"—which Bush won—"in a remarkable turnaround, he discovered he *was* able to get out of his commitments." Even though the position had been filled, Gergen, Keene says, was "omnipresent between Iowa and New Hampshire." After Ronald Reagan won New Hampshire, Gergen "disappeared for a bit." Keene recalls Baker telephoning Gergen and saying, "David, a mutual friend of ours, a journalist, says that you have indicated, off the record, that Bush could be President but Keene and I are fucking up the campaign. You're right, and we're going to keep fucking it up. So cut the shit." Then, Keene says, "Gergen resurfaced as Bush made a comeback." After Reagan won the nomination, Baker, charged with preparing Reagan for debates with President Jimmy Carter, brought in Gergen to handle research; in that capacity, Gergen had in his possession stolen briefing materials from the Carter campaign.

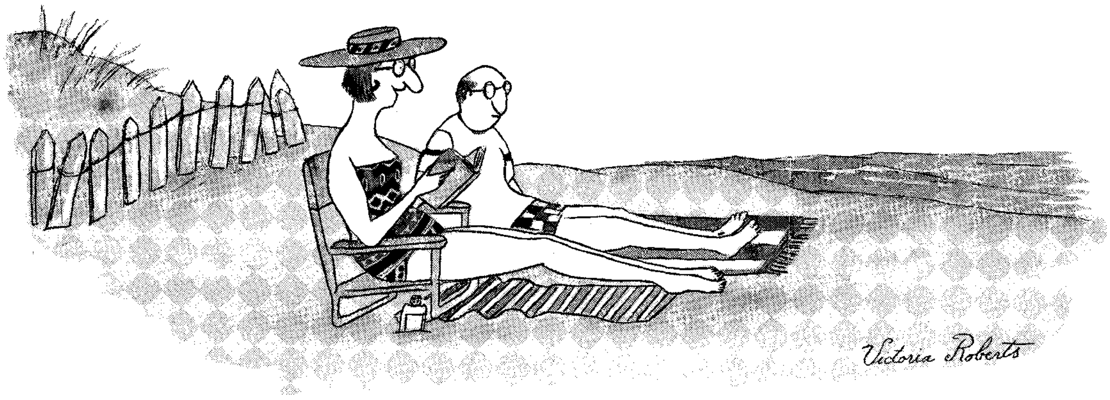
With Reagan's election, Baker became chief of staff, and he made Gergen the communications director, a junior member of the junta (sponsored by Nancy Reagan) that produced the Reagan Presidency. For Gergen, the job of creating Reagan's image involved two principal tasks. The first was to care for and feed the élite press, keeping it content with a steady flow of the kinds of stories that the White House wanted it to have. Part of the strategy, according to a former Reagan official, was to distribute the leaks so that Lou Cannon, of the Washington *Post*, who was the reporter with the best contacts, didn't completely run away from the pack. A hydraulic model of press management was instituted. Larry Speakes, the press secretary, was allotted the task of frustrating the press—not giving it the story. When pressure built up, the safety valve was opened by selective leaks. Leaking was also integral to the internal factional warfare, to the need to isolate the conservative ideologues within the White House, and Gergen served, usually at Baker's behest, as a leaker, sometimes leaking stories intended to drown Baker's rivals. Gergen's second principal task was to oversee the speechwriting operation, which was a bastion of militants; every day, he cut their copy to ribbons, editing out as much as he could of the gaudy right-wing rhetoric that would frighten the public.

"If you hadn't had Dave there, you'd have had a harsh image of Reagan—angry, in-your-face conservatism instead of the smiley face," another former Reagan aide says. In 1982, at a crisis point in the Presidency, when a recession had pushed Reagan's popularity below fifty per cent, Bill Moyers produced a CBS special documenting the misery that Reagan's economic policies were causing among the "truly needy." Gergen counterattacked, calling the documentary a blow "below the belt," and applying pressure to CBS news executives to be "fair" to Reagan. The fairness theme, which was hurting Reagan politically, was hijacked. Gergen emphasized "parables," however apocryphal, over fact, and Reagan's personal sentiments over the consequences of his policies. It was all, Gergen rationalized, "symbolic truth." Thus an out-of-touch and neglectful President appeared omnipotent and caring. Mark Hertsgaard, in "On Bended Knee," his study of Reagan and the press, wrote, "Faced with the challenge of implementing policies which, as Gergen conceded after the fact, were directly at odds with mass sentiment, Reagan's men made the presentation of issues, rather than their substance, the preeminent consideration."

While Reagan's Presidential image was being managed on a grand scale, the scene within the White House was like the Borgia court. Among the courtiers, Gergen was undone. His leaking, according to a former Reagan official, was more than regular—it was "compulsive." Besides, he was disorganized and was always late, running on what became known as "gergen-time." Richard Darman, Baker's deputy, "undermined" Gergen with Baker, a former Reagan aide says. "Darman would come in every day with something to dump on Gergen," he says. "Gergen was oblivious of a lot of it. He wasn't very good at fighting back. A classic bureaucratic infighter? Far from it."

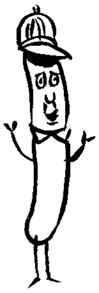
IN 1986, Gergen became the third of Mort Zuckerman's editors at *U.S. News*. Gergentime was still in effect; he often held pages until the last moment and even past it. But his presence, according to one reporter, was "calming, reassuring—that's Dave." Leaving the editorship after two and a half years, he assumed a post as columnist. In his columns, sentimentality almost always prevailed. He seemed to equate irony with pessimism. He was never harshly negative, and whatever criticism he made was neither lengthy nor detailed. Gergen listed political errors, but he dismissed or avoided discussion of the deeper flaws that might produce those errors. He was the first columnist to recognize that Ross Perot would be an important factor in 1992, but he was almost never critical of him. In a July 27, 1992, column on Perot (who wanted to hire him for his campaign), Gergen, in the name of "decency to our civic life," chastised "the parties" for "digging up the dirt" (Perot's investigations of his children's friends, among other things) and the press for "printing it." (This was Perot's version of events; the fact is that it wasn't the parties but the press that was responsible for excavating the stories in the first place.) In a piece about Richard Nixon, his old boss, Gergen had no ambivalent feelings. To him, Nixon was "the most fascinating, the most farsighted, the most reviled and of late arguably the most dignified of our former Presidents." Watergate was mentioned as an unexplained something "that will torment him forever," not as any reflection on the unindicted co-conspirator.

Gergen wished to be fair, a wish that dampened criticism. The chord he struck resonated with the banality of niceness: everyone was good inside, and goodness consisted mostly of an old Yale virtue—sportsmanlike conduct. His personality sketches were like biographies for boys of a previous era. He wished to see his subjects as heroic, as coming from behind, as enduring; he liked to put them in



"Who said, 'I love the sea'?"

an epic context, as though he were designing a set or delivering an after-dinner speech. While Gergen has now revealed that he didn't vote for George Bush, he sent him off with warm words, hailing him for "gallantry and good-heartedness that has turned his departure from office into one of his finest hours." Barbara Bush, for her part, was a "grand lady: proud, resolute, and ever gracious." Gergen concluded, sounding like Lowell Thomas in an old newsreel, "The nation owes a fond farewell to both her and her husband." These words were sincere, but they were without content.

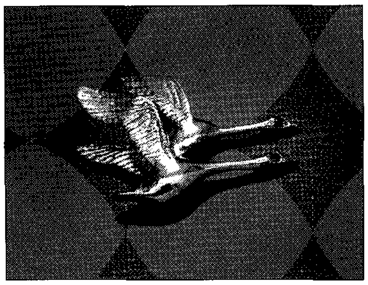


Gergen's optimism was so insistent that he sometimes invented stories about make-believe characters. One of these (in a column written before the Anita Hill affair) he called Clarence Thomas: "compelling . . . a fresh hope . . . the stuff of legend . . . inspiring." Gergen's Thomas was above partisanship ("doesn't fit any political box") and could break a deadlock of partisans: "Now comes Clarence Thomas insisting that if both races shape up, blacks can still make it on their own. He should know." This Clarence Thomas bore a peculiar resemblance to his centrist creator. Gergen never wrote about anyone who demonstrated mean-spiritedness, stupidity, or cynicism, or was consumed with resentment, rage, or vengeance. He was the opposite of a contrarian. In one of his last columns before he joined the new Administration, he offered a generic litany of Clinton's "trouble" but concluded that Clinton was "gifted and resourceful," and "could well bounce back, proving himself a big-league President, even a hall of famer."

Gergen looks at politicians for symbolism rather than actual meaning. The two-dimensional characters of his writing are akin to the matinée image of Reagan he helped project. If the Reagan model is a guide, Gergen will package an optimistic leader, a Gipper, a Comeback Kid. "There he goes again," a former Reagan adviser says of him. He will schmooze and jolly the press, and water it with leaks. One of the few White House aides who were positive about his arrival says, "We have too many adult virgins here. We need some hacks. Gergen's a hack. Maybe he can help."

But Gergen's new position is not what his position was under Reagan. More is expected of him than image-making, and he is being presented as more than a fixer. He has offered himself as an emissary of the public, who, like his friend the "patriot" Ross Perot, knows its true mind. He has also advertised himself as a man of substance—a substance he calls centrism. But Gergen is not a wise man like the wise men of the postwar period; his centrism does not express the broadly shared beliefs of a powerful institutional establishment. His rise was made possible by the demise of the influence of that establishment. Reagan's victory, indeed, marked the final splintering of what remained of the postwar consensus. Bush, who was the ideal heir of the old establishment, and whose rightward tilt was a consequence of its fall, collapsed himself, signifying the dissolution of conservatism as a lasting governing proposition. Gergen has been brought back into the White House by Clinton because Clinton is confused and frustrated by his difficulty in managing a political transition. But there is no new, post-Cold War consensus hiding just beneath the surface of public opinion, waiting to be fished out and displayed. And Gergen does not deliver a powerful establishment, only himself.

The triumph of Gergen is a triumph in great part of his own image: centrism as the ideology of a wise man has brought him far. If his instinct to reassure reinforces Clinton's instinct to placate, however, conflict may only increase. Clinton's fundamental problem, in any event, is not one of image. Rather, it is one of substance: his message has become the oblique notion of deficit reduction as a be-all and end-all, which has enabled the Republicans to take the ideological initiative. It is not a matter of communications blocked by a truculent press corps, as Clinton believes, but a crisis stemming from the message itself. Gergen, who provided apologies for the insolvent policies that now weigh Clinton down, has been credited with repairing images, but his talent is essentially for doctoring flawed photographs. "If the diagnosis is we're too young, too arrogant, and too far left, it's easy to fix," one of Clinton's political advisers says. "This will create the possibility of turning the tide, press-wise. You needed a deus ex machina. This is it. They like this story. We'll deal with the reality later." ♦



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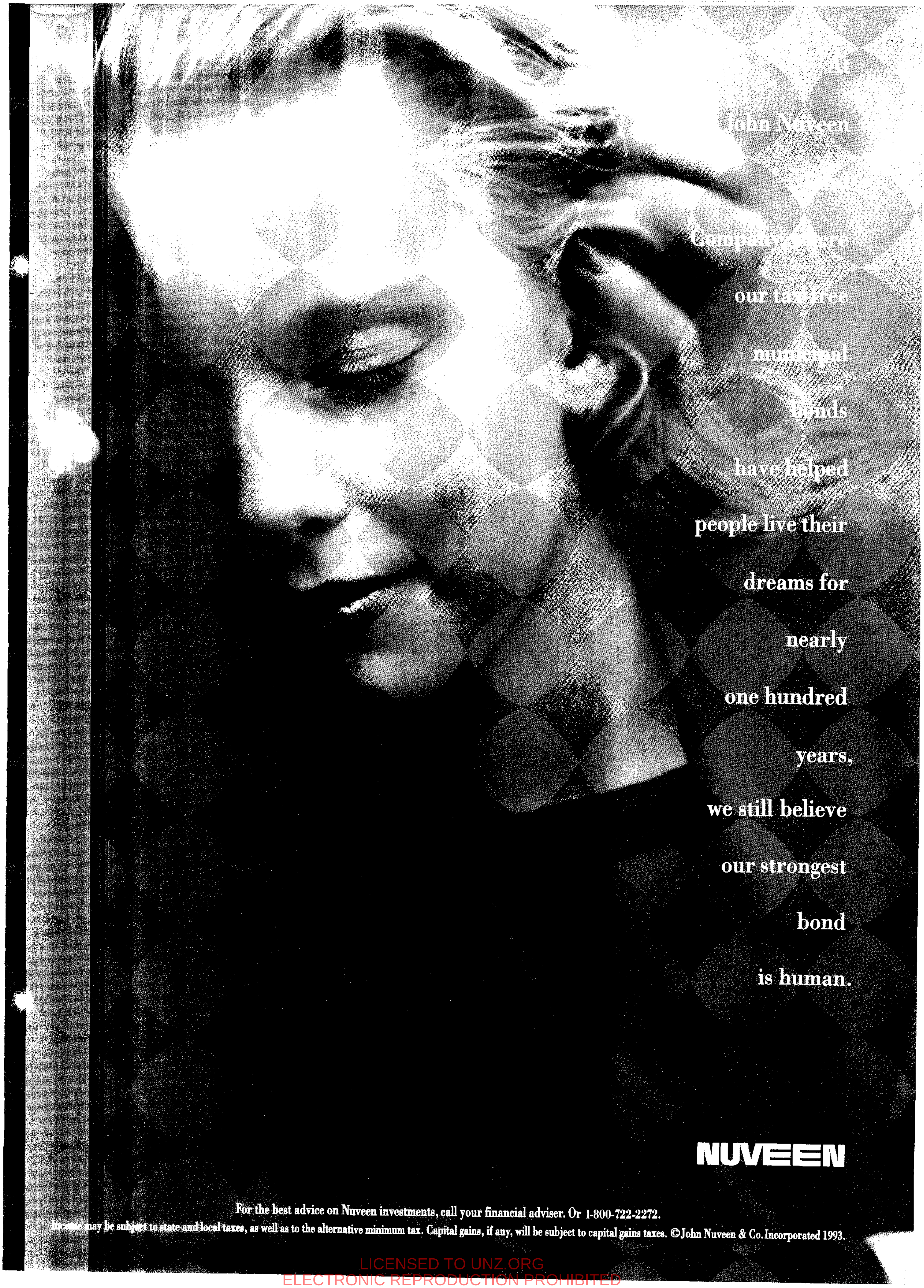
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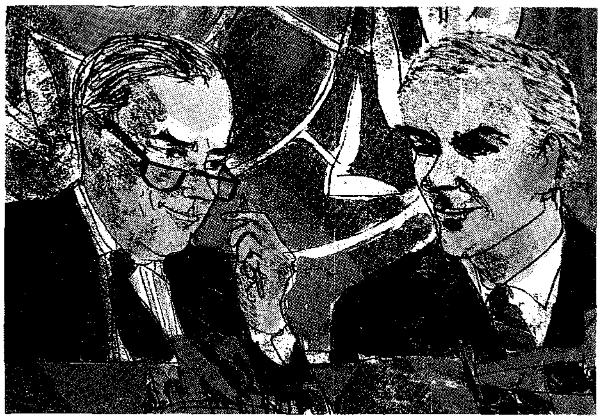
Unless the United States and its NATO allies can agree on a strategy for the Balkans, Bosnia's tragedy will be a curtain-raiser to a wider and more destructive war.

BY JOHN NEWHOUSE

LIMP leadership and myopia largely account for how major governments got themselves impaled on Bosnia. Although the hellish nature of the problems there is also to blame, Western diplomats are anything but proud of their leaders' reluctance during most of the past three years to take small risks so as to forestall the larger risks that lay ahead, including the risk of a third Balkan war. And America and its closest allies are still far from agreement on what to do about the turbulence that confronts them in various parts of the Balkans now. Washington sees the Europeans as wimpish. Europeans see the Clinton Administration as indifferent to realities. There has been a lot of name-calling. Still, all sides know that, even if full agreement between them can't be reached, disagreement can't be allowed to dictate events in the region. Too much is at stake. Washington, Paris, and London—the capitals that matter most in this affair—must be together, and Moscow's acquiescence in whatever they decide is essential.



Cyrus Vance and David Owen. Although their plan was savagely attacked, it didn't block Bill Clinton's call to arms. Weak Western leadership did.

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

Bosnia's tragedy is nearly complete. On Wednesday, June 16th, Slobodan Milosevic, Serbia's leader, and Franjo Tudjman, his equally odious but less clever Croatian counterpart, proposed a division of Bosnia along lines that they would draw up. These two deadly enemies and occasional co-conspirators now see themselves as about to finish a process that began more than three years ago, when their emissaries met secretly to decide on how Bosnia would be carved up between them. The plan just unveiled would confine Bosnian Muslims to two zones, one near Sarajevo, the other in the northwest. It remains to be seen whether Serbia and Croatia will annex the territories that are now controlled by their surrogates, some of whom have shown signs of going their own way.

A brief survey points up, first, the strong possibility of a wider war in what used to be Yugoslavia; second, the danger of the infection's spreading, for Europe's other quarrelsome tribes have noted the absence of serious outside interference in the wanton slaughter and destruction being carried out by the rival factions in Bosnia and parts of Croatia; third, the crisis has hurt Bill Clinton's Presidency, a problem obscured by gaffes closer to home; fourth, the situation may have been manageable in its earlier stages. European and American specialists knew in advance that Yugoslavia was on the verge of fragmenting. In October of 1990, Washington's intelligence agencies offered a prescient view of what lay ahead. This National Intelligence Estimate, or N.I.E., predicted not just a breakup of Yugoslavia but the likelihood of violence and civil war as well, arising in part from a Serbian campaign to take control of most of the country. The Bush Administration didn't react. "The messenger wasn't shot, he was just ignored," one of the authors of the N.I.E. remarked recently. And although events in the spring of 1991 put the handwriting on the wall, Washington reacted merely by making futile efforts to persuade the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes to keep their crumbling federation intact. European governments performed no better.

Between August and November of 1991, the ancient Croatian city of Vukovar was methodically reduced to rubble by Serbian artillery. Many Western diplomats saw the siege of Vukovar as an obvious occasion for intervention by their governments—with, if necessary, combined forces of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. These were still early days in the crisis—a time when the key Western capitals might have been taken seriously by Milosevic and Tudjman. Nothing was done, however—or, at least, nothing that involved bringing real pressure to bear.

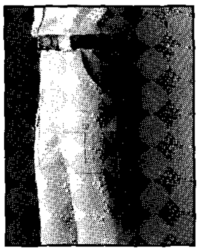
Just a year later, in August of 1992, another opportunity was missed. The United Nations and the European Community jointly held a conference in London at which forty countries wrestled with the even tougher problems being created in what was by then the former Yugoslavia. The participants and the observers included Milosevic and Tudjman and their thuggish surrogates from Bosnia. The major powers could at that point have adopted serious measures, such as taking the Serbs aside and giving them a choice of making good on their promise to lift the siege of Sarajevo or facing strong punitive action by the international community. Without a credible threat of such measures, there was little, if any, chance that the siege would be lifted. "We cannot rely on the good will of the parties," said John Major, Britain's Prime Minister and the conference host. "We need pressure."

But no one really believed that pressure would be applied. The Germans were standing clear of the quarrel, claiming that a role was denied them by history and their constitution. France and Britain were scarcely ready for peacemaking ventures, and, even if they had been, Washington wasn't. So instead of pressing to have the siege of Sarajevo lifted, the London conferees shifted the problem to Geneva. More exactly, they gave America's Cyrus Vance and Britain's Lord Owen the job of negotiating a settlement of the Bosnian question with the Serb, Croat, and Muslim leaders. By then, Britain and France, along with the other E.C. members, could envision no solution except partitioning Bosnia. Numerous diplomats and area experts grumbled; they felt that negotiating with those thugs—especially Milosevic, who besides being the cleverest of them had the most military strength—would accomplish nothing except to enhance their standing and credibility at home. The feeling was that instead of arranging new negotiations allied governments should start kicking Milosevic and Tudjman—should tell them to end the fighting and murdering, or else.

Vance and Owen had worked closely together in the late nineteen-seventies, when Vance was Secretary of State and Owen was Foreign Secretary. They took on the thankless job of working out an agreed partition of Bosnia along factional lines at a time when the Serbs and the Croats had already seized control of much or most of the land they wanted. Time and opportunity had been squandered, as Clinton was about to discover. He had warned the Serb heavies that things would be different after January 20th. By then, however, there were fewer options than there were tough questions—such as what, if anything, could actually be done.

CLINTON was looking at the worst foreign-policy hand that any incoming President in memory has been dealt; his options had been seriously diminished by the studied detachment of George Bush and his Secretary of State James Baker, who had kept the greatest possible distance between themselves and the problem of Yugoslavia. It's also fair to say that Clinton has played this very weak hand badly. Launching his Presidency with an effort to integrate gays into the armed forces didn't help; the full-blooded support of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—and especially their chairman, General Colin Powell—would be required for a more muscular approach to Bosnia. Clinton was also caught between the sharply divergent views of minimalists and interventionists: his own sympathies lay with the latter, whereas Europe's leaders, with whom he had begun to deal, impressed the new Administration as serious minimalists, mainly because they saw only one possible option—support for the Vance-Owen plan.

Transatlantic consultation on Bosnia in the Clinton era began with each side



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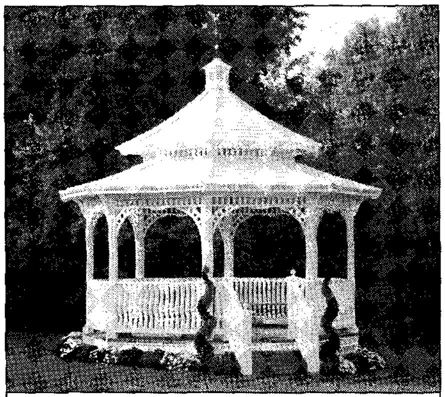

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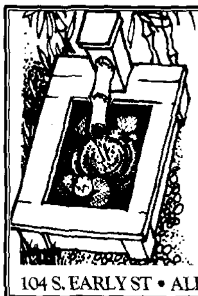

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managing to infuriate the other, whether wittingly or unwittingly. Even before the Inauguration, some of Clinton's foreign-policy advisers, including Warren Christopher, his Secretary of State-designate, were distancing themselves from Vance-Owen; the Serbs, it was said, would gain too much from the plan, and, in any case, could not be trusted to live up to its terms. The editorial and op-ed pages of major newspapers savaged Vance-Owen; terms like "appeasement" and "Munich" were tossed about. The outgoing Secretary of State, Lawrence S. Eagleburger, had put Milosevic on a list of people who might be tried for war crimes, and here were Vance and Owen negotiating with him. Eagleburger had abruptly embarked on a hard line just before leaving office; up to that point, he had done little more than to say that nothing could be done about Yugoslavia until its people tired of killing each other. (Although the figures are spongy, the number of those already killed is thought to be a hundred and fifty thousand.)

Vance and Owen and their supporters in Europe worried that the new Administration's reluctance to go along with their plan would encourage Bosnia's leaders not to sign it, on the assumption that America would solve their problems. On February 1st, the E.C. ministers met in Brussels and formally blessed Vance-Owen—an action that incensed Clinton's people. One closely involved Administration figure, who is still steaming, says, "The President could have told the Serbs, 'This far and no further. No more "ethnic cleansing."' But we were boxed in by this unequivocal E.C. support for Vance-Owen. There was no consultation with Washington, even though European ministers were traipsing through town and saying that Vance-Owen was rubbish. Had we said no to Vance-Owen, the Europeans would have said, 'Bill Clinton destroyed the last hope for peace.' They would have said, 'A young and inept U.S. President, with no experience in foreign policy, has in less than a month shattered relations with America's allies and also the Russian connection.'" There was concern that using force against the Serbs would weaken Boris Yeltsin, because of Russians' sympathies for their fellow-Slavs and co-religionists in Serbia.

In return, Owen began to needle the Administration; it could show its seriousness, he'd say, by sending American troops to help out with United Nations relief operations in Bosnia. "It's no use criticizing from the sidelines," he said in early February.

All along, much or most of the disagreement had turned on how to define the problem. Europeans see Bosnia as consumed by civil war. Americans see a place that they and Europeans have recognized as an independent state being victimized by externally directed aggression. Clinton and some people around him have wanted to get at the chief source of the aggression—the Serbs, whether in Bosnia or in Belgrade. It's too late for that, most Europeans feel. In 1993, they say, one can do little more than what Vance-Owen sets out to do: help the victims, lower the level of violence, and separate the combatants, who are mainly Bosnian Serbs, Bosnian Croats, and Muslims, the last being the largest but the weakest of Bosnia's communities. Partitioning Bosnia would involve major swaps of territory and people. What the Serbs and Croats have perversely called "ethnic cleansing" would thus be carried out under United Nations auspices.

Vance-Owen divides Bosnia into ten fairly autonomous provinces, drawn largely along factional lines. The Serbs would possess the largest share of land—forty-three per cent—but, as Owen often says, they now control more than seventy per cent. Not surprisingly, most Bosnian Serbs seem to detest the plan. It would oblige them to withdraw from several provinces where they have a majority, and the provinces that they would control would in some cases not be contiguous with one another or with Serbia itself. The Muslims like the plan even less, because it leaves them with the smallest share. The happy warriors are the Croats; they would gain more than they have, and most of what they want. With just a little more "ethnic cleansing," the Croats could have what they regard as close to an ideal situation.

Both in European capitals and in Washington, one has heard the flaws of Vance-Owen reduced to a one-liner: "The only thing worse than if Vance-Owen failed would be if Vance-Owen succeeded." Carrying out the plan would require a peacekeeping force of at least seventy thousand, of which the United States would be expected to contribute somewhere between twenty and thirty thousand; the Europeans would be expected to match the American contribution. But it was never clear that a force of this size could be put together, or how long it would have to remain in Bosnia, or what it would cost the United Nations, or just where the money would come from.

Still, many diplomats have argued that the only achievable goals in Bosnia are embodied in Vance-Owen, however inadequate these may seem to Washington. It may be only a firebreak, they say, but no Western government has either the public or the parliamentary support for committing the forces that would be required to achieve more. An official in Whitehall says, "Clinton's options were and are constrained by the situation, not by Vance-Owen."

"WE do deserts, we don't do mountains," the military told the incoming Clinton people, among others, in a breezy shorthand whose meaning was clear: pacifying Bosnia was mission impossible unless America committed huge forces à la Desert Storm to an enterprise the end of which could not be seen.

"The military have turned this into a pole vault without the pole" was the angry response of interventionists, who are found here and there in the bureaucracy but are concentrated at the so-called working levels of the State Department.

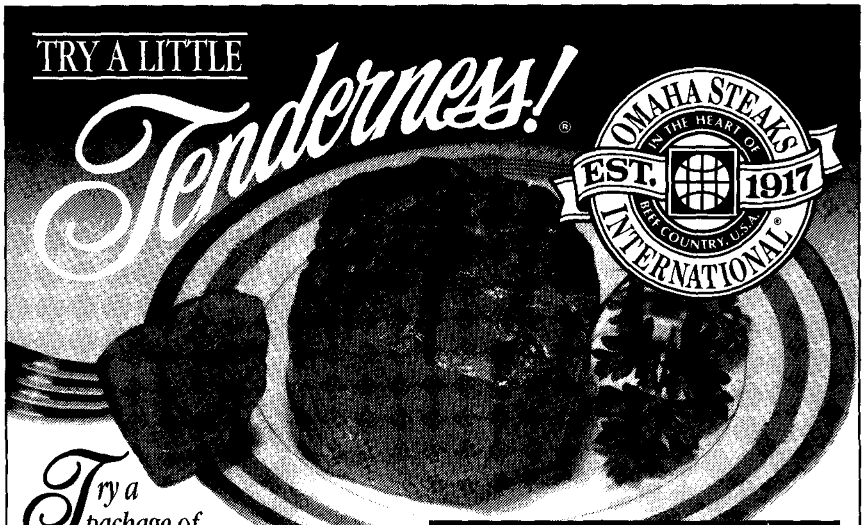
One of Clinton's advisers says that the discussions of Bosnia options in the White House situation room created "a Vietnam-like polarity separating people who were absolutely certain about whether we should or should not go in." A menu of options awaited them, no one of which, they discovered, had as many pluses as it did minuses. "There are no good options," they began grumbling, and then they were saying, "Some options are more difficult than others."

Doing nothing at all, they decided, was the worst option, closely followed by intervening with ground forces. The political and public support for the latter option was judged to be close to zero. And there were other reasons, as Colin Powell made clear. Putting a division into Bosnia would require a so-called rotational base of three divisions; that, in turn, would prevent Clinton from downsizing the Army as much as he aims to. Cutting manpower, as distinct from weapons procurement, is where the ready money is to be found for budget-reduction purposes.

According to some people with competence in military matters and the ways of the Balkans, just two American divisions of the right kind could suppress the Bosnian Serbs in less than a week. "A lot of Muslims are telling us that these so-called soldiers in Bosnia are just drunks and bullies," one Clinton adviser says, and it's true that the Bosnian Serbs have sometimes backed off when confronted by serious opposition. But the problem was that, even if it were assumed that the operation could be completed in a week, what would happen the next day? And the day after that? When would the American forces be able to leave? How soon would they be seen by all parties as an oppressive occupying force? "No entry without an exit" became a kind of situation-room mantra, with people there reminding themselves that for twenty-five years two hundred Irish terrorists have tied down several thousand British soldiers, who are often shot at by both sides. Clinton was on notice that if he put forces into Yugoslavia they might well be there throughout his Presidency, whether it lasted one or two terms.

At a meeting on Tuesday, April 20th, Clinton ruled out using United States ground forces in a peacemaking—as distinct from a peacekeeping—role. It was the day after the Branch Davidian disaster in Waco, Texas, which was clearly preoccupying him; he talked about it a lot at the meeting. A possible Catch-22 loomed: America wouldn't help with a peacemaking initiative, but there might not be any peace to keep unless it was imposed by force.

Air strikes seemed less unattractive than sending troops. The Defense Department flirted for a while with the option of bombing targets in Serbia, such as fuel depots, as a means of enlarging the impact of economic sanctions. But the immediate problem was Bosnia. With Serbs continuing to shell Sarajevo and other towns from the hills, taking out their heavy weapons with air strikes was a tempting option. On examination, it appeared that NATO aircraft could destroy quite a few such weapons, but by no means all of them. Many would be hidden; the Serbs would simply "shoot



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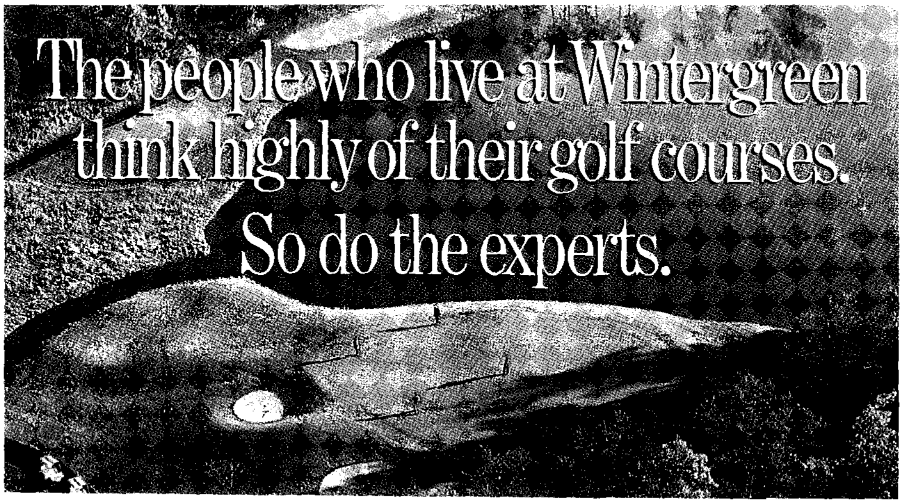

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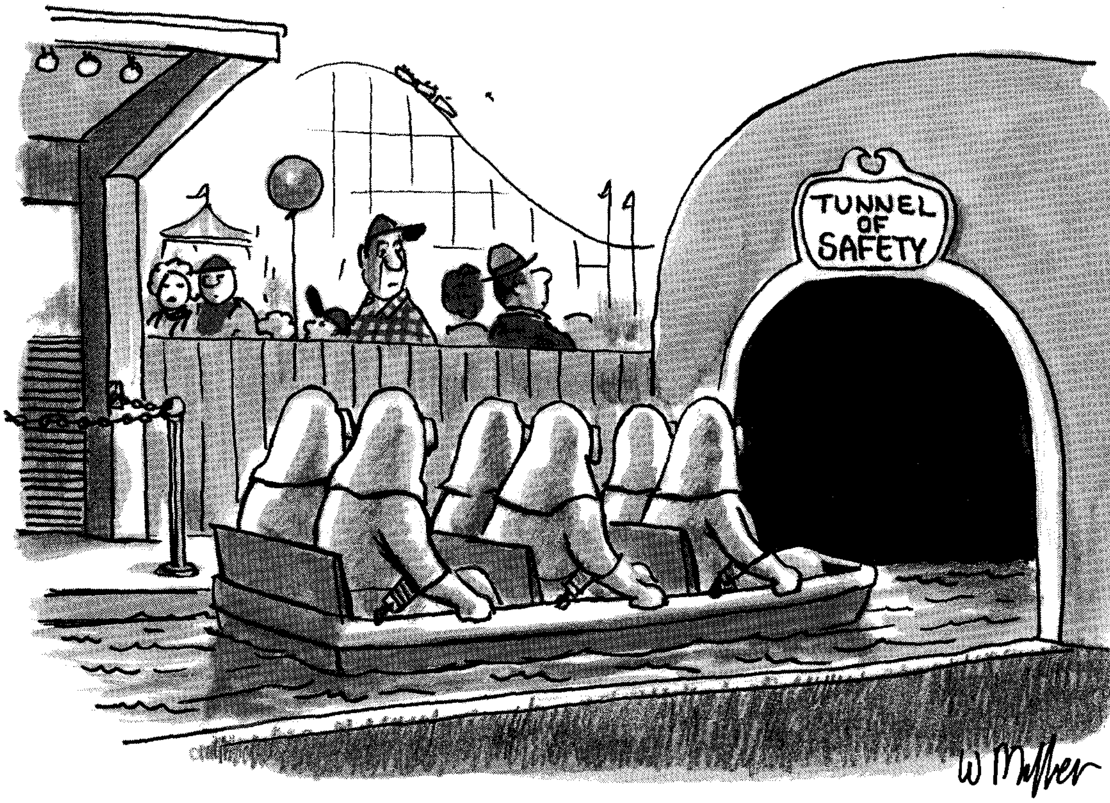


and scoot." Doing the job properly, it turned out, would require putting in spotters and reconnaissance teams to call in air strikes—a task that NATO units had practiced on the central front for forty-odd years. The United States has had about a hundred military-intelligence people in Bosnia "walking the course," as it's called. (Serbs recently discovered three of them in a relief convoy and tossed them out.) In short, this option would have involved introducing at least some ground forces, and it lacked a clear exit point. Colin Powell repeatedly admonished the advocates of bombing. "You punish from the air, you do not enforce from the air," he would say. About each option, he would ask, "What are you trying to accomplish?" He told the new people that for eighteen months he had heard Bush's people discuss taking various actions without ever defining what it was that they might be trying to accomplish. One wonders how Powell will describe the decisions of the Clinton Administration after he retires, in September; its leading lights, including the President, have yet to explain what they want to accomplish.

"Colin is very smooth," says one of those who attend the situation-room meetings. "He is never harsh or abrupt." And a colleague says, "Powell thinks like the Europeans, except that he sees it as their problem." Powell's job is not to deny the President's preferences but, rather, to identify the negatives, from a military viewpoint, of any option under consideration. That can amount to the same thing, however. One, and only one, of the options for Bosnia seemed to be free of serious negatives; and it would perhaps reconcile various people who wanted to do something big militarily with some of those who didn't. This option was called "lift and strike": the U.N. embargo on giving arms to the Bosnian government would be lifted so as to "level the playing field," by supplying the outgunned Muslims with heavy weapons that would allow them to fight their battles on more or less equal terms; the Serbs' predictable response—a surge of their forces against a Muslim buildup—would be met with United States-led air strikes. The two elements—lift and strike—were seen as strictly complementary; neither would work without the other.

The appeal of lift and strike was obvious: it offered a seemingly serious military move that held little risk for American forces, and it seemed to respond to a strong moral argument. Denying arms to the victim of aggression amounted to interference in the affairs of Bosnia, which, under Article 51 of the United Nations Charter, is granted the right of self-defense. "The symbolism of the embargo is awful," one advocate of lift and strike said. "It sends a strong signal to the Serbs. It is wholly illogical." Vice-President Al Gore was among the strongest and most verbal advocates of lift and strike. Others included a clutch of American diplomats at State who have long favored a military move against the Serbs and know that America cannot or will not take part in one. Colin Powell, according to a senior Administration official, didn't endorse lift and strike, but he didn't oppose it, either.

The advocates were outnumbered by opponents within the American and other NATO governments. Of all the options, lift and strike has impressed these people as the most alarming. The objections to it are both political and practical. Throwing gasoline on a fire is the metaphor of choice. Lift and strike, critics observe, would raise the level of violence and enlarge the risks of a wider war. "It would trigger the formal entry of the Serbian Army into the war," one figure in the Clinton ranks says. "And never mind that they are already in, with their support and their weekend warriors. Once the embargo is lifted, the Serbs won't sit around and wait."

All or most of the weaponry destined for Bosnian forces would have to pass over land routes that are controlled by Croats, who would not be disposed to allow much of it to get beyond their own depots. Tudjman and his people could be expected to take what they wanted, thereby adding to the firepower that they could direct against Muslims or Serbs, depending on who the priority target was at a given moment. "We know that the Croats would take a big rakeoff," one Administration figure concedes.

Practical questions included: Who would supply the arms? Who would train the Bosnians to use them? How long would that take? What would the Serbs and the Croats be doing in the meantime? I asked an American diplomat where the arms would come from. "It would be Soviet-type stuff," he said. "Where from? The international arms bazaar. But I'm not sure we've approached anyone. The Russians and the Ukrainians won't supply it. Some of it would come from Third World countries. Some of the East Europeans might help in return for goodies like NATO guarantees and other concessions."

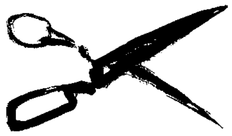
Some weapons could be air-dropped, but not enough of them to matter. And, again, the question of training arises. Systems like counter-battery radars require a lot of that. Air-dropping these into Bosnia has been compared to air-dropping VCRs there with instructions written in Japanese.

THE President waited longer than his advisers had expected before picking an option. Finally, at the very end of April, he picked lift and strike. But first there were bases in Europe to be covered. On Saturday, May 1st, Warren Christopher left for Europe, carrying lift and strike with him. His itinerary was London, Brussels, Paris, Bonn, Moscow, and Rome. It seemed unlikely that the White House option would acquire even minimal support in any of those places except Bonn, the only European capital that has favored lifting the arms embargo. I followed Christopher as far as Paris, and found that he hadn't been selling lift and strike but, rather, had been trying it out—eliciting reactions, mainly. His interlocutors didn't ask the questions that interested and worried them: Why was Clinton going so far out on so precarious a limb? What did he have in mind? Was he really committed to lift and strike on the merits? The British, the French, and some of the other Europeans worried about being set up. "There is a real risk for us that Washington will say, 'We were prepared to do great things, but they opposed us,' " a Whitehall figure says. Or, some Europeans wondered, was Clinton trying to get off the hook? He had promised America serious measures. Lift and strike looked serious, even though Clinton wasn't putting any of his weight behind it.

Britain and France are vigorously opposed to lifting the embargo. They could bend on the air strikes, but reluctantly, since such a move would put the humanitarian-aid forces that both deploy in Bosnia at risk.

In London, the only pressure for military intervention was coming from an odd linkage: the left wing of the Labour Party and former Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Even Thatcher's acolytes on the Tory backbenches—people who support her on everything else—were siding with the government's cautious line on Bosnia.

Christopher's visit left Whitehall unusually anxious. A summary of its reactions would read like this: The meeting was not a debate. We did not ask the obvious questions about lift and strike directly because they were so obvious. (One observer said, "It would have amounted to an attack.") Instead, the questions emerged in studiously relaxed conversation: What becomes of the United Nations as a party to an inevitably wider conflict? Do you give Muslims mortars and say that these can be used against Serbs only, or against Croats, too? What if the idea doesn't work? When do you judge the parties to be equally well armed? And when you think you have established an equilibrium do you just let them all fight it out?



Since lift and strike would require United Nations approval, I asked a British diplomat whether Britain felt strongly enough to veto an authorizing resolution in the Security Council. "I don't know," he said. But a colleague noted that Britain could not afford an open break with Washington, and must do its best to discourage any American tendency to "give up on Europe." Probably not since the Suez crisis, in 1956, had Washington and London been so far apart in their thinking.

There was more hostility in Brussels—or, more precisely, at NATO—than in London. The Europeans saw Washington as planning to detach itself from the Bosnian mess and set them up as the spineless party. While I was in Brussels, this cynical view of Washington's motive was sharpened by a piece in the New York *Times*, which cited an anonymous British official as saying, "It looks a bit like President Clinton feels the compulsion to do something but does not actually want to get involved." Except in Bonn, Christopher found no support for the Administration's proposal. And NATO diplomats were guessing that if France didn't veto lift and strike, provided that it got as far as the U.N. Security Council, Russia would, since arming Muslims to fight Orthodox Slavs would be a tough proposition for Moscow to stand aside from.

In Paris, Christopher didn't argue his brief any more forcefully than he had in London, and the French received him with even more restraint than the British had. They didn't express outright opposition to lift and strike. They didn't even mention the risks that it posed to five thousand French troops who are in the danger zones under United Nations auspices. And they were not so rude as to cite the need for a U.N. blessing if Washington pushed ahead with its proposal. Instead, the conversation dealt largely with the range of options, one of which, known as "safe havens," had France as its patron. The idea is to protect six besieged Bosnian cities with brigade-size forces contributed mainly by France, Britain, the United States, and Russia. French diplomats were claiming both British and Russian support for safe havens. "Our plan has coherence," one of them said. "You put the people into safe areas. You place lots of monitors on the Serbia-Bosnia border. And if there is trouble you then begin bombing to show that you are serious."

Washington doesn't like safe havens. "We see it as a slippery slope into a long-term commitment," one American diplomat says. "Powell opposes any open-ended commitment of U.S. forces. People are flipping and flapping all over the place about this. But, between massive military intervention and letting the thing burn itself out, safe havens may be the only option."

Europeans and Americans have been talking without really communicating; their agendas are different. Washington would like to right a terrible wrong, or see it righted, whereas its allies want to limit damage; specifically, they want to prevent a wider war or the emergence of a rump Muslim state in southeastern

Europe—one that might become rich, militant, and an inspiration for ethnic or communal strife elsewhere. Europeans also want to discourage a Bosnian diaspora of the kind that was generated by the war in Palestine half a century ago. "Our interests are closer to the Serbs' than you think," a senior French diplomat says. "We worry more about the Muslims than about the Serbs. Please don't arouse the Serbian nation. You will go away and leave us with a bigger problem."

Lift and strike was dead before Christopher left for home, but the Administration is reluctant to concede the point. On Tuesday, June 15th, the President was asked in a news conference whether he was "revisiting" lift and strike on Bosnia. "What I want to reaffirm to you is that that is still my position," he said. "I still think that may be the only way we can get them to have a real meaningful ceasefire and a real meaningful agreement, and that option was never taken off the table. The British and French and the Russians never said to me, flat out, they would never go along. . . . It seems to me that the political situation has deteriorated since then, and that my position has not changed, but I am willing to work with them to do what we can do."

Still, the main effect of the lift-and-strike episode on European leaders has been to plant doubts about Clinton. Being incapable themselves of exercising much political or moral leadership these days, most of them were hoping that he would. In London, Brussels, and Paris, though, it looked as if Clinton, after visibly asserting his leadership on the Bosnia issue, had tried to nudge, but not push, otherwise responsive allies in a direction they didn't want to take. When they didn't follow, he drew back, abandoning the leadership role. Clinton was probably lucky that his proposal was stillborn. As live allied policy, it could have touched off a wider and more destructive war and endangered his Presidency.

On May 22nd, the foreign ministers of Britain, France, Russia, and Spain came to Washington to paper over the splits between them and the Administration. They agreed on safe havens as the new approach. But it's probably no more than a temporary fix—one that allows the parties to pause and try to think of something else. No one can say where the forty thousand-odd troops to protect the sanctuaries would come from; quite clearly, there will not be, as France had hoped, an American contribution, because that was immediately ruled out. And Russia, after agreeing at first to supply troops, now says it won't. Nor can anyone say how long the United Nations forces might have to remain in Bosnia.

There are no answers to some of the other questions being raised, either, such as what the limits on American power and responsibility may be. Certain questions do have answers: Can America exercise leadership in this or future European crises if it refuses to contribute troops to peacekeeping operations there? Probably not. Can NATO itself play a role in Europe's crises if its two strongest members—America and Germany—stand aside? Clearly not. Does the partitioning of Bosnia reward Serbian aggression and send the wrong message to violence-prone factions across Eastern Europe? The answer is clearly yes. Is there a reasonable, or even a conscience-soothing, solution to Bosnia out there? Clearly not.

Since the wrong to Bosnia will not be righted, some diplomats argue for a different strategy. "We are making a serious error," a British official says. "We should have a Balkans, not a Bosnian, approach. The London conference was too narrowly focussed. We must involve the Albanians, the Bulgarians, and the Macedonians. Their countries used to be surrogates of the great powers. That is no longer true. All the great powers now want a settlement in a disinterested way, including Yeltsin's Russia. So it should be easier." Easier than it was in 1878, he meant, when Bismarck brought the great powers together in Berlin to discourage them from waging war in the Balkans through surrogates. The explosive problems lay then, as they still do, southeast of Bosnia—in Macedonia and Bulgaria. And the current threat is hardly a new one; the National Intelligence Estimate of October, 1990, stressed the probably serious spillover effect in the south of a clash between Serbs and Croats. Most worrisome is the prospect of an outbreak beginning in Kosovo, an area lying south of Bosnia and just above Macedonia. Technically part of Serbia, Kosovo is controlled by Serbs, although Serbs amount to less than ten per cent of the population, which consists almost entirely of Albanian Muslims, who are denied all basic civil rights. For Serbs, Kosovo is holy ground—it is considered the cradle of their civilization, and was lost to the Ottoman Turks in 1389—and driving the Muslims out of it and into Albania is among the more febrile aims of many Serbian nationalists. It wouldn't matter who began a conflict there: the outcome would be the same—a massacre of Muslims on a scale vastly greater than what we have seen in Bosnia. That, in turn, would draw in Albania and, almost certainly, Macedonia; about a third of the Macedonians are Muslims, and they could be expected to join the inevitable struggle for a Muslim state. Macedonia is a jumble of nationalities, as the *salade macédoine* suggests, and it was the seedbed for two Balkan wars earlier in this century. Fighting is at least as likely to start there as it is in Kosovo, and to quickly widen into a south-Balkans war, with Bulgaria and Greece drawn in, and quite possibly Turkey and Romania, too. On May 11th, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that Clinton might send some American forces to Macedonia in a peacekeeping role. Clinton was quoted the next day as saying, "We want to try to confine [the Bosnia] conflict so it doesn't spread into other places and involve other countries, like Albania, and Greece and Turkey."

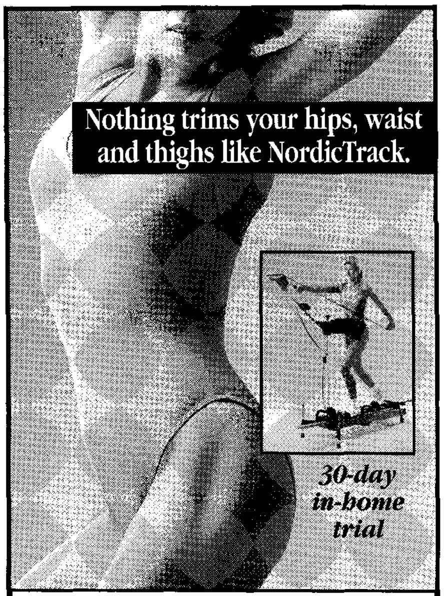
Milosevic arranged to meet on May 31st with Kiro Gligorov, Macedonia's well-intentioned, democratic President, in the Macedonian town of Ohrid. He leaned on Gligorov, pressing him not to seek or accept a peacekeeping operation in Macedonia, least of all one involving American troops. Milosevic also proposed that the Macedonians agree to call their newly minted country Slavomacedonia, in deference to Greece's violent objections to the use of the name Macedonia—a designation that Greeks apply to their northernmost province and which they claim as theirs alone. Finally, Milosevic urged Gligorov to join a Slavic alliance that would include Serbia, Romania, and Bulgaria, along with Greece; he seemed to be suggesting that Macedonia could survive as an independent state provided that it played along with this proposition and ignored the sensibilities and interests of its Muslim population. Gligorov accepted none of the above, saying, in effect, that the war must be stopped before serious matters could be taken up. He knows, however, that more than a year ago Milosevic and Greece's leadership secretly agreed to divide Macedonia when and if push came to shove.

With the Serbian gains in Bosnia all but pinned down, Milosevic may decide that his goals have been met. Or he may conclude that he has pushed his luck to the limit, and that it is time to set about repairing the shattered Serb economy. Or he may be unable to control what happens next. He could find himself fighting a two-front war. With Bosnia effectively partitioned, the Serbs and the Croats may launch the larger conflict against each other that they have been spoiling for. Serbs like to think of themselves as battling the Hun, the Pope, and the Islamic wave. Croats see themselves as defending the ramparts of West European civilization. In fact, each side is unhinged by hatred of the other. A Serbo-Croatian war would probably start in the Krajina, a part of Croatia where Serbs are thick on the ground and are now dominant; not surprisingly, many of the toughest Serb fighters come from this lawless, blood-soaked territory.

At Berlin in 1878, Bismarck was told that Bulgarians were unhappy with a boundary line that he and Disraeli had drawn. "Gentlemen, we are here to discuss the peace of Europe, not the unhappiness of Bulgaria," Bismarck replied. I asked a British official if anyone was thinking about another conference on the Balkans. "We are considering aspects of all that, but not coherently," he said. "We are always pulled back by Bosnia." The difficulty is that not one of the parties has worked through the cat's cradle of issues and identified a useful outcome—the political endgame—of a conference on the Balkans. The absence of a political endgame applies equally to all the options for Bosnia that have been considered, with the possible exception of Vance-Owen; but Vance-Owen is widely seen as too complicated—"like monitoring a jigsaw puzzle," one diplomat says.

The Clinton Administration has yet to find a policy for Bosnia, or even an approach to the problem. The idea now is to discourage a wider war. "Constrict and contain" seems to have replaced lift and strike. The Administration decided earlier this month to send a small force of American troops to take part in a peacekeeping operation in Macedonia. The size of the force that was being considered ranged from five thousand to three hundred, the number chosen. But this token commitment force may send the wrong message. The Administration may be seen as unable or unwilling to try serious measures to head off a more serious crisis. "Constrict and contain" is so far only words, not policy. "Events in Macedonia are moving faster than we are," one Administration official says. "And we were late in thinking about it." Ironically, in deference to Greece, Washington still refuses to recognize Macedonia, even though American troops will be there.

Admittedly, there are no good, or even manageable, options for Bosnia, and there haven't been for quite some time. But the credibility of the West's only security system, which is NATO, lies in the balance. It and especially its pivotal members—America, Britain, and France—are routinely disdained and embarrassed by Balkan mini-despots, starting with Milosevic, an opportunistic nationalist, who has exploited latent and virulent tribal passions. And Serbian adventurism may become a model for other European nationalist groups, leading people to conclude that the battlefield can and should determine the outcome of a dispute. A few people feel that the simplest and possibly the best move, even at this late hour, would be to try to moderate Serb and Croat behavior with a loud wake-up call. NATO could announce that it was deploying twenty-five to thirty thousand troops around the rim of Serbia and Croatia—in Macedonia, Albania, Slovenia, and possibly Hungary, too. Logistically, the deployment would not be much of a problem, and if NATO governments avoided dithering it ought to be politically feasible. Also, Milosevic could be told to cut off the military supplies reaching Bosnian Serbs through Serbia, as he once agreed to do. If he didn't comply, the option of destroying several bridges over the Drina River, which separates Serbia from Bosnia, would be available to NATO air forces. "We do bridges," a senior American military officer said recently. One wonders. ♦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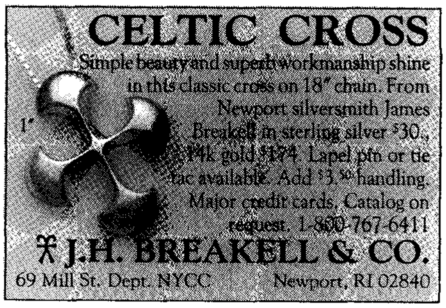
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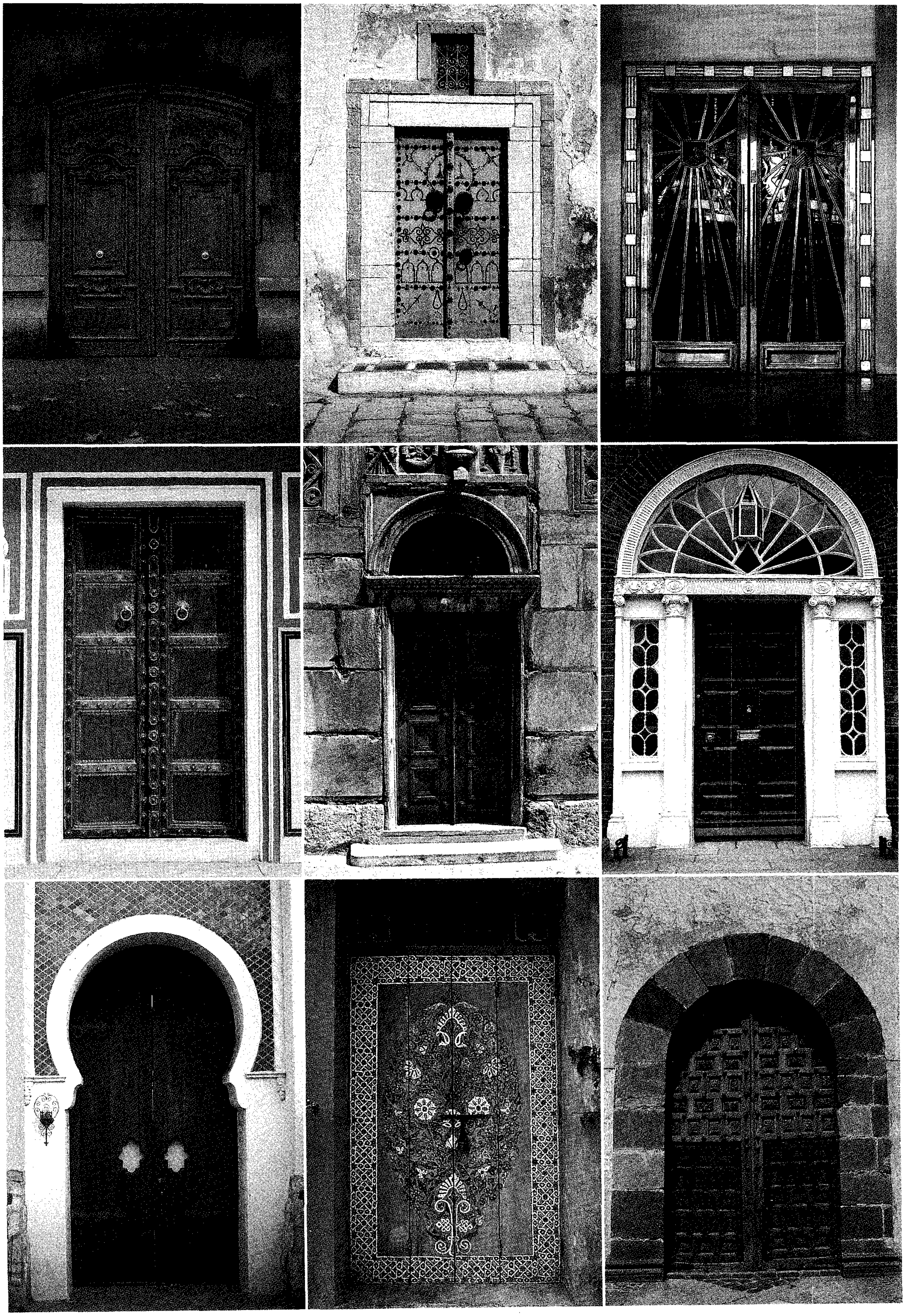

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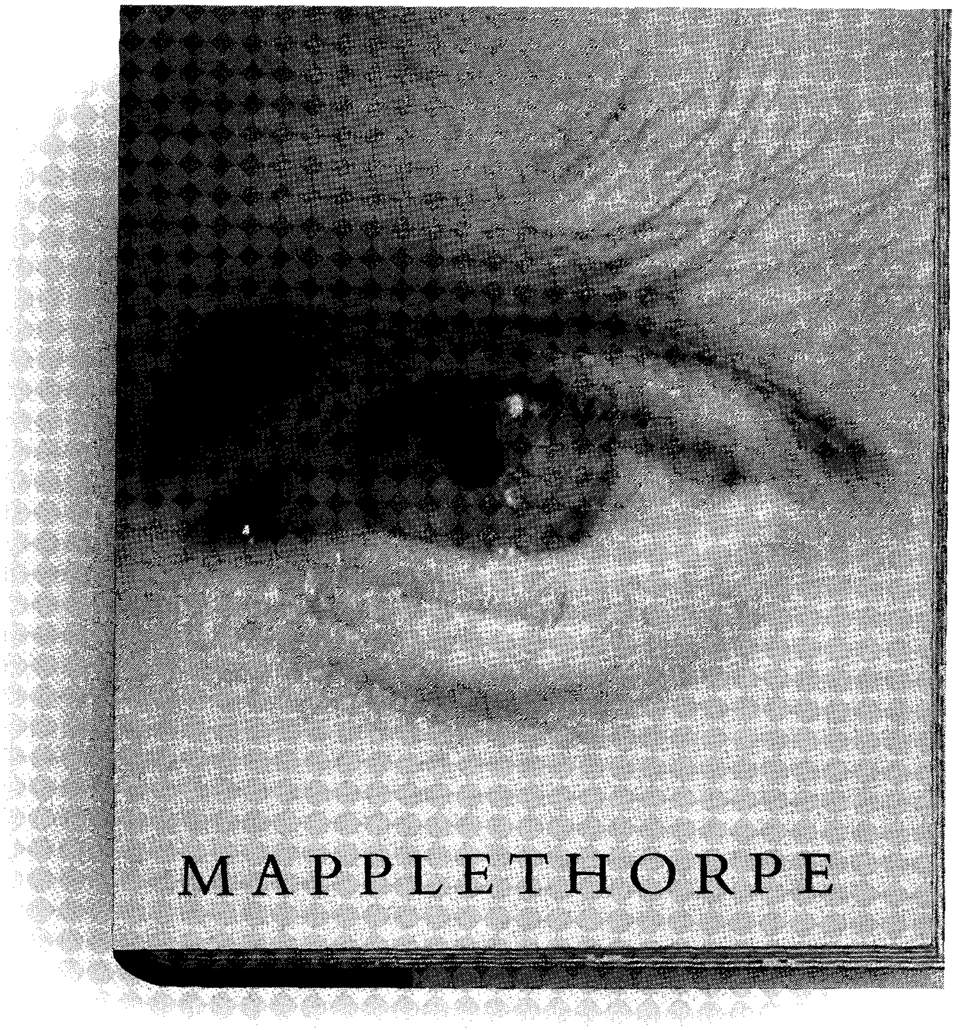

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RANDOM HOUSE

ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS

OPENING UP THE TIMES

Can the New York Times, America's family-owned newspaper of record, function as a democracy? Arthur Sulzberger, Jr., who succeeded his father as publisher a year and a half ago, wants to change the power structure of the Times. And he has put his top editors through some soul-searching to see if they can make it happen.

BY KEN AULETTA

ON the surface, the New York *Times*, the world's most majestic newspaper, retains its serenity. Its circulation has grown steadily. Its leadership is secure. Beneath the surface, however, the paper is absorbed in a struggle over change and direction, of which the recent purchase of the Boston *Globe*, for a billion one hundred million dollars, is merely one indication. Another indication is what Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, Jr., who has been publisher of the *Times* for seventeen months now, has been putting his executives through—the equivalent of an Outward Bound adventure. True, they have not been asked to climb rocks or go rafting in white water, and they have not been asked to pitch tents and live in the wild for twenty-eight days—something that Sulzberger did when he was in high school. He recalls that experience as "a defining moment for me," because, he says, "it pushed me to limits in places I just had never been." What the editors and the executives of the *Times* have been asked to endure instead is an intense emotional search for the kind of "self-discovery" and "teamwork" that Outward Bound extolls.

Last September, in a speech to his advertising-sales force, Sulzberger acknowledged the difficulties he foresaw at the *Times* by announcing, bluntly, "Change sucks." But despite the pain that change entails, he said, the *Times* "must reject the comfort factor"—must stretch itself, as he had done in Outward Bound. Sulzberger is, of course, aware of the multitude of business questions that the *Times* must confront. Will it continue to print on paper, or will it distribute news only electronically? Will it be a national or an international paper? What will its advertising base be? Will technology be an ally or an enemy?

Sulzberger knows that the immediate question looming largest over the *Times* is the strength of its New York advertising base. While the paper's daily circulation for 1992 was an all-time high of 1,181,500 copies, advertising linage has fallen about forty per cent since 1987. Five years ago, the *Times* ran a hundred and twenty-three million lines of advertising; last year's total was only seventy-seven million lines, though the decline has now slowed. Partly because of a weakened local economy, and partly because of special accounting changes and charges, the New York Times Company reported a net loss of 44.7 million dollars in 1992.

Sulzberger is also aware of another potential pitfall: family discord. "The nightmare is that we as a family won't get along," says one cousin, Michael Golden, who runs the Times Company's women's magazine group. "I don't see that happening. We work hard to see that it doesn't happen." Still, the family is certainly mindful of how dissent among the offspring shattered the Bingham newspaper family and the Gallo wine family. Arthur Sulzberger's father, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, Sr., known as Punch, who is now the chairman and chief executive officer of the company, and Punch Sulzberger's sisters—Marian S. Heiskell, Ruth S. Holmberg, and Judith P. Sulzberger—have a total of thirteen children among them, four of whom have prominent management jobs at the New York Times Company. (A fifth, Susan W. Dryfoos, directs the New York Times History Project.) The family has set up a trust allowing Punch Sulzberger and his three sisters to select trustees to succeed them when they die. The trust controls over eighty per cent of Class B stock, in effect assuring the family dominance of the Times Company for at least another century.

There are a lot of additional cousins who have a stake in the company's future: fifty-seven family members attended the last reunion. In addition to Arthur, Jr., and Michael Golden, the cousins who have major roles in the company are Stephen Golden, who runs the forest-products group, and Daniel H. Cohen, who is the director of the promotion department at the newspaper. "You can't keep them all feeling enfranchised," one cousin says. "You've just got to keep some of them—the descendant children—involved in the business. If we can keep that core together, we've got a chance of keeping it all together." But to keep the cousins feeling enfranchised may require that one of them get one of the two top jobs at the company, publisher of the *Times* or chairman and C.E.O. "It seems to me it's got to be that way, unless they reorganize," Michael Golden says. His cousin Arthur, he adds, "has Punch's confidence, as well he should."

At present, Arthur Sulzberger, Jr., prefers to concentrate not on the question of profit or the question of succession at the company but on changing the atmosphere at the paper, and on altering how the *Times* itself is managed. The war that he wants to wage right now is against an authoritarian decision-making process that exists on both the news and the business sides of the *Times*—a process that he believes breeds insularity and saps initiative. He makes this point by recalling, as he did for the sales staff last September, a question that Todd S. Purdum, then the City Hall bureau chief, had raised at a staff luncheon in January of 1992. This luncheon was the first of many get-in-touch-with-your-employees gatherings that Sulzberger has initiated, and Purdum brought the proceedings to a hush with his question: "Why is there so much fear at the New York *Times*?"

Although the question made his editors squirm, Sulzberger welcomed it. "The cost of allowing fear to permeate our newspaper is too high a cost for us to bear," he told his sales force in September. "Fear breeds mediocrity. . . .Some argue that fear is an inherent by-product of any structure based on hierarchy. I can't swear that's true, but I suspect it is. And if it is true, our course is clear. For the New York *Times* to become all it can and for it to flourish in the years ahead, we must reduce our dependency on hierarchy in decision-making of every sort."

To counter this hierarchy, Sulzberger has prescribed the management theories of Dr. W. Edwards Deming, a professor emeritus at New York University and a business philosopher whose theories helped revitalize Japanese industry after the Second World War. Sulzberger and a team of *Times* managers studied Deming's theories during four days of seminars in Washington in 1990. Sulzberger first came across Deming when he read David Halberstam's book about the auto industry, "The Reckoning." Deming says that businesses must strive for "quality," and that they can achieve it by relying on two basic tenets: first, a scientific approach that seeks to quantify the production process mathematically, so that managers rely on data rather than anecdotes in making decisions; and, second, a more humanistic management, which depends on teamwork, not on orders, to get results.

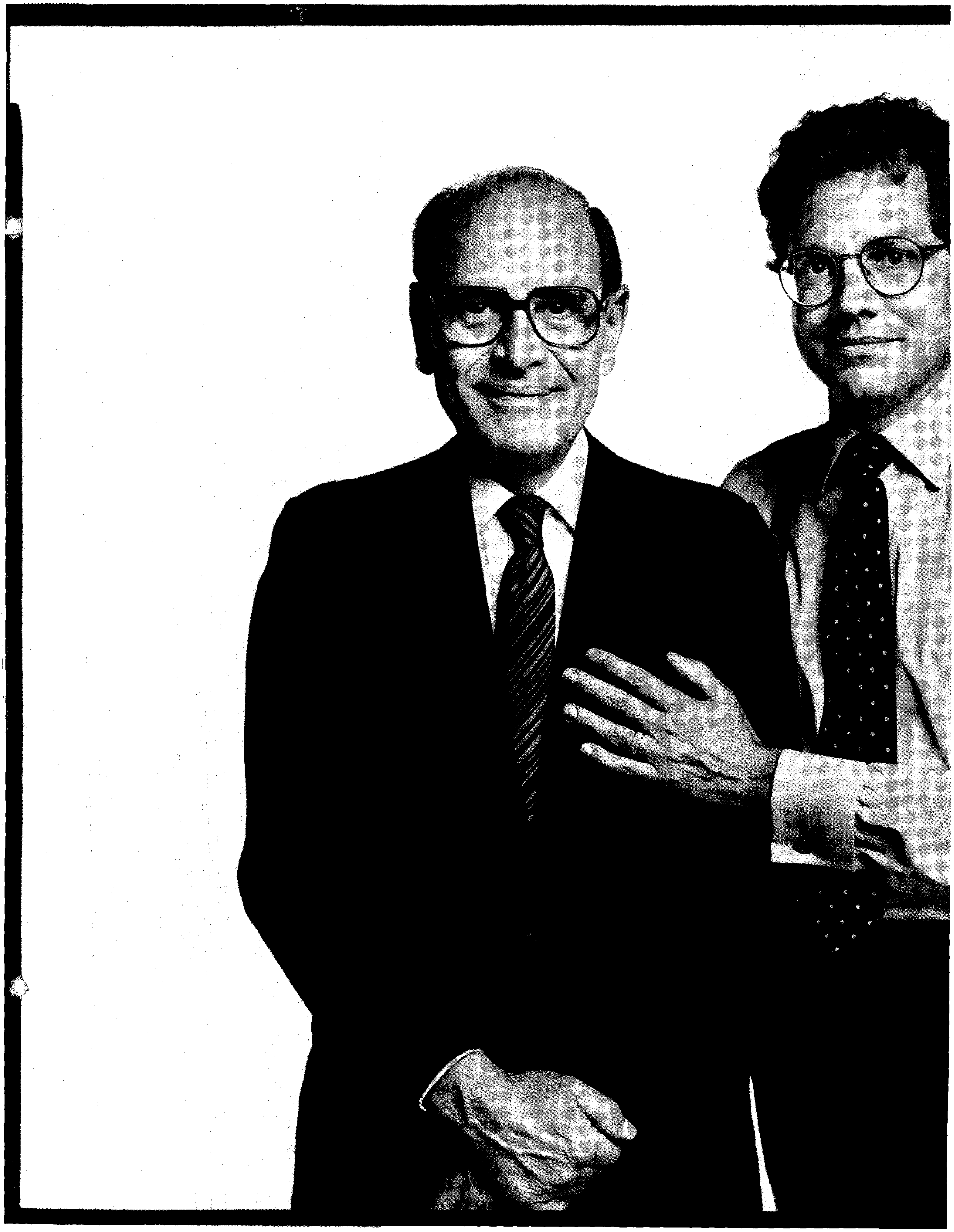
Sulzberger is a man of remarkable self-assurance. Now forty-one years old, he has a full head of curly dark hair and a lean, firm physique. He lives on Central Park West, and works out at a West Side gym five mornings a week, goes on weekend rock-climbing expeditions, and spends an annual "Rambo weekend" braving the elements with three friends—his cousin Dan Cohen; Cohen's brother-in-law, Paul Hanafin; and Steven Rattner, an investment banker and former *Times* reporter. At work, Sulzberger often wanders through the *Times* offices, on West Forty-third Street, in colorful striped shirts and bright suspenders. He knows that his editors are sometimes irritated by his remarks, and he also knows that they have reason to be proud of their accomplishments. Under Max Frankel, as executive editor, they have improved the writing in the *Times*, have provided readers with more analytical stories, have sharpened the Sunday magazine and the sports and metropolitan sections, have hired more women and minorities for the newsroom, and have given individual writers greater freedom in how they write. Still, Sulzberger seems to some editors to prefer to dwell on the paper's weaknesses rather than on its strengths.

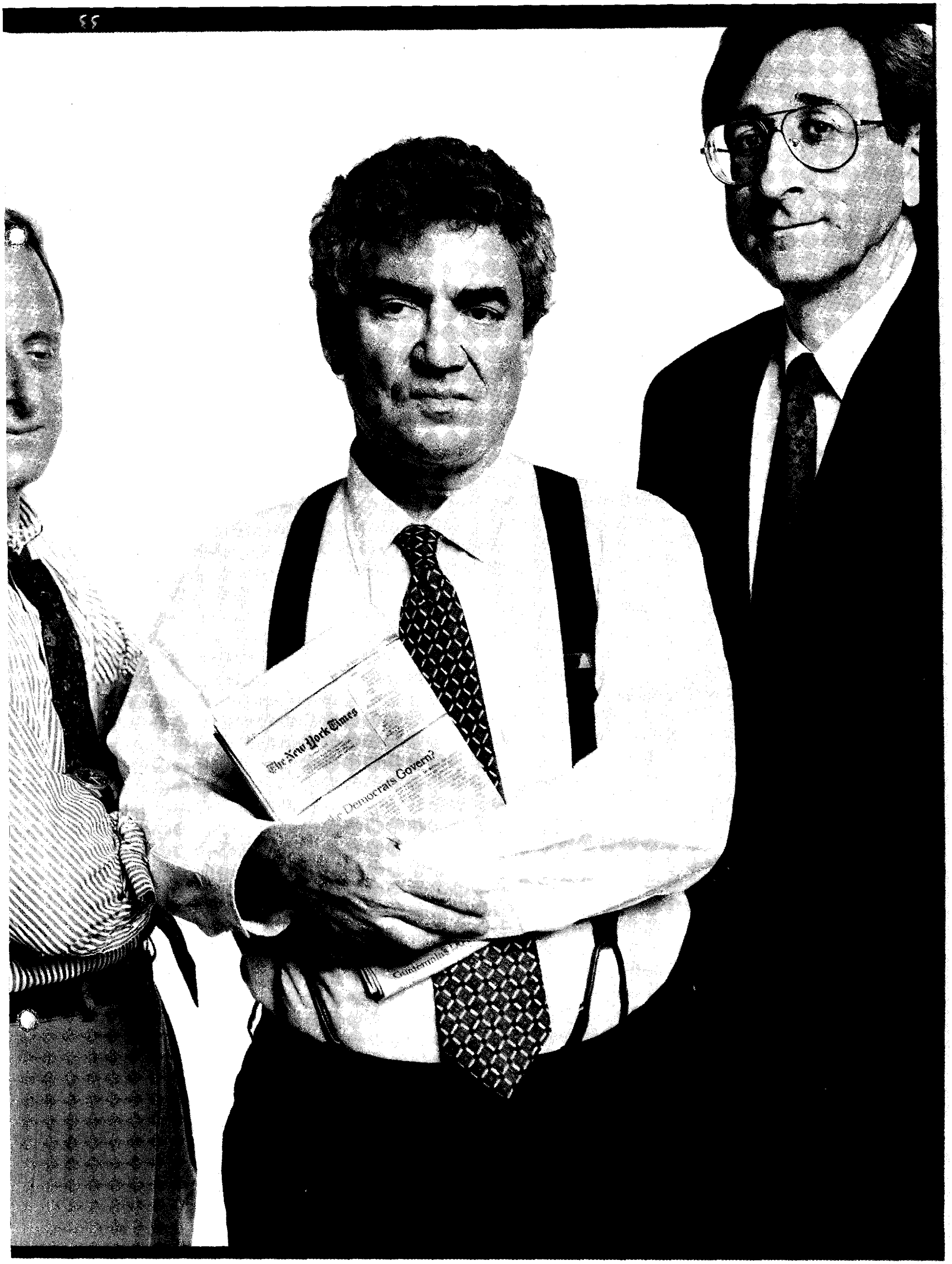
Sulzberger is more visible and more direct than any of his predecessors at the *Times*. After his morning workout, he takes a bus or the subway to work, and usually reads the paper between seven o'clock and eight-thirty. He frequently answers his own phone. He takes reporters to lunch or dinner. He insists that every reporter and editor hired by the *Times* have a private introductory audience in his office, on the eleventh floor. On the walls of this office are framed pictures of his great-grandfather, Adolph S. Ochs, who bought the *Times* in 1896 and led it for nearly four decades; his grandfather, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who served as publisher from 1935 to 1961; and his uncle Orvil E. Dryfoos, who died after just two years as publisher. Arthur Sulzberger, Sr., succeeded Dryfoos, and was publisher for nearly three decades. Things have changed considerably since Arthur, Jr., became publisher. In years past, it was rare for a reporter simply to stroll into the publisher's office, but the door to Sulzberger's office is open, and journalists regularly visit him. "I've had conversations with Arthur I never could have had with Arthur, Sr.," Brent Staples, a member of the editorial board, says. "Punch is a lovely and a generous man, but Arthur and I are the same age and the same generation. And if I can get to see him and vent my opinions then a lot of other people are also coming to his office." Not surprisingly, this direct access sometimes discomforts his editors, though none complain.

The signals that Sulzberger is sending through his actions are unmistakable: he is eager to change the *Times*, and is impatient with the resistance he sometimes encounters. He wants more minority employees in executive positions. He wants more women in executive positions. He wants a less authoritarian newsroom and a business side that is more nimble. He wants each member of the staff to feel "empowered" as part of a team. "One of his missions is to humanize the place," Steven Rattner, who exer-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
RICHARD AVEDON

The change that Arthur Sulzberger, Jr., seeks will come about slowly. Ninety per cent of the news executives on the Times masthead are male, and not one is black or brown.
Right: Arthur Sulzberger, Sr., chairman and C.E.O. of the New York Times Company, and Arthur Sulzberger, Jr., publisher.
On the following pages, left to right: Max Frankel, executive editor; Joseph Lelyveld, managing editor; Howell Raines, editorial-page editor; and Russell T. Lewis, the company's president and general manager.




The New York Times
e Democrats Govern?

cises daily with Sulzberger at the West Side gym, says. About all his objectives Sulzberger is fervent. In response to complaints about morale or the slow pace of change in the newsroom or on the business side, he has said of his managers, with a mixture of determination, cunning, and bravado, "I'll outlive the bastards!"

STAINED GLASS AT PÈRE-LACHAISE

Earthly glory lasts, of course.
(Maps to celebrity graves, ten francs.) What passes,
caves in on the Age of Light: huts like toll booths
that split to bare an underworld
of cola bottles, cat food,
and stained glass, smashed by
this week's heathen at last week's
Kristallnacht. What's left
is magenta, sapphire, and opal.

Brown smoke, in a panic to escape
the crematorium, slaps the cold air,
clouding the glass, and tussles with the blue
before evanescing
into what we breathe.

Glass stays and goes, blitzkrieged
but intact across a century. Through gaps
in glass we see reality: glass is to be preferred—
Mary's come-hither look, St. Gregory
thumbscrewing a book, a middle-class Parisian, his fat wife,
and a Saviour too soft to survive this life.

—BENJAMIN IVRY

YOUNG ARTHUR, as he's sometimes called, to distinguish him from his father, had prepared to become publisher of the paper from the time he was very young indeed. He dreamed of this job as a boy living with his mother after his parents divorced, when he was four. His cousin Dan Cohen recalls that on the occasions when they got together and played soldiers "Arthur wanted to be the general." When asked what he aspired to be, Arthur would respond, "Publisher of the New York *Times.*" Punch Sulzberger looks back on his son's apprenticeship at the paper—fourteen years spent as, progressively, reporter, assignment editor, advertising manager, corporate-planning analyst, production executive, assistant publisher, and deputy publisher—and says, "He certainly was better trained than I was. . . . He's been a great source of joy and pride to me. I voluntarily handed over the job to him with my eyes wide open. And I haven't regretted it for a day."

Since becoming publisher, on January 16, 1992, the son has imposed a style of management very different from that of his father. The father says, "We are a newspaper that has to come out every day, and it's not a democracy." Conversely, the son champions democracy in the newsroom. The father remained social friends with Sydney Gruson, the company's vice-chairman; A. M. Rosenthal, the paper's executive editor; Arthur Gelb, the managing editor; and James L. Greenfield, an assistant managing editor. By contrast, in recent years the son has deliberately formed all his close friendships outside the *Times*, and no longer regularly socializes with such longtime friends as Paul Goldberger, the cultural editor; Steven R. Weisman, a deputy foreign editor; Philip Taubman, a deputy national editor; and Judith Miller, a writer. Unlike his father, who served on the board of trustees of Columbia University and was chairman of the board of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the son has rejected invitations to serve on the board of Barnard College and other institutions, in order to avoid any appearance of conflict with his duties as publisher; the only boards on which he serves are ones that are related to his business (he is on the boards of the Times Square Business Improvement District and the Newspaper Association of America) and two that he says he chose to "grandfather in" when he became publisher (the New York City Outward Bound Center and North Carolina Outward Bound School).

"He's much more hands-on than Punch ever was," Anna Quindlen, who is an old friend and was the first *Times* columnist chosen by the son, says. (This was done at his father's invitation, just before young Arthur became publisher.) "Where they're alike is that both have a sense of family trust, to keep this paper better than anything else."

"Punch was much more magisterial in personnel decisions," Max Frankel observes. "He was not managing the paper. Arthur set out, and I think rightly so, to steep himself deeply in the affairs of every department."

To promote his vision of change, the younger Sulzberger has invited all employees to Town Hall for a series of question-and-answer sessions with him; he has initiated management retreats; he has installed a new editorial-page editor—Howell Raines, a former chief of the Washington bureau—and has encouraged a less formal, populist voice on a once mostly solemn page; he has recently hired Bob Herbert, formerly of the *News*, as the paper's first black columnist; and he has pressed the editors to consult their staff more than they have done in the past and to adopt a bottom-up, not top-down, approach. "If people in this organization are getting any single message from senior management, it is that we are trying to open up," Sulzberger says. "We are trying to become more egalitarian."

Sulzberger says that his greatest challenge will be to bring more racial diversity and sexual equality to the paper. This effort was under way long before he took over as publisher, since it conforms to what one reporter calls "the implicit assumption" at the *Times*, which is "moderate liberal." Frankel, who became executive editor in 1986, says, "One of the first things I did was stop the hiring of non-blacks and set up an unofficial little quota system." The new publisher applauded Frankel's hiring policies and also the newsroom's more extensive coverage of women and gays, despite grumbling by some members of the staff that the *Times* was becoming politically correct. At the last two annual meetings of the National Association of Black Journalists, Gerald M. Boyd, the metropolitan editor, recalls, Sulzberger gave dinners to recruit black reporters. "When people see a publisher so engaged, as Arthur is engaged, it makes a hell of a difference," Boyd says, and he points out that last year they hired two of four people they had targeted at a Detroit dinner. The reason the paper should advance minorities, says Dean P. Baquet, a *Times* reporter who won a Pulitzer Prize while at the Chicago *Tribune* and is black, has to do less with justice than with good reporting. "It's because the ideal newspaper is made up of as many smart people from as many different backgrounds as possible," he says. "Small newspapers don't have that mix. How often do you see obituaries of Chinese-Americans? Why? Because there aren't many Chinese reporters."

Ninety per cent of the news executives on the *Times* masthead are male, and not one is black or brown. "When you get to department and section heads, it gets better—forty-two per cent women," says Suzanne Daley, the first assistant metropolitan editor, who is active in the women's committee at the *Times*. "But if you study the people on the masthead you see that they come from the big-five areas"—financial, the Washington bureau, and the metropolitan, foreign, and national desks. "If you look at the managers of these desks, it's about eighty per cent men at the head and deputy level."

The *Book Review* editor, Rebecca Sinkler, says, "The *Times* is so big and powerful that changing it is like teaching a hippopotamus how to tango. Moving the hippopotamus around is frustratingly slow. You find yourself getting all juiced up with an idea of how to do something," but what with the memos and the meetings and the search for consensus, she said, change is often measured in inches. The slow pace of change has been a constant source of frustration to the new publisher. He was exasperated that it took so long to launch the new Styles of the *Times* and an expanded metropolitan section on Sundays, to get color printing in the works, to induce the news and business sides of the paper to speak more freely.

To speed the pace, Sulzberger instituted a series of five retreats, the first one involving the members of the newspaper's business masthead. (There are eleven of them, including the publisher.) The retreats began in October of 1992 and ran through January of this year. Unlike the traditional company-wide retreats, including a three-day gathering of managers in Princeton in May, Arthur, Jr.,'s would be less polite, for he believes that self-discovery and candor flow from conflict and adversity and that improved teamwork will follow. That's how Outward Bound works. To promote discussion, he drafted a brief statement describing a journalistic and business value system that *Times* employees might embrace. The purpose was to test "our assumptions as to what we were, what we really stand for," he says, and explains, "If you go into any process of re-creating an organization, you better damn well have agreement as to what can't change. What is it that above everything else we hold sacred?"

There was probably a hidden purpose in the retreats as well. "I believe it was his ambition to say, 'I'd like to redefine the job of publisher,' " says Jack Rosenthal, who is now an assistant managing editor and the editor of the Sunday *Times Magazine*, and who as the editorial-page editor from 1986 until this January worked closely with both Sulzbergers. One headache that a publisher at the *Times* confronts, the elder Sulzberger says, is this: "We don't operate in the form of a triangle, with the publisher at the top. We are more like a forest of trees, with everything growing straight up." There was reluctance in the news department to share information, he says, adding, "If an advertising man was found on the news floor, he'd practically be lynched. We've got a lot better." The son, however, did not accept a basic premise of his father's, which was that the publisher had to mediate all differences between the business and the news sides of the paper. "It seems to me that Arthur's hope was 'We're all grownups—can't we find a consensus model?' " Rosenthal says. The publisher didn't want to referee differences; he wanted one team.

That first retreat, for the business side, was held last October 16th at the *Times*' new printing plant, in Edison, New

"We were in the Adirondacks. We saw some frogs make love."

Jersey. Sulzberger brought along Doug Wesley, a management consultant who served as the "facilitator," and distributed copies of his draft statement on values. He challenged the managers to welcome change, to be less hierarchical, to be fearless. There were, of course, the usual complaints about how the news department treated the business employees like second-class citizens, but the dialogue livened up after Wesley remarked that one out of every four companies that started a process of change had dropped it. "Those agents of change at lower levels find themselves out on limbs, and often their limbs get cut," he said. A three-hour debate followed, with the business people challenging Sulzberger by asking this basic question: "Arthur, how do we know you won't take us down the road of change and then abandon us?"

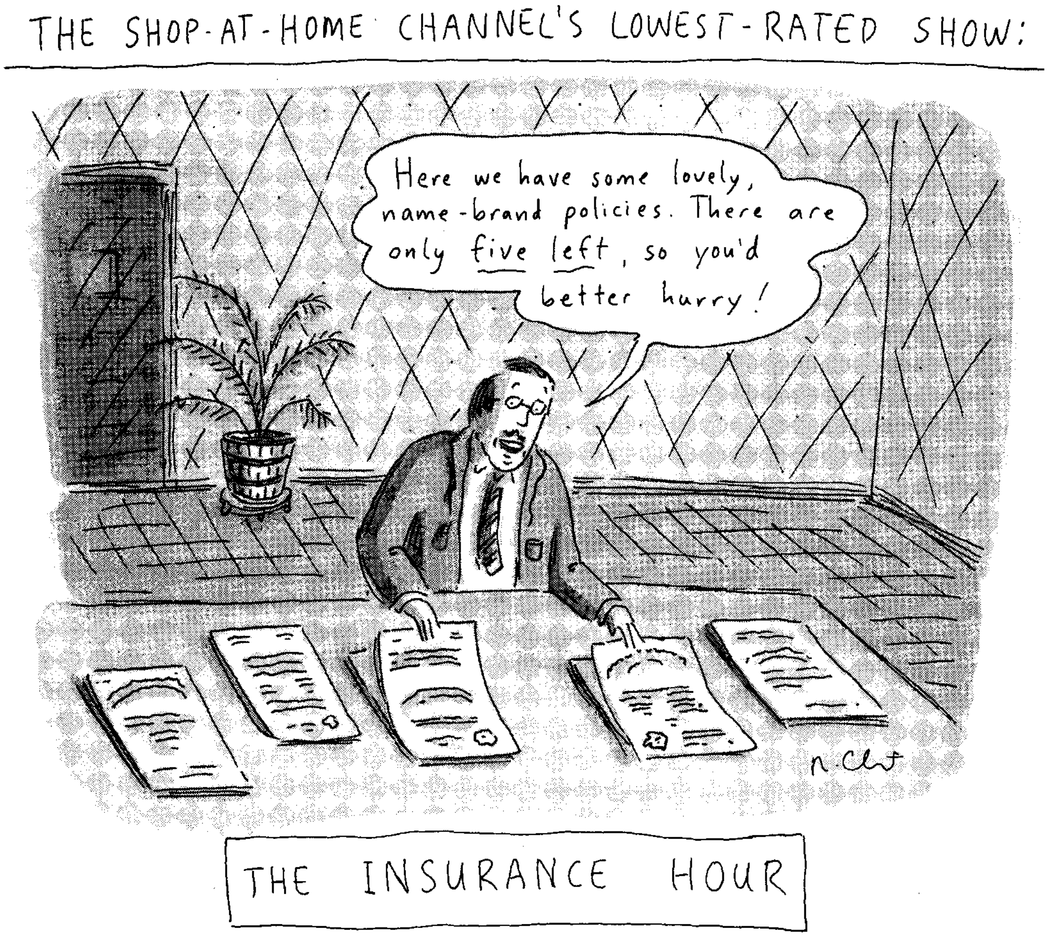
The retreat ended inconclusively, and over the next several weeks the publisher summoned the business-side executives to two more such meetings, at which they argued over what change meant and wrestled with the statement of values. Sulzberger was pleased by the dialogue. "These meetings have to become contentious or you're not digging deep enough," he says. "You're testing your fundamental assumptions about what you believe in."

The first retreat for the news side was held at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Greenwich, Connecticut, on December 1st and 2nd. All the senior editors then on the masthead—eight white men and one white woman—were invited, along with a sprinkling of others one or two rungs down. All the participants—there were twenty—gathered around a horseshoe-shaped Formica table in a conference room, and Wesley worked from inside the horseshoe, often pacing from an overhead projector to a portable easel, multicolored markers in hand to jot down the salient discussion points.

Some of the news executives quickly came to feel that Wesley was acting the part of Grand Inquisitor. He started the first morning by discussing the statement of values, and then jarred everyone by changing the subject and encouraging people to speak candidly about their frustrations in the newsroom—about the fear, the authoritarianism. When they resisted, Sulzberger himself weighed in, describing his own unhappiness with communications at the paper. He challenged Max Frankel and his staff to practice bottom-up rather than top-down management, to open themselves to change, to be—well, *nicer.*

MAX FRANKEL tends to bristle at the notion of "nice," and not just because it's a nebulous word. Ever since he replaced Abe Rosenthal as executive editor, he has thought of himself as the man who made the newsroom less authoritarian and lifted the sense of fear felt by many *Times* employees. He doesn't exile people, as Rosenthal was accused of doing. He doesn't personalize. He relies less on instinct than on fact. To Frankel, it was a fact that he inherited a great newspaper and a great staff and made them even greater. Whatever the complaints about Rosenthal, few people deny that he was a brilliant editor with exacting standards who led the paper during a period of historic growth. But Frankel sees himself as a more avuncular figure than Rosenthal, and he looks the part: he has a round face and thinning gray hair. Jeffrey Schmalz, an assistant national editor who covers gay issues for the *Times*, and who has AIDS and collapsed in the newsroom two and a half years ago, tells of Frankel's walking by his desk this year to wish him a happy New Year: Frankel left the newsroom but then returned, leaned over Schmalz's desk, and said, "I especially thought of you on New Year's Eve, and I'm glad you have another year."

Frankel believes that the newsroom is filled with "tension," not "fear." He does not see himself as an intimidating figure, except in one respect: "I know I can't walk into a huddle in the newsroom without everyone falling silent. . . . I wish I could be closer down in the chatting and gossip range," he said recently. Frankel was born in Gera, Germany, in April of 1930, and came to the United States with his mother in 1940. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Columbia in 1952, and went on to


THE SHOP-AT-HOME CHANNEL'S LOWEST-RATED SHOW:
Here we have some lovely, name-brand policies. There are only five left, so you'd better hurry!
THE INSURANCE HOUR

earn a graduate degree in government there. Beginning in 1952, he held a variety of jobs at the *Times*, including Washington bureau chief and editorial-page editor. Not surprisingly, Frankel disdains the kind of emotional, get-in-touch-with-your-feelings approach favored in programs like Outward Bound. At work, he is dour. When Frankel is asked if he thinks that the newsroom is joyless, he responds, "Joyless? No. Do I feel overworked and overburdened? Yes. I say sometimes in jest that the only time I enjoy the New York *Times* is when I'm away and reading it, because from the moment I come in the door what I hear about is what's gone wrong." At the December retreat for the news side in Greenwich, Frankel said of the paper's daily page-one meetings, at which the editors discuss how the day's news will be played, "I've got to make an omelette, and to do that I've got to break some eggs."

Wesley wanted to discuss the page-one meetings. They are conducted by Frankel, with the editors gathered around an oval table in his conference room. At the time, Frankel and Joseph Lelyveld, the managing editor, would sit at one end of the table, and Frankel, in his own words, had "forty-five minutes to play tutor." When he found that an editor was unprepared to answer his rigorous questions about a story, he might suddenly raise his fists to his temples or roll his eyes or simply erupt.

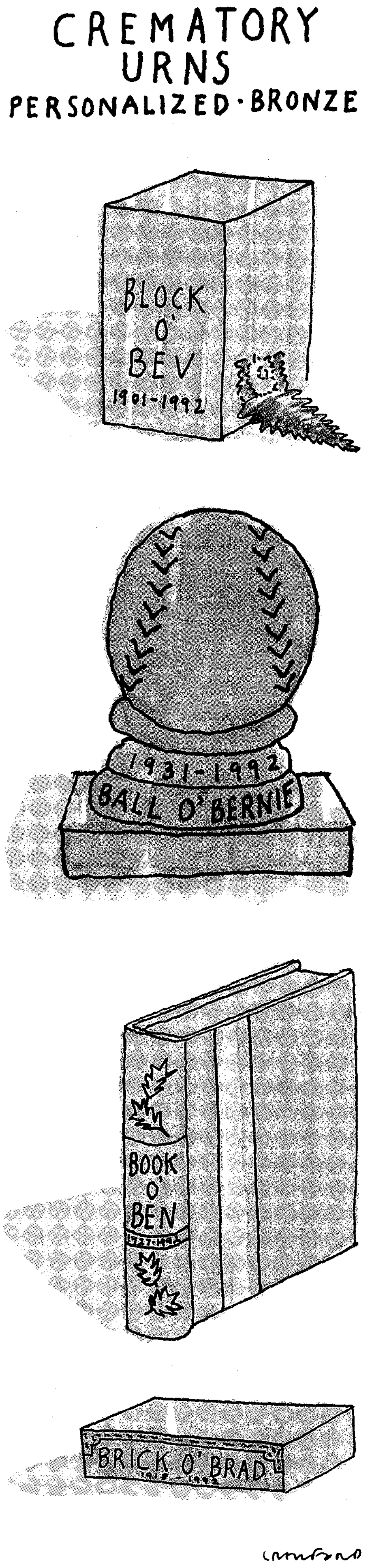
the door.
Handelsman

"I don't know—somehow the city seems much scarier than when I was a kid."

Joe Lelyveld, who is fifty-six, can be just as severe. In his previous job, as foreign editor, he would interrupt editors in mid-sentence, because they were laboring to explain something he already understood. In one sense, Lelyveld is known as a reporters' editor, and not just because he is considered to have been a model correspondent, who combined lively writing with assiduous reporting. Three and a half years ago, when he became No. 2 in the newsroom, he sent a memorandum to editors warning that he wanted "to be as tough on overediting as we are on sloppy prose," and suggesting that if a story needed a sharper focus "the first choice . . . should be to have the writer do it." Like Frankel, he is admired for his probity and his intelligence, but both men are widely accused of talking down to the staff. "They've tried hard to open the newsroom up," one reporter has complained, "but rarely is there a vehicle for Max or Joe to sit down and say, 'What about our coverage of the city? Of culture?' There is no basic discussion of coverage. The coverage is all dictated." Editors voice similar complaints. One editor observes, "They're like Prime Ministers. They're always exhorting."

Neither Frankel nor Lelyveld apologizes for his management style. "At the end of the day, someone has to make up page one," Frankel says. And Lelyveld says, "Choices have to be made by the minute. You have to decide what to lead the paper with, whom to assign to it. . . . This is not simply an institution for the fulfillment of journalists." Because of daily deadline pressures, a newsroom can be a neurotic place.

At the December retreat, Doug Wesley encouraged the editors to speak up. According to several participants, the national editor, Soma B. Golden, who worked for Frankel as a member of the editorial board when he was the editorial-page editor, said she thought of him as a warm man, and wondered aloud what it was about the job of executive editor and the page-one meeting that made him seem so harsh. She spoke of how intimidating the meetings were, of how brusque Frankel could be, of how women got little attention, of how hu-



miliated and chastised an editor sometimes felt.

"I think of the page-one meeting as a colloquy," Frankel responded.

"I've been in a lot of page-one meetings," Sulzberger said, "and the one thing I can tell you, Max, is that it ain't no colloquy!"

The room fell silent. "I found it extremely unpleasant," Frankel says of the morning session. "It implied that everything was rotten in Denmark and only profound and revolutionary change in everything we did and everything we thought was necessary. . . . That was the premise of the so-called facilitator." Though Frankel doesn't say so, he and others probably feared that it was the assumption of Sulzberger as well.

Wesley stood at his easel and pressed the editors to free-associate. He asked them to describe in a few words the news department, say, or "the rules of the road" in the newsroom.

"When in doubt, dissemble" was a rule that one editor cited.

"Paradox: the best newspaper in the world can't keep its bathrooms clean" was another editor's contribution.

Each remark was written on the board, for a total of about thirty items.

Frankel exploded. "Let's not play these stupid games," he said. "This is intellectually dishonest. This doesn't represent what we think of ourselves." Few disagreed.

Wesley then suggested that they break up into small groups and continue. According to the notes of one participant, Frankel cried out, "Stop all this mindless clamor for change, change, change! Let's get specific. Let's put the problems on the table and work to solve them."

It was a pivotal moment in the meeting. "Everyone felt for Max," Suzanne Daley, the first assistant metropolitan editor, recalls. One participant remembers leaning over to Arthur Sulzberger and whispering, "It isn't fair. Max made the newsroom so much better that to haul him out like this seems unfair and simpleminded."

"Arthur lost control of the meeting," another participant says, and people began to ask him, "Why did you drag us here?"

After lunch, the publisher explained to his news editors that he had not meant for the morning session to turn into a flogging of Frankel or Lelyveld. He said he admired both of them and the job they did, and that is what he says privately as well—except that he does want them to be more democratic.

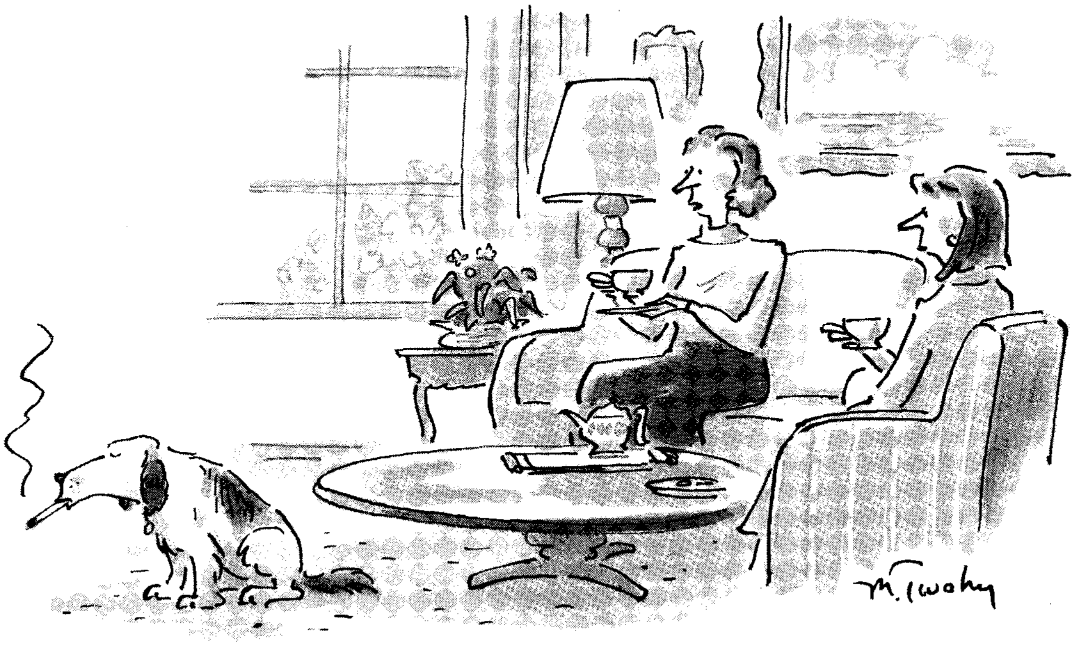
When Frankel spoke after lunch, he took care to express his fidelity to the Sulzberger family, which he respectfully likens to "a monarchy" that protects news values, and to reaffirm his commitment to the process of change begun by the publisher. He added, however, that the people in the news department didn't need outside business consultants or productivity experts. They would do it themselves. The publisher welcomed this idea, and the group devoted much of the remainder of the afternoon to producing five revisions of the statement of values.

The next morning, the editors returned to tackle a sixth draft; all twenty participants pitched in. By the lunch hour, they thought they were about done, and after two days of this most of them had had enough. But Howell Raines, the editorial-page editor, was agitated, and his opinion mattered, since he was one of the first top managers the new publisher had appointed. Raines said he found himself troubled by the statement's summons to the news and business sides of the *Times* to "learn new ways of working together." In a soft drawl—Raines is from Alabama—he challenged a basic assumption of the new publisher: Did the *Times* really need a statement calling on news and business to communicate and coöperate more? "Drafting a statement that talked about the relations between the business and the news sides had inherent dangers," he recalls saying. "If it is drafted so that future managers and editors don't understand the historical wall we have had between business and news, they could seize some element of language to harm the paper," he says. "I felt strongly that we had to think not only of the *Times* but of journalism." He adds, "We have a set of values we have to guard, because if we don't guard them they have no protector. Why reinvent the wheel when the *Times* is a great success?"

Some of the editors wondered why Sulzberger was unwilling to arbitrate between the news and the business departments himself. "You're the publisher of the New York *Times*. That's your job," one editor declared.

Sulzberger says that when the meeting finally adjourned he felt "a little beaten up." Over the two days, though it was Wesley who drew the most flak, the publisher had no illusions. "He was never their target," Sulzberger says. "I was their target. Even when they were aiming at him, they were aiming at me." He came away undeterred. "In the end, this process has to be guided by me," he says. "I want those challenges."

Suzanne Daley came away thinking that the retreat had been tougher than any page-one meeting, and pinpointed an essential contradiction that recurred throughout the retreat: "If you want to be 'nice,' do you lose your edge? Do you lose your edge if the page-one meeting is 'nice'? When I head for a page-one meeting, I want to know everything I possibly can, because if I don't I'll be humiliated. If I don't worry about being humiliated, will I care less? We got the way we were by being the way we were. If we change it, do we lose it?"



"We think he picked it up at the kennel."

• •

There is a conflict between deadlines and democracy, news standards and niceness, Howell Raines says. "I'm not sure Arthur has fully confronted the collision between two principles—to treat people more gently, and to be honest with them. . . . This is the most demanding professional environment I've ever encountered. . . . The informing idea is 'You're here because you're the best in the business, and the game is on the field. Get on with it.' Our meetings are meant to rip away the details," he says. "This is a talent meritocracy. We're not building cars here."

A woman reporter on the metropolitan staff says that there'll always be a conflict between professional values and personal values. "You cannot cover a breaking story and be home to take over for your babysitter, and Arthur hasn't faced that."

Still, Sulzberger believes that the anxiety of the newsroom can be relieved—that people can both make quick, authoritative decisions and be more civil. Based in part on his exposure at the *Times* to the often rancorous labor negotiations between management and unionized blue-collar production workers, in part on his reading of management philosophers like W. Edwards Deming, and in part on his own affable nature, his concept of workplace democracy extends to employee-management coöperation. Such coöperation is essential, he believes, for liberating ideas and energy. It is particularly essential to the *Times*, which in his view is not just a job but a calling.

As Sulzberger and others thought about the two-day retreat after it was over, they sensed that everyone had come away feeling bruised. In discussing the meeting later, Frankel and the publisher decided that to heal the wounds the publisher would invite those who had attended the Greenwich retreat to reassemble, on December 4th, in a penthouse meeting room at the *Times*. The publisher began, one editor recalls, "by acknowledging that it was not a happy occasion and it had got out of control." He then asked the editors to describe their feelings. Out poured their anguish: about how the meeting had conveyed a lack of trust in the news department and its managers; about how they worried that a circulation manager might suggest a story idea to a city editor; about how W. Edwards Deming's production-line ideas were less relevant to a newsroom, which relied on individual performance. Sulzberger took notes on a lined yellow pad. When everyone had spoken, he reviewed the notes and tried to address each objection. But he also made clear that it was his intention to continue as an agent of change. He promised no relief from this. "We'll be at this for ten, maybe twenty years," he says.

Soon after this meeting, Frankel appointed several news-side task forces to improve internal communications and the work environment. Also, he and Lelyveld sent a memo to the senior editors describing a new, more egalitarian seating arrangement for the daily page-one meeting. From now on, it announced, Frankel and Lelyveld would no longer sit at one end of the oval table but would sit among their colleagues around the table. At the first page-one meeting with the new seating chart, Frankel and Lelyveld arranged to serve chilled wine and shrimp, telling colleagues, with a smile, that they hoped to improve the atmosphere. "Strangely enough, the seating arrangement worked," one editor says.

Arthur Sulzberger, Jr., had one more retreat planned, for January 18th and 19th, which would again be held at the Hyatt Regency Greenwich. This time, both the business and the news sides were invited. The publisher opened the proceedings by expressing some frustrations. The paper had expanded its metropolitan and sports sections and had added a style section on Sundays, and in June it would bring color to the *Book Review*, he said, but all these things took too damned long. "What we discovered was that we were too slow," Sulzberger later explained. A new City Weekly section had stalled, because the business side felt that news didn't want it and the news side felt that business was intruding. Sulzberger said that the traditional wall the newsroom had erected to repel the advertising side was vital. But the wall had become an obstacle that impeded joint planning.

This time, Sulzberger did not rely on Wesley but instead started by reviewing the statement of values himself. It spoke of the *Times'* twin goals of "editorial excellence" and "profitability." The word "profitability" irked the journalists. They worried that the *Times* might make "a golden calf out of profits," Lelyveld recalls. They didn't decide whether to cover a story on the basis of what it might cost. They wanted to know whether the new City Weekly was being pushed by the business side because it served a journalistic or an advertising purpose. And if it didn't serve a journalistic purpose, they wanted to guard the *Times'* good name. They felt defensive; they felt a new publisher breathing on them, insisting that they change their ways. They heard the call for breaking down the wall between the business and the news sides, and sensed the balance of power might be tipping. "This place has been so weighted toward the mission of the paper that traditionally it has not been easy for business managers to make a constructive point without causing fear in the news department," Lelyveld says.

The decibel level rose as the editors continued to talk about excellence and the business executives stressed the importance of profits. To Frankel, it was a clash of religions. "In the end, how are you judged?" he says. "A writer or an editor is judged by the brilliance of his journalism, even if it costs too much—especially if it costs too much. A business manager is judged by how he cuts costs and makes profits."

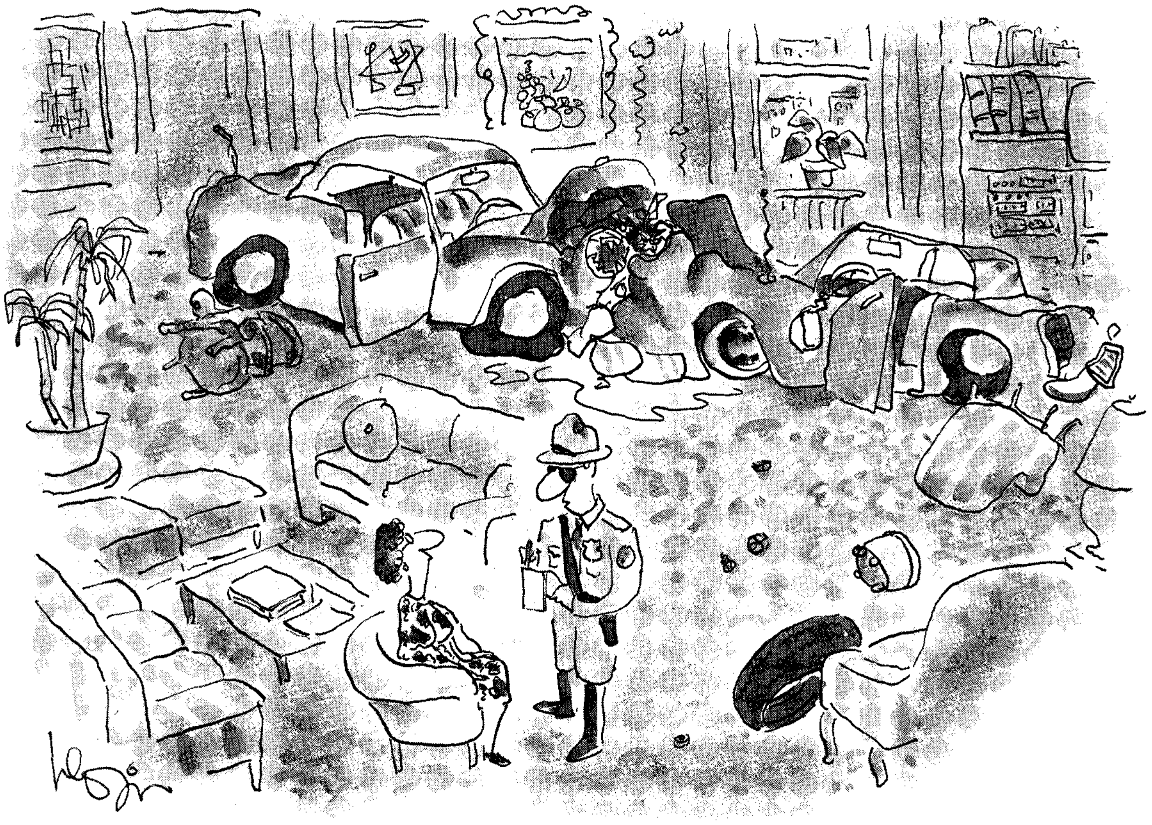
Some members of the business side felt they were being condescended to, told they didn't love the *Times* with as much ardor as the news people. "In many cases, journalists view the business side as greedy ogres whose only interest is making a dollar and not a product," observes one important business executive, Dan Cohen. "There are business people who care as much about the product as journalists do."

Despite this skirmish, everyone struggled to be collegial—until the publisher steered the discussion to a part of the values statement that spoke of breaking down the wall between news and business. Howell Raines spoke at length. According to participants, one deputy general manager, John M. O'Brien, was upset at what he took to be Raines' moralizing, claiming it was just another example of the tendency on the news side to relegate business to the back of the bus. The business side was no less committed to an excellent paper than Howell Raines was. Others from the business side jumped in.

At this point, another deputy general manager, Russell T. Lewis, who sat beside Raines, interceded and lent a calming voice. Lewis had some credentials as a peacemaker, for he started his career on the news side, as a copy boy, in 1966, and once won a Publisher's Award for a story he wrote. In effect, Lewis said the business side loved news, too. Love and devotion were not the issue, he said; reality was. And the reality was that if news and business didn't work together, the paper would not come out. They needed each other.

The statement said that news should be protected from "commercial pressure." A business executive made this suggestion: "What if the language read 'outside commercial pressure'?"

No, it applies to inside or outside pressure, the editors insisted. Raines was the fiercest. Some people on both sides complained later that Raines fought too ostentatiously. But knowing the stakes to be high, and knowing the publisher was watching, so did others. In the end, the news and business sides could not resolve their differences among themselves. In this sense, Sulzberger did not succeed. He had hoped to induce both sides to reach agreement without the pub-



"True, most accidents occur in the home. Rarely, however, do they involve two vehicles."

lisher having to act as referee. When he realized near the end of this retreat that he could not, he announced some decisions.

First, he appointed a committee composed of three members of the news staff and three members of the business staff to draft a final values document. Second, he praised the debate for pinpointing for him where the wall should stand, and announced that no one from the business side should get in touch with anyone from news below the masthead level. No one from circulation or advertising could get in touch with, say, the metropolitan or cultural or business editor. A third decision he made but did not announce was that he would elevate Russell Lewis to be president and general manager of the paper, a decision revealed a month later.

"These are the Fortneys. The Fortneys are young worrieds."

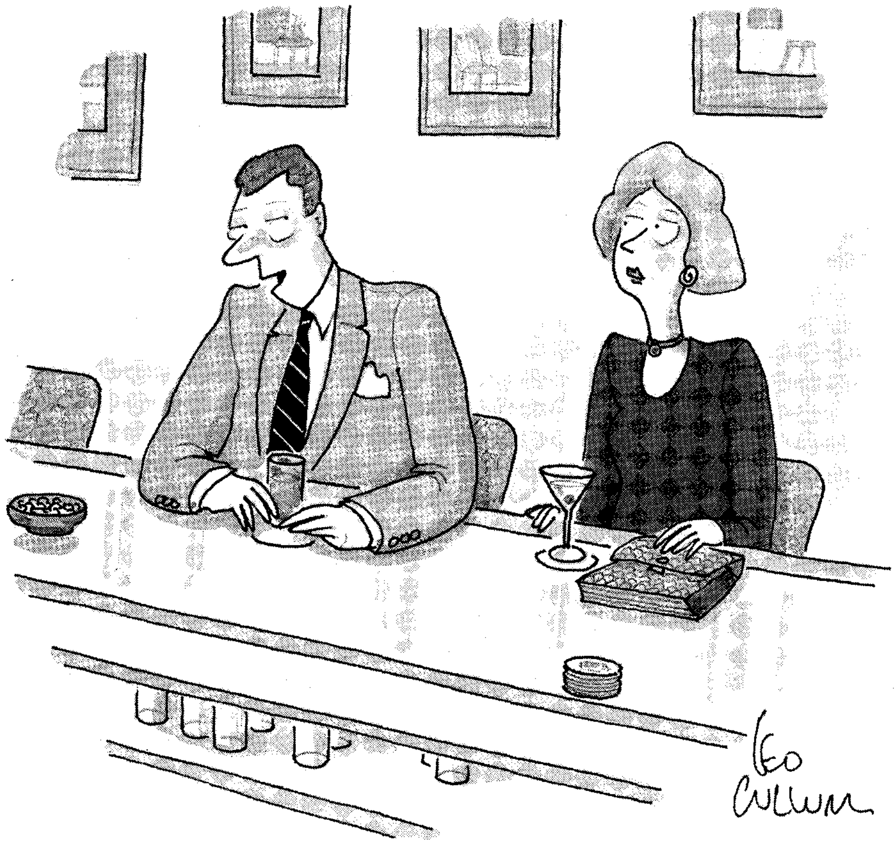
In one sense, these retreats were a success for Sulzberger. Many of his managers and editors had been stunned by the vehemence of the debate, but Sulzberger believed that they had been shocked only because they had not previously engaged in an honest dialogue. He came away satisfied. He hoped news and business would now act more like a team—see themselves as one company, not two. "We got rid of a lot of the underbrush," he says. "We uncovered the fundamentals. And we reached agreement." Joe Lelyveld put it another way: "He dragged us into consultations with our business-side colleagues. . . . It had a healthy and cathartic effect."

EVEN if confrontational techniques help Arthur Sulzberger, Jr., change the atmosphere within the *Times*, he will still face formidable challenges from the outside. First, there is the New York City economy, which lapsed into a recession soon after the stock-market crash in October of 1987. The basic question is whether this economic downturn is cyclical or permanent. The Sulzbergers are in the optimists' camp, believing that it is temporary. "I think it's coming to an end," Sulzberger says of the recession. William L. Pollak, who directs the two-hundred-person *Times* ad-sales force, says, "Anyone who says the New York economy won't bounce back hasn't read the history of New York."

Robert M. Johnson, the publisher and C.E.O. of *Newsday* since 1986, is in the pessimists' camp. He thinks history is a poor guide. "This has not been a recession," he says. "This has been a structural change in the New York City economy. The pie has gotten smaller." He mentions the department stores—B. Altman & Company, Alexander's, Bonwit Teller, Gimbel's—that have closed, as well as the shrinking number of classified and financial ads.

A second business question pressing upon Sulzberger is whether, in a period of rapid technological advances, the Times Company's growth strategy has been sufficient. It has been Punch Sulzberger's belief that the Times Company should cautiously stick to the areas it knows best. When he became publisher, in 1963, the *Times* was basically a two-section newspaper, and the company was almost totally reliant on its revenues alone. In 1969, he decided to make a public stock offering—the family retained control through Class B stock—to generate the funds the company needed to diversify. Today, the company owns five network-affiliated TV stations, thirty-one regional newspapers, the Boston *Globe*, an AM and an FM radio station, twenty magazines, two wholesale newspaper distributors, a forest-products division, and an information-services group. The expansion helped cushion the paper and the company from the fluctuations of the business cycle. "One thing we've learned over the years of acquisitions is that we do better when we acquire something we know about," Punch Sulzberger says. "We'll keep looking at new technologies. . . . We have lots of little pieces. We don't see any immediate area where it makes sense to make a massive commitment. So we're watching. A lot of people made a lot of mistakes in the eighties."

When the younger Sulzberger was asked if he shared the view of many that the *Times* had been too cautious in terms of new businesses, he said, "Sure. Now, I'm only speaking about the New York *Times* newspaper. I don't know the company." He knows that telephone and television and computer and newspaper and consumer-electronics companies are all racing toward one another, blurring traditional distinctions. Telephone companies are now in the cable-television business. Cable companies offer phone service. Newspapers invest in television, and some produce shows. Studios sell



"I was an attorney, but I've been involved in community service for the last three hundred hours."

programs to consumer-electronics firms. TV networks become partners with cable companies, cable companies with studios, studios with computer companies. The business is moving fast, and, even under the younger Sulzberger and an eight-person strategic-planning group, the newspaper reacts more slowly than some of its executives would like. In its business moves, the *Times* has not been a crucible of change. The publisher has taken a few small steps to reach new readers, including *TimesFax*, a six- to eight-page summary of the day's newspaper that is sent to hotels and cruise ships around the world, and *Critics' Choice*, a weekly magazine on the arts and nightlife designed to reach tourists at their hotels in New York.

"Time for people's attention is the competition," Sulzberger, Jr., says. "It's not just television or news magazines or other newspapers or radio—it's all of that, *plus* the things that people can do with their time that are new and different, whether it's playing Nintendo or calling up movies on their cable boxes. The days when we could write a story about a news event on Day One, the reaction to that news event on Day Two, and the news analysis on Day Three are gone. You had better have all three of those elements in your first story." He goes on, "Whether we beam it directly into your head or provide it on newsprint—I am agnostic on that. As far as I'm concerned, the day we move away from newsprint is the day we cut some seven hundred million dollars out of our cost structure." He believes that in perhaps twenty years it will be commonplace for newspapers to be delivered electronically as well as by newsprint.

Another problem that Sulzberger faces is that newspapers have become what economists call a mature business; in short, their growth has stalled. The *Times'* response to this new reality, one Wall Street figure says, is to be a nibbler. "There is a husbanding-of-the-acorns mind-set," he says. "Arthur is much more concerned with what's on the front page than with the price of his stock. He's much more a newspaperman than a businessman." The acquisition of the Boston *Globe* is, in this view, a nibble, not a bold, futuristic thrust. Punch Sulzberger would disagree. After months of negotiations, which foundered more than once over "issues of governance," he says, the sale was concluded on June 11th. "We're not just buying a newspaper," Sulzberger says. "We're buying a distribution system. We're buying a database. And we're buying a paper that has a much higher penetration in its marketplace than the *Times* has." Sulzberger says the *Times* now has a broader, more attractive database to travel over a future electronic highway. And the purchase was made without sacrificing cash to make future deals. "This is not a cash deal. This is a stock deal," he says. "So our cash is preserved."

The *Times* wants to make friends with potential hardware allies. But if such partnerships are the wave of the future for communications and information companies, that future is still distant, the Sulzbergers believe.

STILL another concern at the *Times* is the imminent need to choose the next executive editor. The retirement age for masthead executives at the *Times* is sixty-five, and Frankel just turned sixty-three. Frankel says he has decided that when he leaves he is not going to write a column, as A. M. Rosenthal does, but instead will write a memoir. "I have a big book in me," he says. "I've been storing it up all my life." First, though, he must sort out when he will retire. "I have to start discussing that with Arthur," Frankel said in April. While Sulzberger acknowledges that "there are differences" between the type of management he advocates and the hierarchical management generally practiced by both Frankel and Lelyveld, he has no desire to see Frankel depart. "I have learned a lot from Max in terms of being a manager," he said.

Punch Sulzberger says he expects to be consulted on the choice. He also says that Joe Lelyveld is the obvious front-runner to succeed Frankel. "I would hope that Max would be there a number of years more, and it would be foolish to name a successor at this point," he says. "There is no reason to. And why lock yourself in? But it is certainly true that

Joe has the inside track." Frankel says that "at the moment" he could not imagine another choice, but, of course, he says, the decision is the publisher's.

What criteria will Sulzberger rely on in making the decision? "Journalistic integrity and confidence—that's obviously Number One," he says, and he cites as other factors "the ability to delegate authority" and a "commitment to diversity" and "making this the kind of place to work that it can be." He adds, "But overriding everything has to be the quality of the news mind." If "the quality of the news mind" determines Sulzberger's decision, Joe Lelyveld will probably be the next executive editor, for many say he has the sharpest mind in the newsroom, a mind that quickly cuts to the heart of a story and can instantly suggest a new lead paragraph or structure.

Lelyveld offers other talents. The publisher knows that he has high standards. He knows that both Lelyveld and Frankel often provoke and nurture the paper's best correspondents. He knows that while many people complain about Lelyveld's intellectual arrogance, the same critics respect him and sometimes refer to him as "a sweet man." He knows that within the *Times* no other contender musters the internal support Lelyveld would, for his appointment is widely viewed as based on merit.

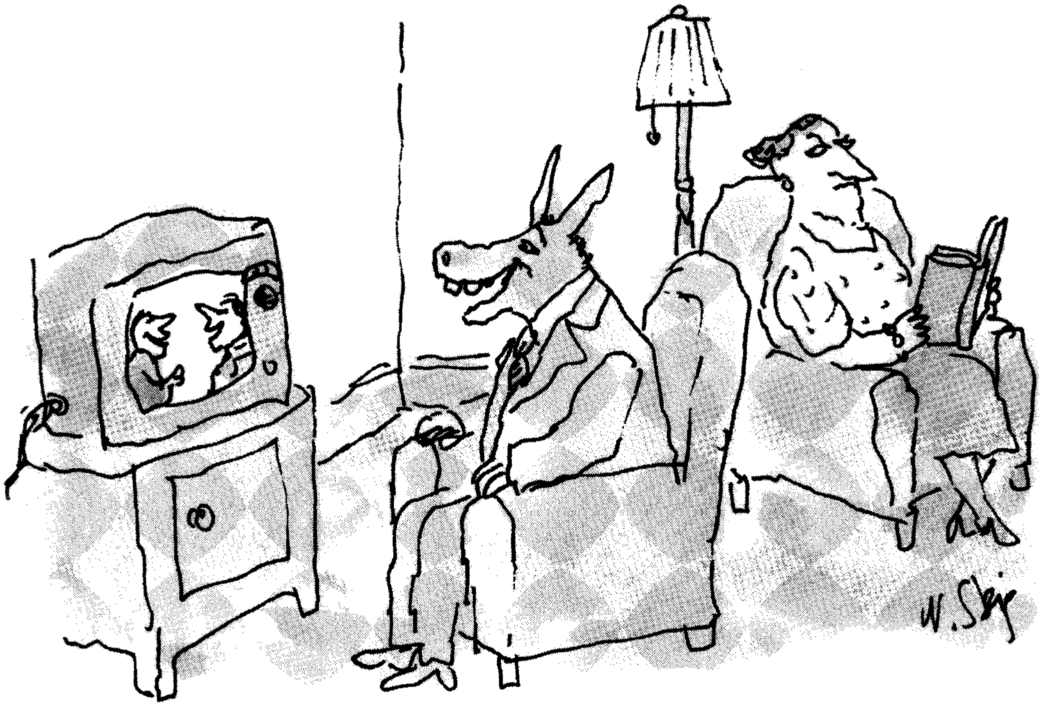
The publisher also knows the debit side of the ledger. He knows that Lelyveld can be abrupt, has problems speaking in public, and is painfully shy. "He has no people skills," one of the paper's star writers says. Lelyveld is aware of his awkwardness. From the time he was a boy through his graduation from the Bronx High School of Science and Harvard, he recalls that his father always said to him, "You have to be more outgoing." He knows that some people regard him as aloof, and says, "One reason is that I've always been comfortable in the role of a reporter. I prefer to stand aside, to watch and observe, and not be public. I can be brusque. It's a failing. I don't think it's coldness. It's obsessiveness. I'm very comfortable in small groups. I'm not very comfortable getting up and addressing the staff." When he speaks, there are long, awkward pauses. "I've learned I have to devote time to programming what I'm going to say."

Sulzberger's alternative choice as Frankel's successor is Howell Raines. When Sulzberger is asked to describe Raines and Lelyveld, he says of both men, "wonderful writer" and "first-class intellect." Like Lelyveld, Raines is said to be a demanding taskmaster; he ran the Washington bureau in an autocratic fashion. But Raines has a more vivid personality than does Lelyveld. "He's a very warm and agreeable fellow," says a man who has been at the *Times* for his entire career. Of the younger Sulzberger, this man observes, "I know he's very close to Howell. He picked Howell as his choice. Joe and Max were Punch's appointments." Raines got to know Arthur, Jr., in the early eighties, when both worked as reporters in the Washington bureau.

Raines says he would love to write a Washington-based column, but when asked if he would accept the job of executive editor he paused a long while, and then said, "I'm the creature of this newspaper, I suppose. It's not something that I think about, frankly."

While Lelyveld remains the likely choice, the new publisher wants options. He saw his father boxed into a corner with only one obvious choice—Max Frankel—when Abe Rosenthal reached sixty-five. Raines has a strong hand in the card game the publisher will play over the next few years. Like the man who holds the cards, he's an extrovert. Together, they laugh easily at jokes and at Raines' barnyard metaphors. The two men meet every Thursday afternoon to review editorial ideas, and speak frequently. While Raines' support is not nearly as broad as Lelyveld's, Raines did develop a devoted band of followers when he was Washington bureau chief.

And, like Lelyveld, Raines is unafraid to speak his mind. Before Raines took over the editorial page, the publisher intervened and asked Jack Rosenthal to write an editorial backing away from criticism levelled in a previous editorial at Vernon Jordan, the chairman of the Clinton transition team, over alleged conflicts of interest. Sulzberger says that the earlier editorial "was unfair to a man I did not know" because it "singled him out" as the personification of all the evils of influence peddling in Washington. The members of the editorial board were distressed, and the publisher called a meeting in the editorial offices to explain why, for the first time ever, he had overruled them. He went around the room seeking opinions, and then turned to Raines, who had been invited, even though he had yet to start his editorial-page job. Raines hesitated, torn between



the intimacy and the trust he would need with the publisher and the trust he would need with the board members and *Times* readers. According to several people who were there, Raines responded, in his slow, measured drawl, "I don't have a dog in this fight, but I think the first editorial was fine and the second one should not have run. Writing the second editorial inhibited our ability to write on this subject." The publisher says he was not moved to change his position, though several members of the board were impressed. "That was bold—to sit there with a guy who signs his checks," a witness recalls. "In the corporate culture, not many guys would say that."

A few other names are mentioned as potential future executive editors—particularly that of the columnist Anna Quindlen, who is forty. She has told friends that she expects to tire of writing a column in five years or so, and might want to step aside before readers tire of her. Her experience is limited: she has never been a foreign correspondent, and her only editing job at the *Times* was as deputy metropolitan editor. (Abe Rosenthal and Max Frankel both tried to persuade her to become metropolitan editor, but she declined. She wanted to be able to spend more time with her children.) What she would bring, in addition to brains and long-standing ties to Arthur Sulzberger, Jr., and his wife, the artist Gail Gregg, is the bottom-up management approach Sulzberger champions. "I don't think it makes sense for an editor to tell reporters how to cover a story, how long it has to be, or how it should be played," she says. "A reporter ought to tell me. There's too much macho throughout the business—'I know what the story should be!' It's too rare that an editor says to a reporter, 'Is this a page-one story?' " One possibility is to make Quindlen the managing editor under either Lelyveld or Raines, but for Sulzberger to do that would mean that he would lose her popular column. Worse, from his vantage point, he might have to choose as early as this fall, when one and maybe two assistant-managing-editor slots open. If he should offer Quindlen such a slot, she would have to decide whether to sacrifice her platform and independence for a climb up the management ladder. Such a maneuver could create a traffic jam, since Sulzberger is eager to promote a black editor to the masthead (Gerald Boyd, the metropolitan editor, would be the choice), and might like a second woman there, too (the national editor, Soma Golden, is now the prime contender).

Sulzberger has more than a few such dilemmas to ponder. Even if Joe Lelyveld—or Howell Raines—is thought of as autocratic, how could he pass on their obvious talent without subverting *Times* traditions? Will the paper, in its zeal to recruit a more diverse workforce, settle for less than the best reporters and editors? In its determination to be more understanding of gay rights, say, or race relations, will the *Times* meekly succumb to political correctness? Will it lower its standards, as many believe it has with its Sunday style section? How does the *Times* stay as good as it is without surrendering to arrogance and insularity? How does it reach younger readers, who grew up watching television and may have attenuated attention spans, without providing merely quick, easily absorbed information?

Another constraint is his predecessor, who happens to be his father and boss. The son wants to change the institution, yet not suggest that his father, whom he admires, has somehow been derelict. "If I could be as successful as he was, I would consider myself a very successful publisher," the son says of the father. "He saved the paper." But their relationship is more complicated than shared adoration. The father says he tries to resist interfering. "And sometimes I'm not good at it," he adds.

A corollary constraint is that, because the elder Sulzberger actively runs the company, the son operates one rung down the corporate ladder. Unlike his father and his three aunts, he's not a member of the *Times*' board of directors. "He reports to Lance on the business side," Punch Sulzberger says, referring to Lance Primis, the Times Company's president. "When it comes time to get money, he has to wait on line."

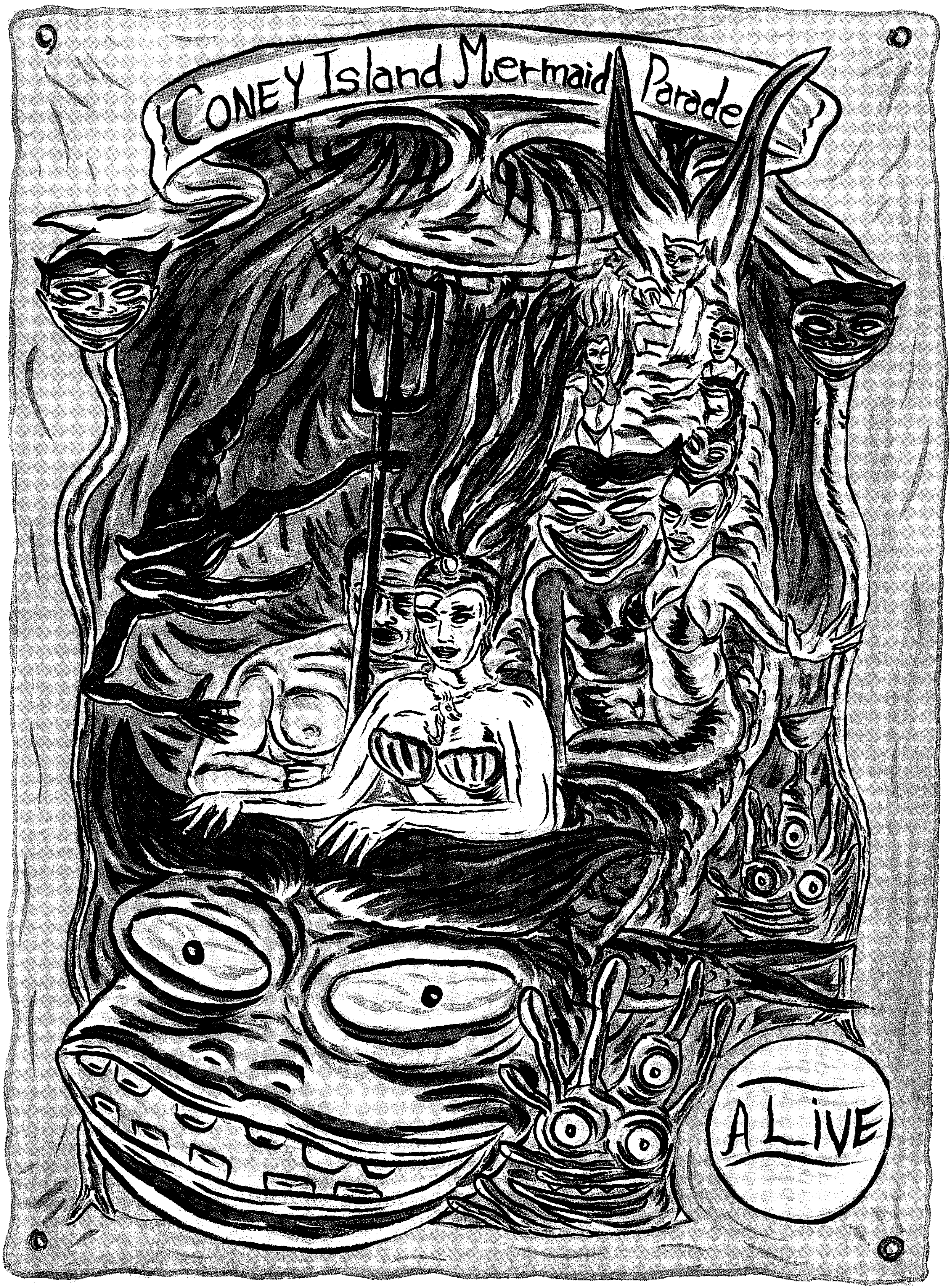
Despite the concerns that burden his days, Arthur, Jr., says that he truly loves what he does. "For my money, I have the best job in the world right now, publisher of the New York *Times*," he says. "Don Graham warned me in the most friendly way that I have the best job and to hold on to it." Donald Graham, of course, holds two jobs—publisher of the Washington *Post* and president and chief executive officer of its parent company. It is possible that when Punch Sulzberger steps down as chairman, Arthur, Jr., will have to choose between the two posts. One family member says that both Michael and Stephen Golden see themselves as the potential chairman. "But I'd put my money on Arthur," he says. "We're a traditional company. He's a Sulzberger. He's the publisher of the company's flagship. And the two others have less knowledge of the newspaper business." It is possible that the family will follow the example of the Hearst Corporation and bring in a non-family member as C.E.O. Many things are possible.

What seems certain at the moment is that Arthur Sulzberger, Jr., like his great-grandfather and his grandfather and his father, will preside over the *Times* for a very long while. Like his predecessors, he will probably decide to invest more money in the paper even during recessions, or when doing so momentarily depresses earnings.

Ironically, while Arthur Sulzberger, Jr., genuinely believes that the vibrancy of the world's best newspaper depends on a more democratic newsroom, he also knows that the *Times* can resist economic slumps and the short-term preoccupations of shareholders only because it is a family-owned monarchy. And despite his genuine affability, like all monarchs the new publisher charts a fairly lonely path. A cousin says, "There are not many people in this company who tell Arthur he's doing a good job whom he can believe." And he will no doubt continue to push for change, cautiously. Although he wants to change the *Times*, he is constrained because he knows he has a tradition and a franchise to protect. "We produce the finest newspaper certainly in this country, and probably in the world," he says. "You don't want to tamper with a system that does that. When I say tamper, I mean experiment—tear it apart without being able to put things back together." ♦

ARTIST AT LARGE BY DAVID SANDLIN

SIREN SONG


Coney Island Mermaid Parade
ALive

Mermaids make their eleventh annual splash on the boardwalk on June 26th at 2 P.M.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

DUTY OF CARE

What do you do with two hundred and fifty million old tires? The United States throws that many away each year, and until now disposal methods have been limited and linked to major health and environmental hazards. But some visionary tire people are creating recycling schemes that could eradicate the problem.

BY JOHN McPHEE

THE world's largest pile of scrap tires is not visible from Interstate 5, in Stanislaus County, California. But it's close. Below Stockton, in the region of Modesto and Merced, the highway follows the extreme western edge of the flat Great Central Valley, right next to the scarp where the Coast Ranges are territorially expanding as fresh unpopulated hills. The hills conceal the tires from the traffic. If you were to abandon your car three miles from the San Joaquin County line and make your way on foot southwest one mile, you would climb into steeply creased terrain that in winter is jade green and in summer straw brown, and, any time at all, you would come upon a black vista. At rest on sloping ground, the tires are so deep that they form their own topography—their own escarpments, their own overhanging cliffs. Deposited from a ridgeline, they border a valley for nearly half a mile. When you first glimpse them, you are not sure what they are. From the high ground on the opposite side, the individual tires appear to be grains of black sand. They look like little eggstones—oolites—each a bright yolk ringed in black pearl. Close to them, you walk in tire canyons. In some places, they are piled six stories high, compressing themselves, densifying: at the top, tires; at the bottom, pucks. From the highest elevations of this thick and drifted black mantle, you can look east a hundred miles and see snow on the Sierra.

The tires are from all sides of the bays of San Francisco and up and down the Great Central Valley from Bakersfield to Sacramento. Even before the interstate was there, a tire jockey named Ed Filbin began collecting them—charging dealers and gas stations "tipping fees" of so much per passenger tire and so much per truck tire, as tire jockeys everywhere do. This was long before people began to worry, with regard to used tires, about mosquitoes, fires, landfills, and compounding environmental concerns, or to look upon old tires as a minable resource. Filbin's pile just grew, and he made enough money to diversify, becoming, as he is today, the largest sheep rancher in Nevada. Meanwhile, his tire ranch near Modesto continued to broaden and thicken, until no one, including Filbin, knew how many tires were there. Eventually, the state took notice—and county zoning authorities—and Filbin felt harassed. When I called him one day in Nevada, he sketched these people as "dirty rotten bureaucrats" and said, "I told them to go jump in a crick. I had grandfather rights." With those words, he cradled his telephone, refusing to say more.

There have been many estimates of the number of tires in the great California pile, but the figures tend to be high or low in direct proportion to the appraiser's economic interest or environmental bias. The variations can be absurd, missing agreement with one another by factors as high as five. Not long ago, while I was at the University of California, Davis, working on something else, I began to muse about the tire pile and the problem of counting its contents. In the university library I found David Lundquist, the map librarian, and asked for his suggestions. The pile does not appear on the 7.5-minute Solyo Quadrangle of the United States Geological Survey, and I thought he might have a more sophisticated map of equally ample scale. He said he had recent low-altitude aerial photographs made by the federal Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service that amounted to an eyeball-to-earth mosaic of the state. The prints were nine by ten and were in several map-cabinet drawers. Comparing map and photograph indexes, he rummaged through stacks of pictures. When No. 507-52 was at last before us, a shape in black Rorschach, sharply defined, stood out like a mountain lake. The terrain was veiny with clear draws and ridgelines, which made relatively simple the task of re-creating the dark shape on a copy of the Solyo topographic map. To help determine the acreage covered, a Davis geologist gave me a piece of graph paper whose squares were so small that four thousand four hundred and twenty-two of them covered one square mile on the map. Having seen the great pile and moved around it close, I could assign it an average thickness. Jack Waggoner, of Sacramento, who has spent his career as a distributor of tire-retreading and tire-shredding equipment, supplied figures for average densities of tires compressed by their own weight. On its side, a tire occupies about four square feet. A calculator blended these facts. While I had read or been given estimates of eight, nine, fifteen, twenty-five, forty-two, and forty-four, the calculator was reporting that in the world's largest known pile there are thirty-four million tires.

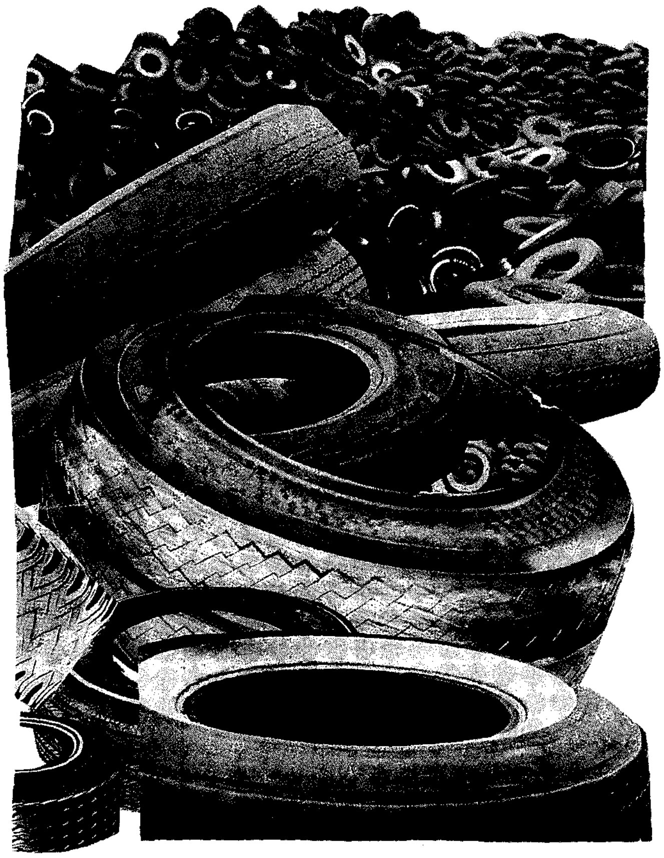
You don't have to stare long at that pile before the thought occurs to you that those tires were once driven upon by the Friends of the Earth. They are not just the used tires of bureaucrats, ballplayers, and litter-strewing rock-deafened ninja-teen-aged nyrds. They are everybody's tires. They are Environmental Defense Fund tires, Rainforest Action Network tires, Wilderness Society tires. They are California Natural Resources Federation tires, Save San Francisco Bay Association tires, Citizens for a Better Environment tires. They are Greenpeace tires, Sierra Club tires, Earth Island Institute tires. They are Earth First! tires! No one is innocent of scrapping those tires. They who carry out what they carry in have not carried out those tires. Of the problem the tire pile represents, everybody is the cause, and the problem, like the pile, has been increasing. (The California Integrated Waste Management Board has referred to the state's "growing tire population.") Most landfills across the country are refusing tires now, because most landfills are filling up, and, moreover, tires "float." They won't stay covered up. They work their way to the surface like glacial rocks. Intended by their manufacturers to be reliable and durable, they most emphatically are. Nothing about an automobile is safer than its tires, whose ultimate irony is that when they reach the end of their intended lives they are all but indestructible. When they are thrown away, they are just as tough as they were when they felt Kick 1. On the surface or underground or on the beds of rivers, they don't decay. They are one per cent of all municipal solid waste and symbol of the other ninety-nine. Locked into the chemistry of each passenger tire is more than two and a half gallons of recoverable petroleum. California by itself discards twenty million tires a year. The United States throws away two hundred and fifty million tires a year. Strewn about the country at last count are something like three billion trashed tires. A hundred and seventy-eight million barrels of oil.

In southern Connecticut, beside a meander bend of the Quinnipiac River, a large privately owned landfill includes a thirty-acre body of water known as the Tire Pond. It was once a quarry, a clay pit. The town line between Hamden and North Haven runs through it. For a decade or so, the tire jockey Joe Farricielli has been tipping tires into the water there. He collects from more than two hundred customers, almost all in Connecticut, who pay him sixty-five cents to take an ordinary tire and as much as five dollars to be rid of a large one. The Tire Pond, now about half full, contains fifteen million tires.

When I made a visit there, the place was managed by Jim Rizzo, vice-president of the Tire Pond. His office was a small brick structure landscaped with young spruce that were standing in the centers of tires. Rizzo was an easy-talking, slightly burly man with a dark and radial mustache, who would not have looked amiss teaching paleontology at Harvard. He was wearing bluejeans and a gray Lacoste pullover. It was an April morning, and out toward the pond we drove in his pickup past trailers newly arrived. Men were grading the tires in them—looking for "high treads," Rizzo said, to be resold. Up the road, the company used to have a retail outlet called Second Time Around. It was not a big success, but they still sell high treads for fifteen dollars at the pond. For California, Mexico is the second time around. California tire jockeys sell more than a million discarded tires in Mexico each year, where they are mounted on Mexicans' cars.

Now Rizzo and I were on a dirt road in what appeared to be a field of dry tires, eye high. There was open water beyond. He said that the tires were protruding above the surface of the pond and were resting on other tires, which went all the way to the bottom. They were standing in water as deep as or deeper than most of the Atlantic Ocean dump sites in the New York bight. In fact, if we were to go down the Quinnipiac and across Long Island Sound and across Long Island to the ocean, we would have to go twenty miles out to sea to find a depth greater than the Tire Pond's. "After the tires get to be five or six feet above water, they are covered with geotextile fabric, and the fabric is then covered with clean fill—concrete, sand, stone, soil—two to three feet thick," Rizzo said. "That is the covering. Everything below that down to the bottom of the pond is tires. That covering is firm. In fact, you and I are now *on* the pond. We are driving on tires."

A large dump truck carrying seven hundred and fifty tires had also driven out upon the pond. It had stopped close to the rubber shoreline. A long stainless hydraulic shaft lifted one end of the bed. Seven hundred and fifty tires slid into the water. They looked like black ice cubes. Rizzo said that when tires are added they do not raise the level of the water. The excess just goes away. A tip is a place where material is dumped, as from wagons. This tip was what was left of the Stiles Brick Company, which in the nineteenth century and on into the twentieth had dug out two hundred thousand cubic yards of clay. The pond was a hundred and forty feet deep. No mosquitoes. No pests. No fires.



On the surface or underground or on the beds of rivers, tires don't decay. They are one per cent of all municipal solid waste and symbol of the other ninety-nine.

STEPHEN KRONINGER

Soon after Joe Farricielli bought the landfill, in the middle nineteen-seventies, he experienced a tire fire, and that is what drew his attention to the potentialities of the pond. A tire fire sends off billows of stinking black acidulous smoke, which, drifting downwind full of polynuclear aromatic hydrocarbons, benzene, and other toxic pollutants, attracts the attention of neighbors, zoning boards, and departments of environmental protection. Tire jockeys can recite by heart the roll call of the great fires: Platteville, Colorado, 1987, where the pile burned for four days; Hagersville, Ontario, 1990, where the pile burned for seventeen days; Palmetto, Georgia, 1992, where the fire burned for five weeks; Winchester, Virginia, 1983-84, where the pile burned continuously for nine months. In the Virginia fire, seven million tires were involved. Tire-pile fires are usually the result of arson. In the pile at Sid's in Norton, Ohio, four fires occurred within six months. Typically, the arsonist fills tires with newspapers. The Tire Pond was beyond the reach of the New Haven *Register*, the Hartford *Courant*, and even the incendiary New York *Times*.

To the Hagersville fire, outside Toronto, in February of 1990, the London Fire Brigade sent an observer. He noted the efficacy of sand and chemicals, and the inadvisability of fighting such fires with water, which augments the toxic spill. Where not much oxygen is involved, a burning tire will decompose into carbon black, gas, and oil. A tire fire oozes oil. If water is used to fight the fire, the oil travels with it. The fluid then contaminates groundwater, surface water, and soil. In Winchester, Virginia, where the tire fire burned for two hundred and seventy-five days, the runoff was collected. It included six hundred and ninety thousand gallons of oil, which was sold for a hundred and eighty-four thousand dollars.

Mosquitoes? A tire that is under water is not breeding mosquitoes. A tire with a little rain in it is a near-perfect mosquito incubator, as any reader of *Mosquito News* or the *Journal of the American Mosquito Control Association* can tell you. Almost any old tire, dumped legally or not, can help disseminate vector-borne viral diseases—for example, La Crosse virus, dengue fever, Sepik fever, Ross River fever, Japanese encephalitis, St. Louis encephalitis. The concern is not just domestic. In the complexities of international economics, the United States annually imports three million used tires. About a quarter of them contain a little water and, often, some mosquito larvae. The tires are, in large part, for recapping and reshipping to other parts of the world, but some are rejected for retreading. They go into scrap heaps, and the mosquitoes stay here. Most of the worn tires that arrive in ships come from Asian countries where *Aedes albopictus* is indigenous—a mosquito that can serve as a viral vector but by nature does not migrate and has a lifetime flight range of less than a thousand yards. In other words, this mosquito goes nowhere on its own. Used tires have dispersed it throughout the Western Hemisphere.

The State of Connecticut has checked the Tire Pond and found no *Aedes albopictus*, Rizzo said. Tires, moreover, are not exactly soluble; they don't affect the water. Since the pond's inception as a tire fill, it has had a water-compliance permit from the Department of Environmental Protection. As if to emphasize the tenor of Rizzo's presentation, two alabaster swans came into view, swimming on the Tire Pond. We were now beyond the filled area and beside the open water. We paused on the pond's eastern shore, on the isthmus that separated it from the Quinnipiac River. The view to the west was multilaminate and somewhat surreal. In the background, against the sky, was a hillside green with shade trees over spread-out suburban homes. The New Haven Country Club was up there somewhere, and Quinnipiac College, and Lake Whitney. The next layer, below, consisted of the light industries of State Street and a lengthy ribbon of a sign that said "Volkswagen, New and Used Cars." The stratum below that was Amtrak—New Haven to the left, Hartford to the right. The bottom layer was the Tire Pond, on its surface the Wagnerian swans, a couple of mallards, a few dozen gulls, and the black-sparkling ice-cube tires drifting about in the wind.

I was growing suspicious of Rizzo. The thought was occurring to me that he and Farricielli had imported the swans. In the bright sun, the birds seemed to blaze white. "We are members of the Audubon Society," Rizzo was saying. "People from Audubon come here to count the birds. Those ducks nest in the tires."

A day or two later, I would talk on the telephone with Milan Bull, director of field studies and ornithology, Connecticut Audubon Society, who said that he always goes to the Tire Pond at Christmas and at one or two other times during the year. "Open spaces attract birds," he explained. "They like the weeds there. Song sparrows, savanna sparrows, brushy-type birds. Meadowlarks. Occasional bobolinks. Open-field birds. Orange-crowned warblers. The Tire Pond is hit regularly during the Christmas count. Maybe two hundred people go there a year. Birds are right in the surface tires. Nests are in the tires—song sparrows', American goldfinches', I guess. We see mallards, pied-billed grebes, wood ducks, the mute swans. Mute swans are an increasing species in Connecticut. There has been a dramatic increase in ten years. There are about four thousand across the state now. The swans don't nest in the Tire Pond, but probably along the Quinnipiac River."

I ALSO met Anne Evans at the Tire Pond. Jack Waggoner, in California, had strongly suggested that I call on her. Born into the tire trade, in Middletown, Connecticut, she had taken charge of her family's business at the age of twenty-two, selling and mounting new tires and paying the Middletown landfill to carry the old ones away. When she was twenty-nine, she had become president of the New England Association of Independent Tire Dealers. But now, at thirty-seven, she had long since given up retailing tires in order to concern herself full time with what might be done to get rid of them—specifically, to develop profitable ways of using them after they have fulfilled their initial purpose. As a conve-

THE PLEASURES OF READING

On his deathbed my father is reading
The memoirs of Casanova.
I'm watching the night fall,
A few windows being lit across the street.
In one of them a young woman is reading
Close to the glass.
She hasn't looked up in a long while,
Even with the darkness coming.

While there's still a bit of light
I want her to lift her head,
So I can see her face,
Which I have already imagined,
But her book must be full of suspense.
And besides, it's so quiet,
Every time she turns a page
I can hear my father turn one, too,
As if they were reading the same book.

—CHARLES SIMIC

nience to me, she had proposed meeting at the pond to talk tires, and had said that no matter what she might say to me it would not ruffle Jim Rizzo, because he had heard it all before. "The tire industry is really, really, really, really tiny," she had said. "We're a small industry. We all know one another. And we stick together."

Now, on that spring morning, as her dark bright eyes swept over Rizzo's establishment, she said, "At least it's not going to burn." She wore a blue-gray suit over an aquamarine blouse. Her dark glasses, tilted upward, nested in her short black hair. She wore gold earrings, a gold necklace, a sapphire bracelet, and a ring with a diamond as big as a tire. "This place is a blight on the earth," she went on. "They're making a fortune. They bought the clay pit for next to nothing. Their overhead is almost nothing. While other people are spending millions of dollars on equipment for recycling, they've got a hole. The tires will sit in the hole forever. To me it's just something so incredible that thirteen million tires are in a hole and no one cares!"

Someone muttered, "Fifteen million."

"This is the way things went for a long time," she continued. "Tires were just dumped, and no attempt was made to do something with them." The Tire Pond, like the rubber alp in California, had been what she called a "regional solution"—an innovative response to the choking of local landfills. "I guess this pond is not as bad as a pile of tires in a ravine," she concluded. "On the other hand, tires in a ravine can be removed. These are here for an eternity."

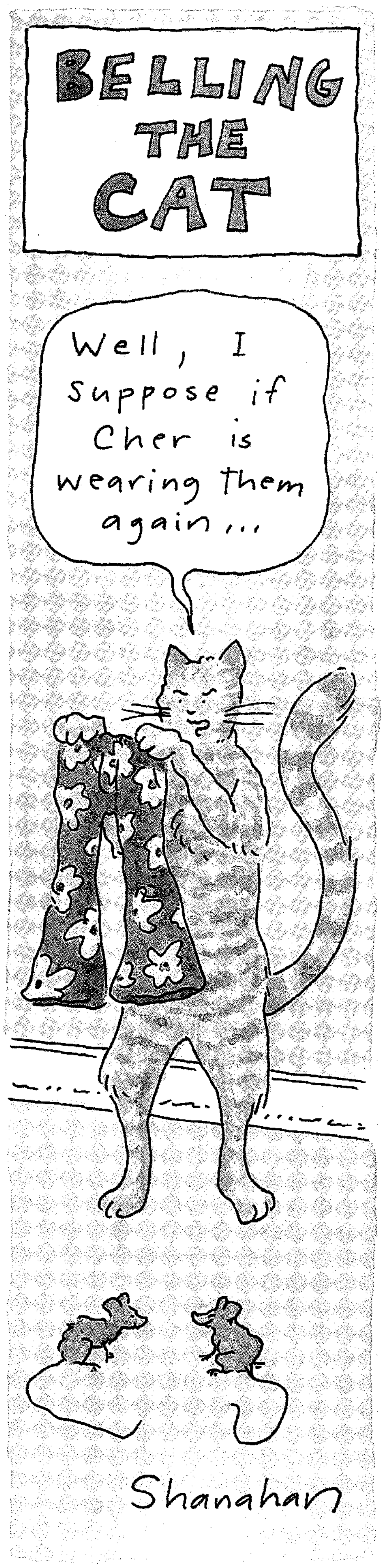
If I wanted to meet an authentic pioneer in doing something about tires, she said, I should go to Baltimore and look up Norman Emanuel. She added reverently, "He mastered the early shredding machines. He sells to energy users. He's done very, very well. And he's still in overalls."

My dialogue with Anne Evans was by no means exhausted, and her widespread insights and personal history would in various ways inform much of the rest of these notes. Meanwhile, I did as I was told. I went to inner Baltimore, just west of Amtrak, and found Bentalou Street, where—seeking, as I was, the preëminent tire shredder of eastern America—I expected to see begrimed industrial structures of the sort that are everywhere framed in the begrimed windows of Amtrak. Bentalou was a shade street, though, of maples, sycamores, ash, elms, lindens, flowering cherries. Its row houses had small lawns and covered fieldstone porches—an obvious escalation from the signature marble steps that spill with such perspective symmetry to wide sidewalks of Baltimore. On Bentalou were greening hedges, blossoming azaleas, and, between a cemetery and the railroad tracks, a driveway that led to the Emanuel Tire Company. Mostly open to the sky, it was laid out something like a lumberyard, and Norman Emanuel was off to one side, sitting in his office before a mural map. Hardly a word had passed between us before he sat me down opposite and began to fulminate about officials of the state and the city, not to mention the county. "They haven't found anything that I've done right, but the things I've been doing, they're eliminating that," he said. He was a big beefy dark-haired handsome tan-faced man with the build of a linebacker. He did not look urban, there in the middle of the middle of the city. He looked farm. Direct as he was, he was not always easy to understand. "Burl" equalled "barrel," as in "burl stacking"—the conventional way to stack tires. The form of water that drives turbines was "stame." He wore rubber boots, and his overalls were blue. His shirt was composed of rectangular checks of red, yellow, and black. On the forehead of his green-visored cap was the name of a company in North Carolina that had shown interest in burning Emanuel tire shreds to power machines that chip wood. "We collect three million tires a year," Emanuel continued. "We'd be up to six or eight million now, but the state, they've cut my growth terribly."

It was growth that began in the nineteen-fifties, when he was nineteen years old and, while staying with a relative, found a job in a Baltimore Chevrolet plant. He was from Red Springs, in Robeson County, on the North Carolina coastal plain, where he grew up farming corn, cotton, wheat, and soybeans. In the Chevrolet cafeteria, he overheard a man saying that he had built a house on money he made collecting used tires and selling them for retreads. Norman Emanuel straightaway went to a service station and left with eight old tires. He sold three for three dollars apiece, and the Emanuel Tire Company had shown its first profit. Then he picked up thirty-one more. He sold thirty, and he never looked back.

To his eleven acres in Baltimore he

"It's agreed, then—we look for a new place for lunch."


BELLING THE CAT
Well, I suppose if Cher is wearing them again…
Shanahan

brings tires from Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Kentucky, Oklahoma, Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and, of course, Maryland—each tire for a fee. "In 1978, when landfilling was phasing out, I knew I'd have to start making changes," he said. "I was the second person in the United States to have a tire shredder—after Pacific Energy, in Oregon. For a while, I landfilled the shreds."

Outside the office, a shredder was shredding. It was a squarish machine about twelve feet high with a couple of steel ladders and catwalks. Emanuel said, "Go ahead, go up and have a look." Tires were riding a conveyor to the top, and then falling into a hopperlike chamber whose bottom was a pair of rollers with steel teeth. Like the wringer on an old clothes washer, the rollers rolled toward each other, and when a tire fell on them it got caught in the crease. Slowly, quietly, the tire torqued, twisted, writhed—like a snake caught up in a combine, attacked by the steel teeth, squeezed, folded, crushed, chopped, in a few seconds torn to shreds. (At a tire-shredding operation in Sacramento, not long ago, an employee was shredded on his first day of work. For a time, no one missed him. He had left the machine in half-inch cubes.) Emanuel Tire has fourteen shredders, which make two-inch chips and smaller grades, on down to a quarter of an inch. Steel belt wire, like fish bones, protruded from the chips. The most concentrated steel in a tire is in the beads—the two hoops of cable in the rim-touching sides. Emanuel picked up a truck tire, put it on his debeader, and sliced out a bead. The hoop's braided steel was an inch in diameter.

Up the street in another lot were a couple of acres of shredded tires—plains and hills of shredded tires, a terrain that felt underfoot like a well-filled waterbed. To achieve such resiliency, all tires still contain some natural rubber. A big orthopterous machine—its narrow discharge conveyors reaching out like antennae—was chewing chopped tires and spewing product in three directions, forming conical mounds: chips fell to the left, steel forward, crumbs to the right. The chips were one-inch bits of tire. In a couple of days, the machine had piled up thirty tons of steel. Gesturing toward a modest mound of crumbs—a rubber drumlin not much higher than our heads—Emanuel said it represented ten thousand tires. It consisted of quarter-inch bits that felt in the hand like granola.

Emanuel's business has evolved so far away from landfills that nowadays, on principle, he said, he would sell shreds at a loss, if he had to, rather than put them in the ground. Over time, he has developed a roster of customers that is as varied as it is far-flung. He is reluctant to reveal who and where they are, but he will say that some of them are as far away from Baltimore as are St. Louis, Indianapolis, and Chicago. In some instances, he is more specific. He let it drop that the University of Virginia wanted forty tons of quarter-inch material for playing surfaces. For more than a decade, a rubber company in Trenton, New Jersey, had been making boots and gloves from shredded Emanuel tires. A good deal of crumb rubber goes for something he calls "reclaim," accenting the first syllable: running tracks, rubberized asphalt, railroad crossings.

In 1982, he began shipping shredded rubber to Spring Grove, Pennsylvania, for use as boiler fuel at a paper mill. Other paper mills followed, and now about a third of Emanuel's product "goes to burn for energy." One automobile tire, burning, will release about two hundred and fifty thousand British thermal units of energy—enough to heat fourteen hundred pounds of ice water to a boil. A tire contains considerably more energy than an equivalent weight of bituminous coal. United States paper mills, cement plants, and five hundred power plants currently burn bituminous coal. According to the California Integrated Waste Management Board, tires produce less ash and contain less sulphur than many commonly used types of coal, and with "no significant differences in emissions."

It has crossed Norman Emanuel's mind that he could keep the rubber he shreds and make use of it himself. He dreams sometimes of his own 1.5-megawatt power plant, and also of his own vegetable cannery, using "tires as fuel to make that stame." He says, "I see now that I could be almost self-sufficient."

He has in his stockpiles at any given time, in addition to shredded material, more than five hundred thousand tires graded to be sold for use on the road. Of the three million discarded tires that he annually collects, about seven hundred and fifty thousand are in good to excellent condition. One of his warehouses was half again as large as a football field.

It was filled with tires that, by and large, were not burl stacked, one upon another, but densely laced, cross-bedded, adroitly assembled in converging angles by a method he called windrowing. The great room was as clean and tidy as a yarn shop.

"I hate a mess," he said. "I hate dirt."

On an amazing percentage of the inventory the treads were so high that the tires seemed new. He exports them all over the world. He sent a hundred thousand tires to Russia last year.

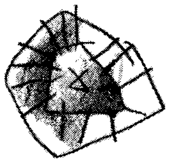
"Russia's a good market but you can't get no money."

Trade is brisk right there on Bentalou, where Baltimore bluebloods often cluster.

"People with Mercedes, people with Jaguars come here to buy tires. I mean, the economy's in bad shape."

His tall slender wife, Dafene, who is also from Robeson County, North Carolina, runs the office. She tries to keep up with the proliferating regulations that inhibit and threaten their business, and she appears to be a good deal cooler than he. A new state law limits them to fifteen thousand cubic feet of inventory, or about five truckloads of shredded material—the practical equivalent of nothing in a nation that throws away two hundred and fifty million tires a year and has about as many Norman Emanuels as congressmen from Alaska. Constricting regulations are what caused him to say, "They haven't found anything that I've done right, but the things I've been doing, they're eliminating that." He likes to let tire chips sit in weather for two to three years, so that oxidation will remove protruding steel—a process too passive to survive regulation. To date, he and Dafene have paid three hundred thousand dollars in legal fees in their effort to come to terms with the state. "The thing is simple: What can you do with tires? Landfill them or shred them. Why does the state want it gone from the face of the earth?" he asks, evidently asserting that the state wants the tires and the shreds to vanish but is not practically considering how that might happen. He grumbles that Texas and North Carolina are the only states that don't create problems for people who collect tires. He summarizes Maryland as follows: "The state says you've got to take tires to an approved place, but there's no place they approve. The State of Maryland, they stuff all their stuff into other states they can." He continues, "Everybody in this country is worried about a vote instead of doing what's right. They've forgot the difference between right and wrong. When I'm dead, everybody will know that I made a difference in solving this tire problem. I'll make it happen. You only live once in your life."

AERIAL crop dusters use burning tires as wind socks. To attract fish, tires are piled in oceans as artificial reefs. Tires are amassed around harbors as porous breakwaters. In Guilford, Connecticut, Sally Richards grows mussels on tires. Tires are used on dairy farms to cover the tarps that cover silage. They stabilize the shoulders of highways, the slopes of drainage canals. They are set up as crash barriers, dock bumpers, fences, and playground tunnels and swings. At Churchill Downs, the paving blocks of the paddock are made of scrap tires. Used tires are used to fashion silent stairs. They weigh down ocean dragnets. They become airplane shock absorbers. They become sandals. Crumbed and granulated tires become mud flaps, hockey pucks, running tracks, carpet padding, and office-floor anti-fatigue mats. Australians make crumb rubber by freezing and then crushing tire chips. Japanese have laid railroad track on crumbed tires. Dirt racetracks seeded with crumbed tires are easier on horses. Crumbed tires added to soil will increase porosity and allow more oxygen to reach down to grass roots. Twelve thousand crumbed tires will treat one football field. In Colorado, corn was planted in soil that had been laced with crumbed tires. The corn developed large, strong roots. A mighty windstorm came and went, and the tire-treated field was the only corn left standing in that part of Colorado. All such uses, though, as imaginative and practical as they may be, draw down such a small fraction of the tires annually piled as scrap that while they address the problem they essentially do not affect it.



Retreads don't help much, either, in holding down the national pile, although Air Force One lands on retreads, the jets of the Blue Angels land on retreads, and when H. Norman Schwarzkopf touched down in Saudi Arabia he touched down on retreads. Almost all commercial airliners roll on retreaded tires. Most buses—including school buses—and most taxis are on retreads, and so are ten thousand Frito-Lay trucks and thirty-six thousand U.P.S. trucks. A company sensitive to costs per mile will retread its casings three times. A retread is in no way inferior to a new tire, but new tires are affordable, and the retreaded passenger tire has descended to the status of a clip-on tie. Not long ago, twenty-four million passenger tires were retreaded every year, but the number has declined nearly seventy per cent, swelling the volume of discards. Pilot plants have been erected to decompose tires through pyrolysis (destructive distillation, thermal degradation) in an attempt to recycle some of the fifteen million barrels of oil that are thrown away in tires in the United States each year. The process has not shown a profit. Tire chips go into rubber-modified asphalt concrete. RUMAC, as it is known, absorbs more heat than other surfaces do, gets rid of ice and snow, reduces glare, and makes a quiet road, a resilient road, a deformation-resistant road. A mile of RUMAC thirty-six feet wide and three inches thick uses sixteen thousand tires. The road lasts twice as long as ordinary asphalt. But ordinary asphalt is recycled, and that is hard to do if there is rubber in it. Few miles of American road are RUMAC.

When Jack Waggoner, of Sacramento, first wrote to me about the great tire pile of California, he mentioned that all the scrap tires now strewn about the American landscape would make a stack a hundred and forty-two thousand miles high. If you want to get rid of something like that, you don't try to do it by making lacrosse balls. The technological need is for consumption of old whole tires in a major useful way, and that, he said, was now going on at the big pile. Waggoner is an easygoing, ocean-fishing man in his fifties who has been in some aspect of the tire business all his adult life. In 1957, he was working in a Flying A service station in Lodi, near Stockton, when a customer said to him, "You do a hell of a job washing windshields. Come to work for me." The customer was impressive. Suit, tie, vest, hat, furled umbrella, he "looked like he should be calling on heads of state," but he was actually the sales manager of Super Mold, the largest manufacturer of tire-retreading machinery in the world. For years, Waggoner's territory included Japan, the Philippines, Indonesia, Ceylon, and islands of the South Pacific. He was "real heavy into Vietnam," where eight hundred truck tires were retreaded every day. Eventually, he started his own company, and when the retread business declined he augmented sales by distributing shredders. Driving south on I-5 toward the big pile, he said, "Once you get rubber in your veins, you can never get it out." I asked him why he, a purveyor of shredding machines, was interested in whole-tire recycling. He said, "Because it's the right thing to do."

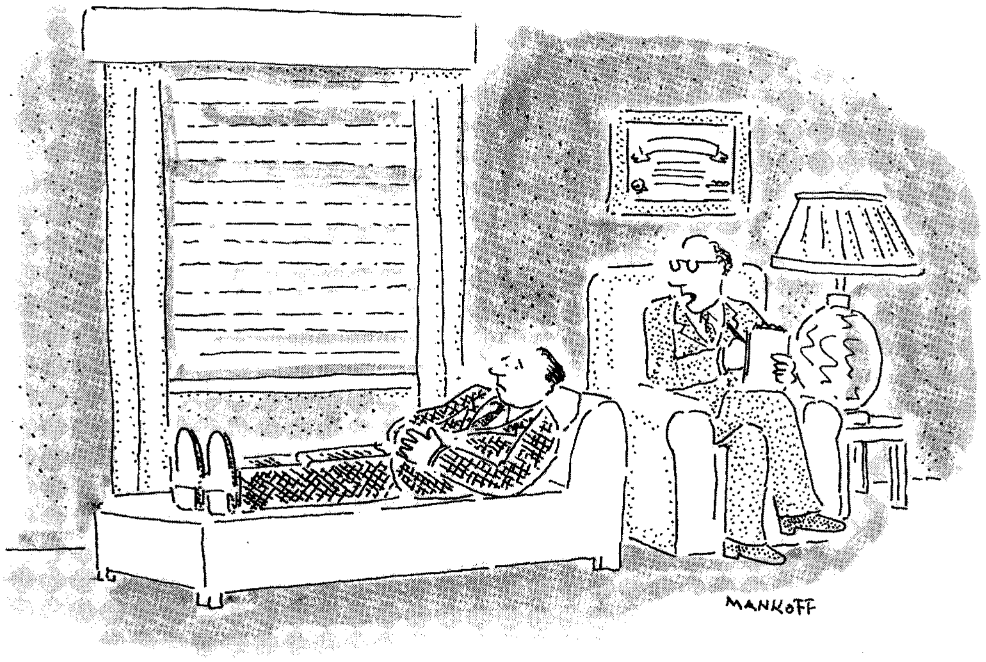
On a dirt road behind a truck stop, we soon came to a guardhouse and a platinum-haired security man in a black leather jacket with a huge silver star. Waggoner was grata. No cameras allowed. We made our way into the range. On the hilltop opposite the tires was an electric plant with two Standardkessel boilers and a fueling technology of German design—taller than it was broad, like a castle by the Neckar or the Rhine. From the bottom of the valley rose a moving conveyor at least four hundred feet long. Tires were riding upward, and we climbed five stories of steel steps to watch them arrive. Producing stame, the structure was now and again fogged by its own swirling cloud, which blew off and revealed the creased hills. At the top of the conveyor was a carrousel that accepted the tires, carried them around, and watched them with electric eyes. When air-lock chambers were ready to receive them, fingers of steel came up through the carrousel and shoved them to one side. They went into the air-lock chambers, and then fell to a reciprocating grate—a nickel-chromium stoker grate—which looked something like a stairway, with accordion steps that contracted and expanded and advanced the tire toward the core of conflagration. You could watch this through a window, two inches in diameter. Scarcely had a new tire landed on the grate when—count one, count two—it burst into wild flame, at upward of twenty-five hundred degrees. At the far side of the fire chamber, where the fuel compacted and the heat was most intense, a peephole looked in at the climax of the burning. What appeared there resembled the cliff-like snout of a glacier, white in a bath of auroran red, with white particulate flying like snow, and lumps and bumps and moguls.

The plant was supplying enough power to Pacific Gas & Electric to fulfill the daily requirements of fifteen thousand homes. Among dedicated waste-to-energy fuels, tires have two to three times as many B.T.U.s as municipal solid waste, refuse-derived fuel, or biomass. Generally operating around the clock, the plant was burning seventeen thousand tires a day. It burns five million tires a year.

Filbin the Tire Jockey—having been paid, say, an average of a quarter of a dollar for collecting each of the many millions of tires he had stored here—was now selling them to the Oxford Energy Company, owners of the plant, for slightly more. Doug Tomison, Oxford's plant manager, mentioned "a royalty arrangement on a sliding scale," and the scale had to do with how many million tires were in the great pile. Tomison's rough estimate came in one digit. Tomison was a young handsome dark-haired man on crutches. All in four weeks, he had hit a school bus with his motorcycle, a bee had stung him on the motorcycle, and a cow had kicked him off it, too. But that level of misfortune was painless compared with the kicking he was getting from the tire jockey. "He's killing us," Tomison said. "We're making a profit and giving it to him." By burning whole tires, the company saves a shredding cost of twenty-five dollars a ton, but not even that can turn the thing around. Oxford was paying Filbin over a million dollars a year.

Oxford Energy has been described by Anne Evans as "four or five guys with an idea," and at one point she was one of the guys. As a director of the National Tire Dealers and Retreaders Association, she encouraged Oxford from the beginning. They hired her as a consultant. In Sterling, Connecticut, Oxford has a plant that consumes more tires than the one in California. These are the only power plants in the United States that burn whole tires. By 1995, Oxford hopes to have four plants on line, annually consuming thirty-one million tires. The California plant was dedicated in 1987. On a wall in its trailer-office is a framed citation featuring a large letter "E": "1988 Environmental Protection Award for outstanding achievement by industry in the protection of our natural environment. Awarded by Power Magazine to Oxford Energy Company, Modesto, California. The E stands for environment and is a symbol of concern for the purity of our nation's air and water." And next to that is a 1988 United States Department of Energy "Special Award for Energy Innovation. . . . Presented to the Oxford Energy Company in recognition of a significant contribution to our nation's energy efficiency."

The Attorney General of California has shown professional interest in the tire pile. One of many considerations is that if a smoldering fire were to spread far through it a river of oil would go out of the hills and into the California Aqueduct. Los Angeles' femoral artery, the California Aqueduct is close by Interstate 5, a few thousand yards from the tires and three hundred feet below them. Looking across the valley, we could see in the rolling black dunes tiny figures moving. They were people, carrying tires. One tire at a time, the people were shifting tens of thousands of tires—by hand, the only



"Why don't you just go and see this summer's feel-good movie?"

way to do it—creating fire lanes to satisfy the government.

In the power-plant compound, the second-largest structure was the bag house, full of Gore-Tex bags hung up like balloons. They remove fine ash down to three microns. Burning tires emit nitrogen and sulphur oxides (known as Nox and Sox), carbon monoxide, particulate matter, hydrocarbons, arsenic, cadmium, chromium, lead, zinc, dioxins and furans, polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons, polychlorinated biphenyls, and benzene. These pollutants are also emitted by coal. About seventy-five per cent of the ash is a rock-like slag of ferrous oxide, which falls into a hopper with a steel-belted thud and hardly requires a filter. A process called Thermal DeNox deals with nitrogen oxides. There is a limestone-slurry spray scrubber to remove sulphur. The fly ash is largely zinc, which is the major pollutant, and it is trapped in the Gore-Tex bags. Computers by the roomful operate the machines. The pollution-control equipment cost Oxford seven million dollars. Well over half of the Nox gets away. Of the Sox, two per cent escapes, as do smaller amounts of carbon monoxide.

As the limestone slurry reacts with the sulphur dioxide, gypsum results—as much as twelve tons a day. Gypsum can be used as a "soil amendment." Farmers buy it all. Zinc is recovered as zinc. The iron oxide, for the most part, is stored, looking for a customer, but some is sold as gravel for use in cement.

The country over-all would do well to burn whole tires in making cement. Flanking Interstate 5 near Redding—two hundred miles north of Filbin's pile—are a limestone quarry and a cement plant. Powdered limestone and shale are fed into a cylindrical precalcining furnace—a ten-story tower—up the side of which runs a chain-conveyor with steel hooks. From each hook hangs a tire. The tires enter from chutes about halfway up the tower, and, as they drop, flash in fire. The mixture of stone and burning tires moves on into a huge revolving drum that is slightly inclined from the horizontal, spins two times a minute, and extends more than two hundred yards. The Fahrenheit temperature rises within it to twenty-six hundred degrees. As the rock, revolving, roasts, the tires supply not only heat but also the iron oxide indispensable to cement. The ash residue of the tires becomes a part of the chemistry of the cement. The tires disappear absolutely. Their steel is completely oxidized. The heat causes the limestone's calcium carbonate and carbon dioxide to separate, leaving calcium oxide, or quicklime. Then quicklime reacts with silica and alumina (in the shale) to form calcium silicates and aluminates, which leave the kiln as clinker in pieces the size of eggs. The clinker is ground with gypsum, and that is cement. No ash, no slag. In Germany and Japan, about twenty per cent of the fuel for cement plants is whole tires. The kiln in Redding—at the Calaveras Cement Company—consumes more than two hundred tires an hour. It has a bag house and other state-of-the-art pollution-control equipment. California has eleven cement plants, ten of which are close to cities, where the tires are. Those eleven plants could consume all of the twenty million tires annually discarded in California and dispose of five million additional tires as well. California cement plants require thirty-four trillion B.T.U.s a year, and ninety per cent of that energy is supplied by coal. In words of the California Integrated Waste Management Board, "The cement manufacturing industry could use all of the waste tires generated in the state as well as the existing stockpiles. . . . From an energy perspective, use of tires as a supplemental fuel in cement kilns displaces fossil fuels and results in no wastes and no significant differences in emissions." A cement plant near Santa Cruz applied for a permit to use tires but gave up because of the cost of fighting environmentalists. Cement plants alone could solve the scrap-tire dilemma. There are enough cement plants in the United States to use three billion tires a year.

In 1989, Anne Evans was invited by Great Britain's Department of Trade and Industry to develop in England a dedicated waste-to-energy tire-burning power plant like the one in California. She was thirty-three years old then. While still in her twenties, she had started a tire export-import business that operated in many countries around the world, including England, and her profits were very large. Always—in a shifting, chronic manner—tires became overstocked or understocked in this place and that. What she did was move them from supply to demand, meanwhile watching currency fluctuations, which she rode like thermals. "If you work very hard at that and don't get a lot of sleep, and if you understand letters of credit, you do very well," she told me. "The idea is to close a deal within twenty-four hours. You make a good relationship with a freight forwarder, and your life gets very simple. Be honest. Do a good job. Don't be greedy. And you'll do well."

Her distributors were involved not only with new tires but with old ones, and the problem of how to dispose of the old ones was everywhere increasing. She remembers her grandfather saying, "He who figures out what to do with these tires is going to make a million"—her grandfather Tony DiGiandomenico, who started the family's Firestone dealership and retreading company in Middletown. Her father, Mario Salemi, had rubber in his veins, too. His parents, and Tony DiGiandomenico's mother, came from Melilli, near Syracuse, in Sicily, as did so many other citizens of Middletown that they built an exact copy of Melilli's ornate and gilded Church of San Sebastiano. To this day, almost anybody from Middletown can cash a personal check in Melilli. It may be a little easier if your name is DiGiandomenico. Anne, at twenty-two and with scarcely any more business training than any other recent product of Newton College of the Sacred Heart, was working in Washington for the National Republican Congressional Campaign Committee when her father fell ill and she went home to take over the tires.

Now she commutes from Connecticut, where her husband is a real-estate broker, to Wolverhampton, in the West Midlands, home of her Elm Energy & Recycling. Wolverhampton is twelve miles from Birmingham. The plant occupies six acres, surrounded by quiet streets and private suburban homes. Except for its exhaust stack, it is an unobtrusive ground-hugging structure, in which tires are not stockpiled but arrive instead in a continuous stream of lorries. Michelin, Pirelli, Goodyear, Dunlop—all the big tire companies operate their own retail stores in England. They will pay the haulers, who, in turn, will pay Elm. All their waste tires will go to Wolverhampton. The plant is capable of producing thirty megawatts, but will sell no more than twenty-five. The rest of the power is needed to run the anti-pollution equipment. The site was dedicated in a tent in April of 1992, in ceremonies overhung by chandeliers and enriched by a cello. The pneumatic Michelin man was outside, the chairman of Pirelli was inside. The plant will soon be receiving twenty-five per cent of all tires discarded in the United Kingdom.

"We are the cleanest power station in England," she told me when we talked in Connecticut. "We're green. We're the best thing since peanut butter." She was obviously undaunted by her discovery that, as she put it, "the English are not receptive to women." She said, "There might as well be a sign at Heathrow: 'If you are a woman doing business, go home.' "

She went on to say, "Energy is a good thing for tires. Landfilling should not happen. That's a total waste—of land, of material. But energy may be just another step in the evolution." She thinks that tires themselves will change. She imagines them somehow being made differently, so that the disposal problem will take care of itself. "Tires will change as cars change. Now they hold the shock. That may be put somewhere else. Tires may be different. A different material. Who knows what?" Meanwhile, she was much impressed by a research scientist for a German tire company who studied tires-to-energy and said, "Maybe we can take something out of the tire to make it easier to burn."

"The consumer has got to be willing to pay mandated disposal fees," she concluded. "It costs money to do it right. Every bit of material should be used to its fullest extent. A tire in its first life is a tire. It needs to be used for something further. Unless we do that, we're wasteful. The reality of life is that we can't afford to be wasteful anymore. Let's do something else with this material when we're finished with it, and we'll be in good shape in the next generation. That takes an industrial commitment. It's not a legislative matter. You can't legislate people to feel a certain way. It's got to be in them to say, 'We've got to do this as a society.' When governments raise tipping fees, illegal dumping rises. In England, when someone takes tires away for fifteen pence a tire and dumps them in a vacant lot, it is known as fly tipping. That is why there is a law in England called Duty of Care: you need a waste-management license; you have to know exactly what happens to your waste. The tire stores have to know."

"Do we have such a law?"

"Of course not." ♦

CURTAIN UP

CELEBRATING HIRSCHFELD

IN a career that spans the twentieth century, Al Hirschfeld has drawn a panoply of performing artists, from Sacha Guitry in 1926 to the star of this week's Broadway opening. As the theatre has changed, Hirschfeld has remained durable and responsive to all new movements. In recent years, he has been called upon to draw massed choruses of cats, a phantom, and a chandelier, but he balked at helicopters, refusing to put one in his drawing for "Miss Saigon." For Hirschfeld, a machine can never be the star of a Broadway musical. A one-man continuum, he is a link with the theatrical past and a harbinger of assurance that the theatre will have a future. "He is the logo of the American theatre," one friend says.

Hirschfeld was born in St. Louis on June 21, 1903. Shortly before his ninetieth birthday, he was at his worktable and drawing a portrait of Robert Goulet in a revival of "Camelot." Hirschfeld said, "I never thought of this as work. Work is something you don't want to do. I couldn't imagine doing anything else." The completed drawing is scheduled to appear in the *Times*, which for so many years—in the words of Hirschfeld's wife, the actress Dolly Haas—gave her husband "an exhibition every Sunday."

With an irrepressible eagerness, Hirschfeld goes to the theatre night after night. The presence of the Hirschfelds on the aisle for opening nights is comforting, reminding one of the residual glamour of theatre. Since the nineteen-twenties, he has seen almost every play or musical that has opened in New York. This means that he has probably been to more shows than anyone else in the history of theatre.

While watching shows in rehearsal or at previews, Hirschfeld makes visual notes and descriptive jottings on a small sketch pad. Back in his studio, in his Manhattan town house, he sits in a Koken barber chair, just like one he sat in as a boy getting a haircut in St. Louis, and sketches in pencil on a large piece of white drawing board. To be sure of an actor's expressions and gestures, he will often look in his bathroom mirror and act like the actor. Before drawing Nathan Lane in "Guys and Dolls," he threw his arms wide, shrugged, and said "Sue me" to his mirror image. It was clearly a case of miscasting—this white-bearded, patriarchal Nathan Detroit. To double-check his memory, Hirschfeld also played Faith Prince crooking her hand in the air as Miss Adelaide. The final drawing for that show, as for other shows, was transformative—a graphic image that captured the essence of an otherwise evanescent experience. Though Hirschfeld's drawings can look realistic, they represent the perfection a performer dreams of achieving. It is a high honor to be drawn by him, a sign of arrival in the profession.

The humorous commentary in his work should not be confused with criticism. Many years ago, Allen Funt, the creator of "Candid Camera," was offended by the way Hirschfeld had portrayed him—one of the rare occasions when this has happened. Funt said that the drawing made him look like a monkey. Hirschfeld refused to take credit. That, he said, was "God's work."

It is also God's work that Julie Harris has pin eyes and no nose, for that is how she appears in Hirschfeld drawings. In stark contrast, Carol Channing has targets for eyes and a cavernous mouth. Gwen Verdon, standing still, has a hip that does a sharp left turn, and Bill Irwin's knees are so knocked that they look locked. Hirschfeld's Zero Mostels are all masterpieces: a sausage holding a cane, a walrus enveloped in a toga, a bearded Humpty-Dumpty, and an anthropomorphic dirigible. Then, there is the self-portrait, Hirschfeld's Hirschfeld, which for many years was a dark, bushy-browed, foreboding figure in the background, entering a theatre or a café in the company of his petite, angelic-looking wife (delicate bangs, two dots for eyes, one dot for her mouth). With age, the self-portrait has moved increasingly closer to Father Christmas.

For all his sense of theatrical history, Hirschfeld is not eager to look back at his own work. Reflecting on his life in the theatre, he says, "Every now and then, a drawing that existed over seven or eight decades will survive, regardless of whether it's of the Lunts or of actors who are unknown today." Long after the performance, the Hirschfeld drawing creates a life and atmosphere of its own.

—MEL GUSSOW

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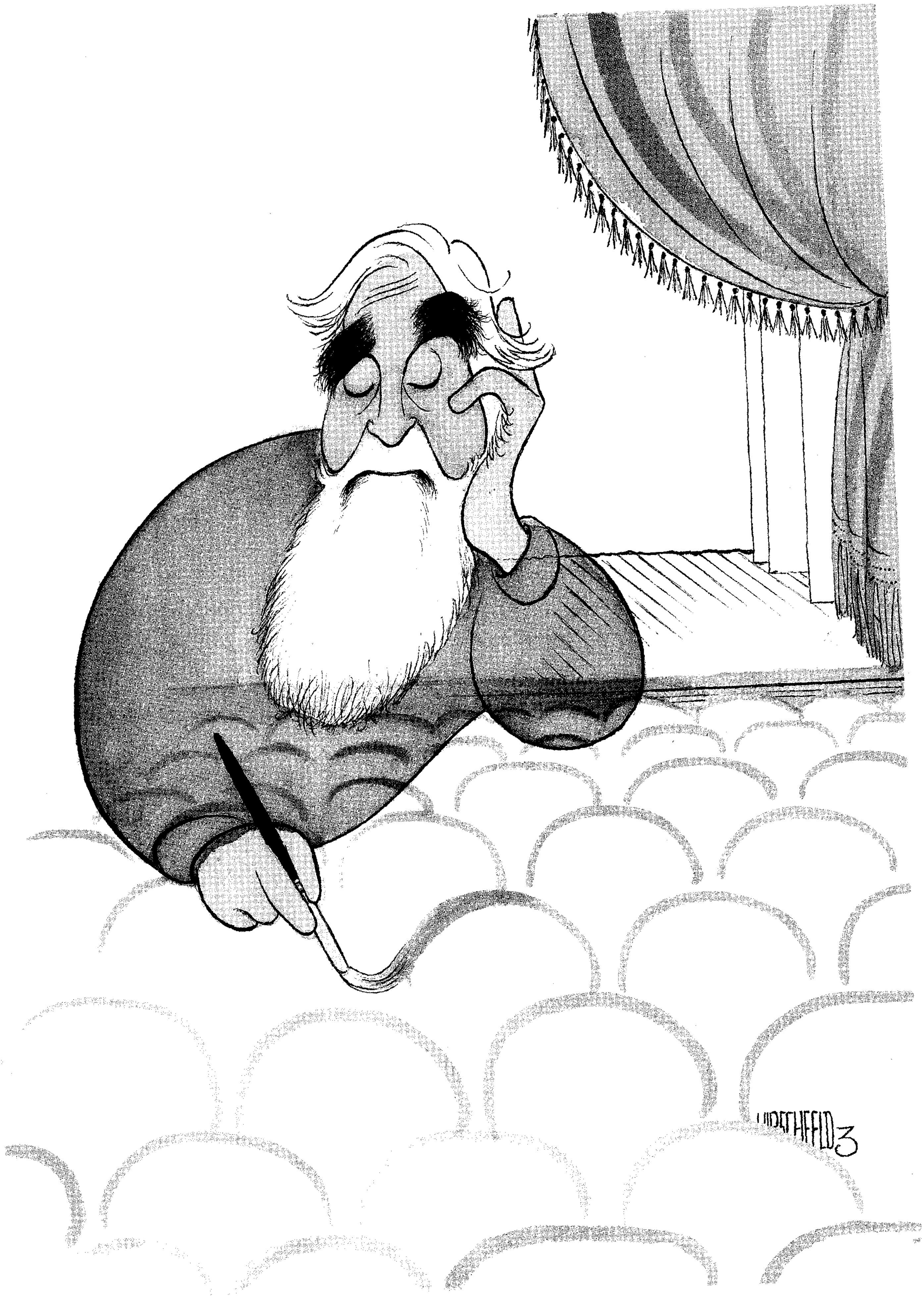

HIRSCHFELD 3

FICTION

DANCE IN AMERICA

BY LORRIE MOORE

I TELL them dance begins when a moment of hurt combines with a moment of boredom. I tell them it’s the body’s reaching, bringing air to itself. I tell them it’s the heart’s triumph, the victory speech of the feet, the refinement of animal lunge and flight, the purest metaphor of tribe and self. It’s life flipping death the bird.

I make this stuff up. But then I feel the stray voltage of my rented charisma, hear the jerry-built authority in my voice, and I, too, believe. I’m convinced. The troupe dismantled, the choreography commissions dwindling, my body harder to make limber, to make go, I have come here for two weeks—to Nebraska, as a Dancer in the Schools. I visit classes in colleges and elementary schools, spreading Dance’s holy word. My head fills with my own yak. What interior life has accrued in me is depleted fast, emptied out of my mouth, as I stand before audiences answering their fearful, forbidding, German (!) questions about art and my “whorish dances.” (The thrust hip, the sudden bump and grind before an *attitude.*) They ask why everything I make seems so “feministic.”

“I think the word is ‘feministical,’ ” I say. I’ve grown tired. I burned down my life for a few good pieces, and now this.

With only one night left, I’ve fled the Quality Time Inn (“Creamed Chicken on Waffle $3.95” reads the sign out front). How could I leave? The karaoke in the cocktail lounge has kept me up, all those tipsy and bellowing voices just back from the men’s room and urged to the front of the lounge to sing “Sexual Healing” or “Alfie.” I’ve accepted an invitation to stay with my old friend Cal, who teaches anthropology at one of the local colleges. He and his wife own a former frat house that they’ve never bothered to renovate. “It was the only way we could live in a house this big,” he says. “Besides, we’re perversely fascinated by the wreckage.” It is Fastnacht, the lip of Lent, the night when the locals make hot fried dough and eat it in honor of Christ. We are outside, before dinner, walking Cal’s retriever, Chappers, in the cold.

“The house is amazing to look at,” I say. “It’s beat up in such an intricate way. Like a Rauschenberg. Like one of those beautiful, wind-tattered billboards one sees in the California desert.” I’m determined to be agreeable; the house, truth be told, is a shock. Maple seedlings have sprouted up through the dining-room floorboards; a tree outside has pushed into the foundation. Squirrels the size of collies scrabble in the walls. Paint is chipping everywhere, in scales and blisters and flaps; in the cracked plaster beneath are written the names of women who, in 1972, 1973, and 1974, spent the night during Spring Rush weekend. The kitchen ceiling reads “Sigma power!” and “Wank me with a spoon.” But I haven’t seen Cal in twelve years, not since he left for Belgium on some foundation grant, so I must be nice. He seems different to me now: shorter, older, cleaner, despite the house.

“We did once have a painter give us an estimate, but we were put off by the names of the paints—Myth, Vesper, Snickerdoodle. I didn’t want anything called Snickerdoodle in my house.”

“What *is* a Snickerdoodle?”

“I think they’re hunted in Madagascar.”

I leap to join him, to play. “Or eaten in Vienna,” I say.

“Or worshiped in L.A.”

I laugh again for him, and then we watch as Chappers sniffs at the roots of an oak. “But a myth or a vesper—they’re always good,” I add.

“Crucial,” he says. “But we didn’t need paint for that.”

Cal’s son, Eugene, is seven and has cystic fibrosis. His whole life is a race with medical research. “It’s not that I’m not for the arts,” says Cal. “*You’re* here—money for the arts brought you here. That’s wonderful. It’s wonderful to see you after all these years. It’s wonderful to fund the arts. It’s wonderful; you’re wonderful. The arts are so nice and wonderful. But really—I say, let’s give all the money, every last fucking dime, to science.”

Something chokes up in him. There can be optimism in the increments, the bits, the chapters; but I haven’t seen him in twelve years, and he has had to tell me the whole story, straight from the beginning, and it’s the whole story that’s just so sad.

“We both carried the gene but never knew,” he says. “That’s the way it works. The odds are one in twenty times one in twenty, and then, after that, still only one in four. One in sixteen hundred, total. Bingo! We should move to Vegas.”

When I first knew Cal, we were in New York, just out of graduate school; he was single, and anxious, and struck me as someone who would never actually marry and have a family or, if he did, would marry someone decorative, someone slight. But now, twelve years later, his silver-haired wife, Simone, is nothing like that: she is big and fierce and original, joined with him in grief and courage. She storms out of P.T.A. meetings. She glues little sequins to her shoes. English is her third language; she was once a French diplomat to Belgium and to Japan. “I miss the caviar” is all she’ll say of it. “I miss the caviar so much.” Now, in the wintry Midwest, she paints satirical oils of floral bouquets; she paints people’s faces in the centers of the daisies. “The locals,” she explains in her French accent, giggling. “They look better this way—*si joli!*” She and Eugene have made a studio out of one of the wrecked rooms upstairs.

“How is Simone through all this?” I ask.

“She’s better than I am,” he says. “She had a sister who died young. She expects unhappiness.”

“But isn’t there hope?” I ask, stuck for words.

Already, Cal says, Eugene has degenerated, grown worse—too much liquid in his lungs. “Stickiness,” Eugene calls it. “If he were three, instead of seven, there’d be *more* hope. The researchers are making strides. They really are.”

“He’s a great kid,” I say. Across the street there are old Victorian houses with candles lit in each window; it is a local custom or left over from Desert Storm, depending on whom you ask.

Cal stops and turns toward me, and the dog comes up and nuzzles him. “It’s not just that Eugene’s great,” he says. “It’s not just the precocity or that he’s the only child I’ll ever have. It’s also that he’s such a good person. He accepts things. He’s very good at understanding everything.”

I cannot imagine anything in my life that contains such sorrow as this, such anticipation of missing someone. Cal falls silent, the dog trots before us, and I place my hand lightly on the middle of Cal’s back; we walk that way through the cold, empty streets. Above us Venus and the thinnest paring of sickle moon, like a cup and saucer, like a nose and mouth, have made the Turkish flag in the sky. “Look at that,” I say to Cal as we traipse after the dog, the leash taut as a stick.

“Wow,” Cal says. “The Turkish flag.”

“YOU’RE back, you’re back!” Eugene shouts from inside, running to the front door as we step up onto the front porch with Chappers. Eugene is in his pajamas already, his body skinny and hunched. His glasses are thick, magnifying, and his eyes, puffed and swimming, seem not to miss a thing. He slides into the front entryway, in his stocking feet, and lands on the floor. He smiles up at me, all charm, like a kid with a crush. He has painted his face with Merthiolate and hopes we’ll find that funny.

“Eugene, you look very handsome!” I say.

“No, I don’t!” he says. “I look witty!”

“Where’s your mother?” asks Cal, unleashing the dog.

“In the kitchen. Dad, Mom says you have to go up to the attic and bring down one of the pans for dinner.” He gets up and chases after Chappers, to tackle him and bring him back.

“We have a couple of pots up there to catch leaks,” Cal explains, taking off his coat. “But then we end up needing the pots for cooking, so we fetch them back.”

“Do you need some help?” I don’t know whether I should be with Simone in the kitchen, Cal in the attic, or Eugene on the floor.

“Oh, no. You stay here with Eugene,” he says.

“Yeah. Stay here with me.” Eugene races back from the dog and grabs my leg. The dog barks excitedly.

“You can show Eugene your dance video,” Cal suggests as he leaves the room.

“Show me your dance video,” Eugene says to me in a singsong. “Show me, show me.”

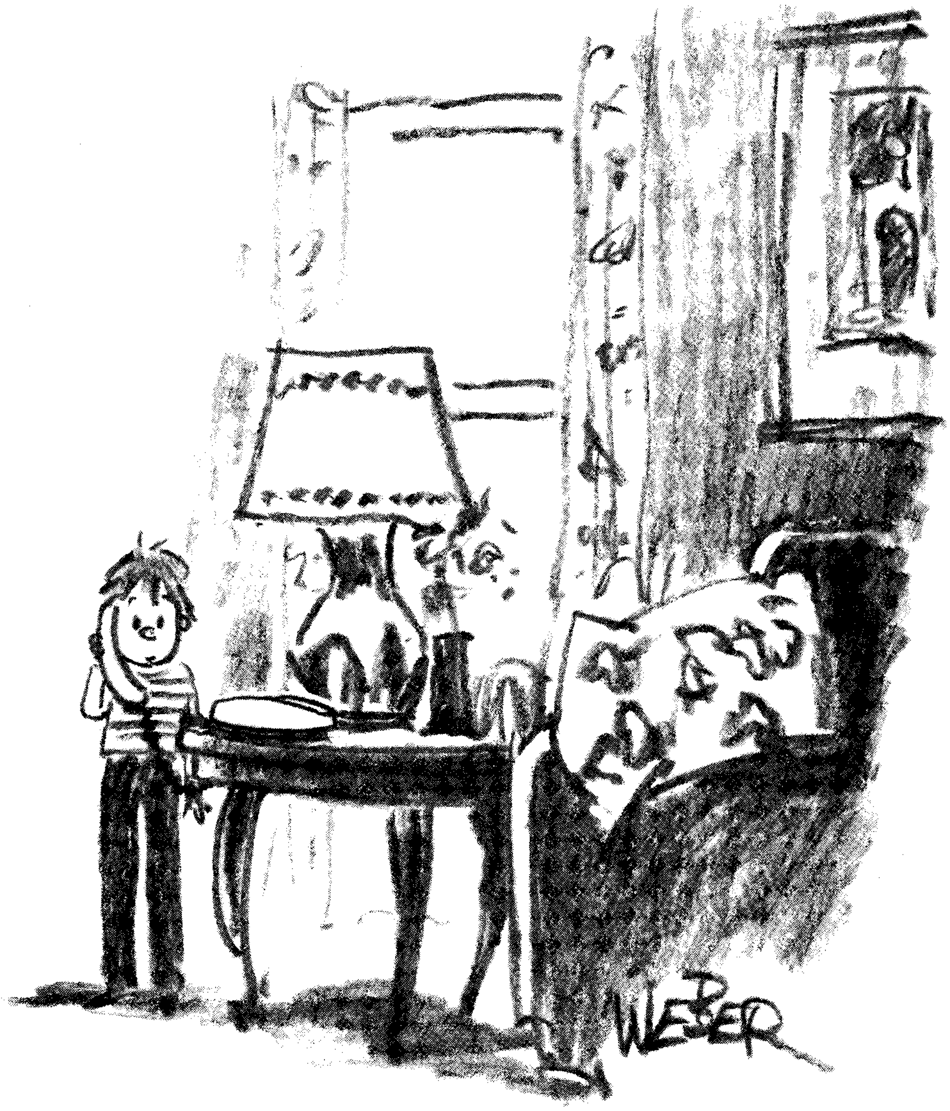
“Do we have time?”

“We have fifteen minutes,” he says with great authority. I go upstairs and dig it out of my bag, then come back down. We plug it into the VCR and nestle on the couch together. He huddles close, cold in the drafty house, and I extend my long sweater around him like a shawl. I try to explain a few things, in a grownup way: how this dance came to be, how movement repeated breaks through all resistance, into a kind of stratosphere, from recalcitrance to ecstasy, from shoe to bird. The tape is one made earlier in the week. It is a demonstration with fourth graders. They each had to invent a character, then design a mask. They came up with various creatures: Miss Ninja Peacock, Mr. Bicycle Spoke Head, Evil Snow Man, Saber-Toothed Mom (“half girl, half man, half cat”). Then I arranged the kids in a phalanx and led them with their masks on, in an improvised dance to Kenny Loggins’ “This Is It.”

Eugene watches, rapt. His brown hair hangs in strings in his face. “There’s Larry Crowell,” he says. He knows the fourth graders as if they were royalty. When it is over, he looks up at me, smiling but businesslike. His gaze behind his glasses is brilliant and direct. “That was really a wonderful dance,” he says. He sounds like an agent.

“Do you really think so?”

“Absolutely,” he says. “It’s colorful



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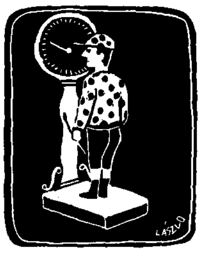
and has lots of fun, interesting steps."

"Will you be my agent?" I ask.

He scowls, unsure. "I don't know. Is the agent the person who drives the car?"

"Dinner's ready!" Simone calls from two rooms away, the wank-me-with-a-spoon room.

"Coming!" shouts Eugene, and he leaps off the couch and slides into the dining room, falling sideways into his chair. "*Whoo*," he says, out of breath. "I almost didn't make it."



"Here," says Cal. He puts a goblet of pills at Eugene's place setting.

Eugene makes a face, but in the chair he gets up on his knees, leans forward, glass of water in one hand, and begins the arduous activity of taking all the pills.

I sit in the chair opposite his and place my napkin in my lap.

SIMONE has prepared Peking duck, which is ropy and sweet. Cal keeps passing around the basket of bread, anxiously, talking about how modern man has only been around for forty-five thousand years and bread probably hasn't changed much in all that time.

"Forty-five thousand years?" says Simone. "That's all? That can't be. I feel like we've been *married* for that long."

There are people who talk with their hands. There are people who talk with their arms. Then, there are people who talk with their arms over their head. Those are the ones I like best. Simone is one of those.

"Nope, that's it," says Cal, chewing. "Forty-five thousand. Though for about fifty thousand years before that man was going through all kinds of anatomical changes to get where we are today. It was a very exciting time." He pauses, a little breathlessly. "I wish I could have been there."

"Ha!" exclaims Simone.

"Think of the parties," I say.

"Right," says Simone. " 'Joe, how've you been? Your head's so big now, and, well, what is this crazy thing you're doing with your thumb?' A lot like the parties in Soda Springs, Idaho."

"Simone used to be married to someone in Soda Springs, Idaho," Cal says to me.

"You're kidding!" I say.

"Oh, it was very brief," she says. "He was awful. I got rid of him after about six months. Supposedly he went off and killed himself." She smiles at me impishly.

"Who killed himself?" asks Eugene. He has swallowed all the pills but one.

"Mommy's first husband," says Cal.

"Why did he kill himself?" Eugene is staring off into the middle distance, trying to think about this.

"Eugene, you've lived with your mother for seven years now, and you don't know why someone close to her would want to kill himself?" Simone and Cal look straight across at each other and laugh brightly.

Eugene smiles in an abbreviated and vague way. He understands this is his parents' joke, but he doesn't like or get it. He is bothered because they have turned his serious inquiry into a casual laugh. He wants information. But now he just digs into the duck, poking and looking.

Simone asks about the school visits—what am I finding, are people nice to me, what is my life like back home, am I married.

"I'm not married," I say.

"But you and Patrick are still together, aren't you?" Cal says in a concerned way.

"Uh, no. We broke up."

"You broke up?" Cal puts his fork down.

"Yes," I say, sighing.

"Gee, I thought you guys would never break up!" he says in a genuinely flabbergasted tone.

"*Really?*" I find this reassuring somehow, that my relationship at least looked good from the outside, at least to someone.

"Well, not *really*," Cal admits. "Actually, I thought you guys would break up long ago."

"Oh," I say.

"So *you* could marry her?" says the amazing Eugene to his father, and we all laugh loudly, pour more wine, and hide our faces in it.

"The thing to remember about love affairs," says Simone, "is that they are all like having raccoons in your chimney."

"Oh, not the raccoon story!" Cal groans.

"Yes! The raccoons!" cries Eugene.

I'm sawing at my duck.

"We have raccoons sometimes in our chimney," Simone explains.

"Hmm," I say, not surprised.

"And, once, we tried to smoke them out. We lit a fire, knowing they were there, but we hoped that the smoke would cause them to scurry out the top and never come back. Instead, they caught on fire and came crashing down into our living room, all charred and in flames and running madly around until they dropped dead." Simone swallows some wine. "Love affairs are like that," she says. "They all are like that."

I'm confused. I glance up at the light, an old brass octopus of a chandelier. All I can think of is how Patrick, when he left, fed up with my "selfishness," said that if I was worried about living alone in the lake house, with its squirrels and call-girl lamps, I should just rent the place out—perhaps to a nice lesbian couple like myself.

But Eugene, across from me, nods enthusiastically, looks pleased. He's heard the raccoon story before and likes it. Once again, it's been told right, with flames and gore.

Now there is salad, which we pick and tear at like crows. Afterward, we gaze upon the bowl of fruit at the center of the table, lazily pick a few grapes off their stems. We sip hot tea that Cal brings in from the kitchen. We sip until it's cool, and then until it's gone. Already the time is ten o'clock.

"Dance time, dance time!" says Eugene when we're through. Every night before bed, they all go into the living room and dance until Eugene is tired and falls asleep on the sofa. Then they carry him upstairs and tuck him in.

Eugene comes over to my chair and takes my hand, leads me out into the living room.

"What music shall we dance to?" I ask.

"You choose," he says, and leads me to the shelf where they keep their CDs. Perhaps there is some Stravinsky. Perhaps "Petrushka," with its rousing salute to Shrovetide.

"Will you come see me tomorrow when you visit the fourth graders?" Eugene asks as I'm looking through the selection. Too much Joan Baez. Too much Mahler. "I'm in Room 104," he says. "When you visit the fourth graders, you can just stop by my classroom and wave to me from the door. I sit between the bulletin board and the window."

"Sure!" I say, not knowing that, in a rush, I will forget, and that I'll be on the plane home already, leafing through an airline magazine, before I remember that I forgot to do it. "Look," I say, finding a Kenny Loggins disk. It has the song Eugene heard earlier, the one from the video. "Let's play this."

"Goodie," he says. "Mom! Dad! Come on!"

"All right, Eugeni-boy," says Cal, coming in from the dining room. Simone is behind him.

"I'm Mercury, I'm Neptune, now I'm Pluto so far away," says Eugene, dashing around the room, making up his own dance.

"They're doing the planets in school," says Simone.

"Yes," says Eugene. "We're doing the planets!"

"And which planet," I ask him, "do you think is the most interesting?" Mars with its canals? Saturn with its rings?

Eugene stands still, looks at me thoughtfully, solemnly. "Earth, of course," he says.

Cal laughs. "Well, that's the right answer!"

"This is it!" sings Kenny Loggins. "This is it!" We make a phalanx and march, strut, slide to the music. We crouch, move backward, then burst forward again. We're aiming to create the mildewy, resinous sweat-smell of dance, the parsed, repeated movement. Cal and Simone are into it. They jiggle and link arms. "This is it!" In the middle of the song, Eugene suddenly sits down to rest on the sofa, watching the grownups. Like the best dancers and audiences in the world, he is determined not to cough until the end.

"Come here, honey," I say, going over to him. I am thinking not only of my own body here, that unbeguilable, broken basket, that stiff meringue. I am not, Patrick, thinking only of myself, my lost troupe, my empty bed. I am thinking of the dancing body's magnificent and ostentatious scorn: this is how we offer ourselves, enter Heaven, enter speaking. We say with motion, in space, This is what life's done so far down here, this is all and what and everything it's managed—this body, these bodies, that body. So what do you think, Heaven? What do you fucking think?

"Stand next to me," I say, and he does, looking up at me with his orange warrior face. We step in place: knees up, knees down. Knees up, knees down. "This is it! This is it!" Then we go wild and fling our limbs to the sky. ◆

MY MOTHER WITH PURSE THE SUMMER THEY MURDERED THE SPANISH POET

Had she looked out the window she would have seen a quiet street,
each house with a single maple or elm browning in the sun
at the end of summer, the black Fords and Plymouths gleaming
in their fresh wax, the neighbor children returning home
dark-suited or white-frocked from their Christian studies.

Had she looked out she would have seen the world she crossed
the world to find. Instead she unclasps the leather purse
to make sure she has everything—mirror, lipstick, billfold,
her cards of identity, her checkbook with the week's balance
correctly entered, two monogrammed, embroidered handkerchiefs

to blot and hold the tears—for, dark-veiled, she's on her way
to meet her husband, gone three years now into the sour earth
of Michigan. Can the long white root a man in time becomes
talk back to one who chose to stay on the far shore
of his departure? Before the day ends, she'll find out.

She will hunch over tea leaves, she will open her palms,
first the hardened hand of the wage earner, then the soft one
that opens to the heart. To see, she will close her eyes;
to hear, she will stop her ears, and the words will be
wrong or no words at all, teeth striking teeth, the tongue

doubled back upon itself, the blackened lips vanished
into the hole of the throat. But for now she looks up.
It is summer, 1936. The first hints of autumn
mist on a row of curtained windows that look in on us
as my mother, perfumed, leans down to brush my mouth with hers,

once, to say my name, precisely, in English. Later
two women will pretend they have reached two other worlds,
the one behind and the one ahead. As they keen
in the darkness perhaps only one will pretend, perhaps
neither, for who shall question that we most clearly see

where no eye is? Wide-eyed he sees nothing. White shirt
worn open, dark trousers with no belt, the olive skin appalled.
When the same wind he loved and sang to touches his cheek
he tries to rub it away. There are others, too, walking over
the flat, gray stones to where a line of men smokes and waits.

The trees have stilled. Had she looked out the window
my mother would have seen each house with its elm or maple
burning, the children drowning in the end of summer, the mist
blurring the eyes of our front windows, the shale hills
above Granada, where all time stopped. Her purse snaps shut.

—Philip Levine

THE CRITICS

MUSICAL EVENTS

RATTLE AND SELLARS: HEARING DEBUSSY

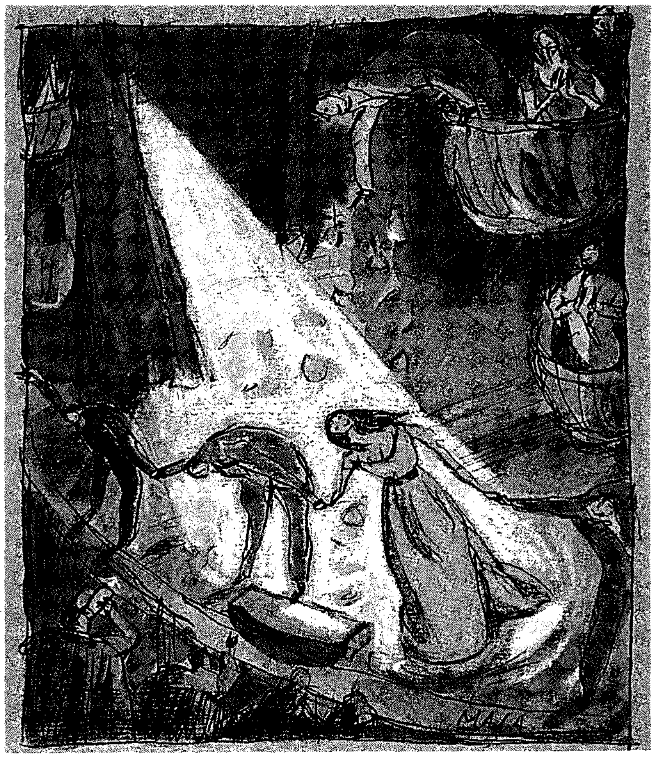
BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

"PELLÉAS" again. During the winter, I wrote about two different productions of Debussy's opera: one in Chicago, the other in Paris, in a version devised and directed by Peter Brook. Now I have to return to the piece, under the compulsion of the astonishing orchestral performance that Simon Rattle conducts for a new production staged at the Netherlands Opera by Peter Sellars. Where Mr. Brook had implied that the orchestra of "Pelléas" is packaging, and had shown the opera working itself out among half a dozen singers around a piano, Mr. Rattle has us acquiesce happily in his belief that the score is the place where the drama really happens—that the subject is sound, and the sway of sound over creatures whose understanding of their predicament is pitifully inadequate. These aren't people who can seize the musical initiative, who can launch a line and make the orchestra follow them. Instead, they're flotsam on the eddies and swirls of the orchestral current, to which they can do no more than listen.

Maurice Maeterlinck's play is full of listening, which must be one of the reasons for its appeal to Debussy as a libretto. Golaud, the hunting prince lost in the forest right at the beginning of the opera, hears the sound of weeping, and so discovers the terrified runaway Mélisande. Later in this opening act, Mélisande first becomes aware of Golaud's young half brother Pelléas by hearing him approach, before what is, for us in the audience, their initial encounter, and the two then join together in exercises of the senses: they listen to the wind rising on the sea, and they watch a ship sail off through the darkening shine that comes from a lighthouse. Watching here becomes listening, since all these phenomena of sea, ship, and light are present in the theatre as purely aural images, created for us by the magic lantern of the orchestra. Similarly, later on in the opera, the characters hear not only sounds but also sights: the quiet sleep of the water at the spring in the castle grounds, and the shadows of the trees; the noise in the sea cave, and the darkness of the vaults. At the climax, Pelléas, with Mélisande in the park, hears the slam of the castle gates being shut against them, and at last realizes he's hearing the sound of his own fate. Then, in the closing scene—with Pelléas, the opera's most acute listener, gone—the old king Arkel remarks on how Mélisande's death has passed silently, unheard.

A reason for the opera's present ubiquity is possibly this inability of its characters to understand the kind of world in which they exist, even though they may be aware, intensely, of the noises it makes. Debussy's score is a stream of information—a gorgeous stream as Mr. Rattle makes it appear—and one that the people onstage can detect and parse: among the casts of operas, they have the most discerning ears. And yet they fail to recognize the relevance to them of what they hear. The world is clear to them, and opaque. It's a situation that may be as familiar at the end of this century as it was at the close of the last.

Mr. Rattle's success is enough to make us all, with Pelléas and Mélisande, listeners, and listeners of the kind this work requires: enraptured, but quick and fresh, and taunted by our inability to act. There is that cruelty to the beauty. The treat is also, in this performance, lustrous rather than lush; it has to do with immediate sensation and swift movement. Sometimes the sensation is so immediate that one's left more aware



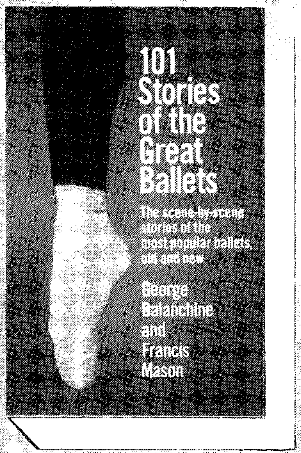
DANIEL MAJA

of the print on the memory than of the present experience: the orchestra flashes with the suddenness of lightning. As for the speed, that's only partly a matter of generally fast tempos. Equally important is the feeling that the music's always moving somewhere, that it's in perpetual acceleration, as it almost can be when periods of motion are either chopped off by changes of thematic subject matter or overlaid, so that a level of slower music can come forward to take over from faster music that's close to spending its force. Mr. Rattle is particularly good at achieving the polyphony of speeds Debussy often demands, and he's good at showing how musical movement can come about not through speed and changes of speed but, rather, through the progressive alteration of a repeating motif. Something smooth and rounded can gradually crack open toward splinteredness, or it can subside into the background.

There's a commanding musical intelligence at work here, and also a commanding sensibility. Everything matters, and the tragedy—of characters who know that it matters but don't know how it matters to them—is for that reason the keener. So far, I've described the performance in terms that are perhaps too abstract, not giving sufficient weight to how beautifully and exactly it realizes all the effects of sound and light the main figures hear, or how it presents a choreography of their movements and feelings. Pelléas's impulsiveness is in the music that pushes him onto the stage; so is Mélisande's stillness in the music that keeps her there. (Pelléas makes three appearances mid-scene; Mélisande is there at the start of any scene in which she appears.) All the many details that Mr. Rattle brings forward are keyed into the drama, either as representational items (the throbbing secondary line that could be the boy Yniold's fearfully fast heartbeat in the scene where Golaud forces him to spy on Pelléas and Mélisande) or as elements in a musical tide that is the more dangerous for the strength and complexity of its undertows. What we have here—superbly played, superbly blended—is obviously the result of a passionate partnership between Mr. Rattle and the Rotterdam Philharmonic.

Mr. Sellars' production could almost have been designed to give their work together its most appropriate foil: a stag-

The Balanchine celebration continues.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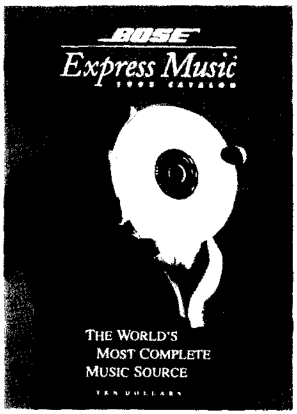

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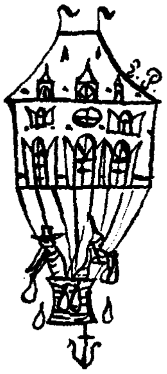
ing that demonstrates its own irrelevance. I've already indicated how the score, especially in a performance like this, presses upon us all we need to know: all the characters' actions and gestures, all the vistas and effects of light they see, and, most obviously, all the sounds they make and hear. Well, here are four conspicuous sounds that Mr. Sellars intrudes: Mélisande's high heels clattering as if on some paving in the first scene; the chink of spoon on bowl as Arkel is fed by his nurse; Golaud's groans in the last act; the click of the handcuffs that the two cops fasten on him in the final seconds. Where the music is saying everything, these things are beyond everything. They have no place in the proceedings. The groans sound not like Golaud's but like Willard White's. The other noises similarly relate only to the accidents of this performance, and stay outside the opera.



Only the most literal-minded will object that in almost every scene Mr. Sellars directly counters the libretto. The opera's stage history is full of Golauds who, when they assure their Mélisandes in the opening scene that they'll "stay here by the tree," totally lack the woody wherewithal. For Mr. White in this production, the tree's place seems to have been taken by a sewage outlet, which, three scenes later, will serve as the spring—the spring that used to cure blindness—beside which Pelléas and Mélisande meet. None of this is necessarily absurd. The ostentatious ignoring of the libretto can be taken, rather, as a signal of how the music has surpassed the particulars of the story that gave it birth. However, a director spoils his case if he takes advantage of the vacuum to substitute a story of his own.

Mr. Sellars' story depends, typically for him, on a re-siting of the piece in contemporary urban America—though in this case the police officers, the street people, and the sewer underlie a Fallingwater-like house set into a cliff over a bay of colored fluorescent tubes that undulate in intensity. The tubes remain from his last opera production, the Salzburg revival of Messiaen's "Saint François d'Assise," which had the same design team of George Tsypin for the set, Dunya Ramicova for the costumes, and James F. Ingalls for the lighting. The problems of matching the lighting to the music's rhythm are also still there, with occasional delights of luminous consonance—particularly when the tubes are in pearly harmonies of white, pale blue, lemon, and pink—to hint at what might be possible. Returning from "Saint François," too, are the video monitors, though they're considerably fewer, monochrome, and presumably present only to compensate for the poor sight lines into the several interiors of the cross-section house.

This cutaway view makes it possible for the production to show three scenes at once. At the moment in the second act when Mélisande is visiting the injured Golaud, Arkel is being bathed by a nurse, and Geneviève, Pelléas's mother, is keeping watch at her sick husband's bedside. It's a powerful image of symmetry and contrast: three women, in different parts of the house, are tending three weakened men, but Golaud's weakness is superficial and transitory, and he's capable, as his father and grandfather are not, of exerting a savage authority over the woman on whom he depends. Striking as this picture is, it's disabled by the fact—the inescapable fact in this performance—of the score's omniscience. Anything the music doesn't register—any person, any action, any feeling, any sight—simply fails to happen in the theatre but remains half happening, as Mr. Sellars' parallel scenes remain half happening, in a limbo of superfluity.

This can be disturbing. People for whom there's no music are in an important sense not there, even though the singer may be physically present on the stage. Mr. Sellars' production is full of such sad apparitions that are all flesh and no spirit: Yniold in the last scene of the first act, Geneviève in numerous scenes after the only two in which she sings (never before can a Geneviève have had six costume changes), Pelléas's father, and, of course, the police officers. It's a measure of the music's power—of its compelling power in this performance—that we trust our ears rather than our eyes, and that therefore all these people are extraneous. In the world of Debussy's score, there are no mute characters until the final scene, when the arrival of the silent maidservants is—or should be—an alarming sign of irreversible change. This effect the composer created, consciously or not, when he excised earlier scenes in which the servants appear and even speak. Mr. Sellars brings back an allusion to one of those scenes, that of maids washing the castle, as one of his many mimed additions. In his production, the strangeness of the silent is a sign that's been flashing on and off since the postlude to the opening scene, and so the maids' arrival to witness Mélisande's death is nothing special.

Nowhere, though, do mutes so get in the way as in the music after the shocking scene of Golaud's rage against Mélisande. This interlude—like the only comparable passage in opera, the adagio after the death of Wozzeck—brings forward a generalized slow cry of sympathy and complaint as the music swerves around from presenting the drama to looking back at it and commenting on it. All we need to see are the two characters who remain after Golaud's distracted departure: Mélisande, abused, and Arkel, helpless to act. Perhaps an empty stage would be even better, suggesting that the music is concerned not just with Mélisande's sorrow and Arkel's impotence but with the whole world of which they're a part—with Allemonde, as the castle is called. What we don't need is a quartet of slightly sinister nurses coming on to calm the king and his granddaughter-in-law, and to create, by their particularity, a brutal dissonance with the music's universal voice.

The specific voices of the Amsterdam cast are variable. Mr. White as Golaud is outstanding: his solemn and coldly open-toned bass projects a violence forced on the prince by despair, but at times there's a gleam of light—anguish or hope—reflecting in bright upper overtones he can bring into play through the darkness of his sound. He's a fine actor. He frankly provides what Mr. Sellars asks: a man wresting himself from suicide, picking up a weird girl he soon stops trying to understand, being engaged in some kind of uneasy truce with the police, and finally falling victim to these opponents. But his noble vocal carriage and his expressive power make all this seem pretty trifling.

Philip Langridge as Pelléas makes us all spectators at a match between art and nature. He neither looks nor sounds like an immature young man, and the part has no use for his distinctive gifts—notably the catch in the voice, the slight rasp that can intimate something unpleasant being hidden or ignored in how Stravinsky's Oedipus or Schoenberg's Aron or any of Britten's leading tenor characters express themselves. Pelléas isn't hiding anything, and what he ignores isn't some malignant secret but the entire universe outside himself. Such naïveté isn't an easy prize for artistry to attain. Mr. Langridge goes down fighting. But at the same time there's a rightness in how this Pelléas is overcome by the rising orchestral vehemence he unleashes through his challenge to fate in his final scene.

Robert Lloyd's Arkel is immensely solid and accomplished, and his rapport with Mr. Rattle is enjoyably sure. Quite against the foolish sentiments of his words, he sounds like an oracle: the only character who hears, in the orchestra, what's going on. Felicity Palmer is clear and forceful in Geneviève's narrative; Elise Ross, if vocally pressed on opening night, looks good as a Mélisande in ice-blue tracksuit and sneakers (nothing abnormal about the hair). Gaële Le Roi's trim performance as Yniold shows up the Anglophone French of the others, though the part does need a boy.

Inconsistencies in the casting are, however, of minuscule importance against the orchestral magnificence and precision. While writing the opera, Debussy played with the remarkable notion of putting some of the orchestra onstage for Mélisande's death, an idea that perhaps came out of his concern for effects of space and texture dependent on the relative positioning of the instruments. Mr. Rattle's performance cares for all those effects, and makes the orchestra not just part of the scenery but the object of the evening. ♦

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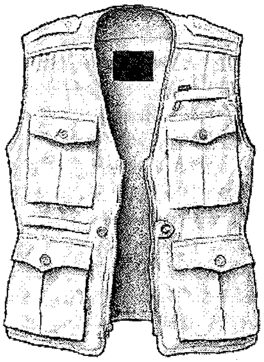

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THE THEATRE

UNDER THE SKIN

BY JOHN LAHR

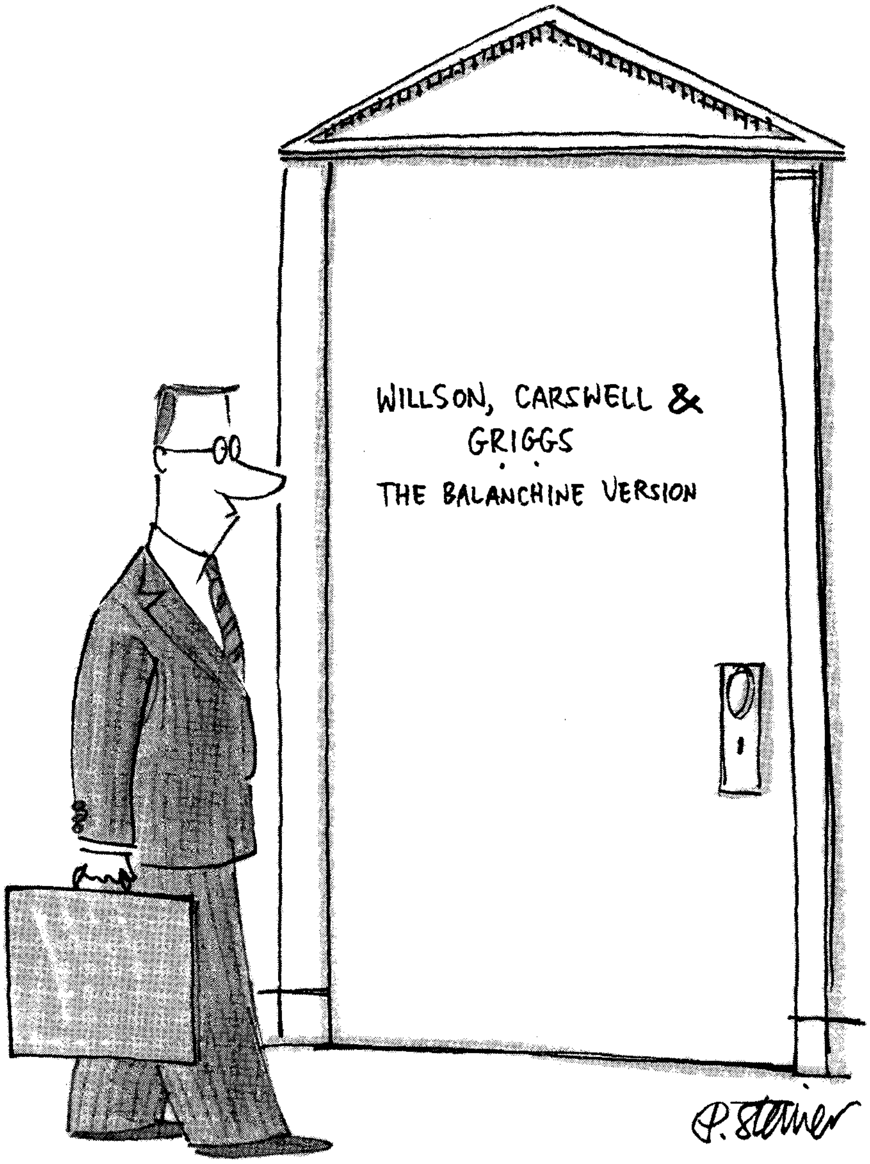
Anna Deavere Smith is a lithe, clear-eyed forty-two-year-old actress and Stanford theatre professor who has done a great thing. She has gone into this noisy republic and, combining the editorial skill of the biographer and the precision of the mimic, has brought onto the American stage the voices of the unheard. She is offering, in what she calls "a parade of color," a new framework from which to assess race and class in American culture. She is not writing polemical theatre but, better, doing theatre politically. "It's crucial that whites in the audience find points of identification," she wrote in a memo to one of the dramaturges of her most recent piece, "Twilight: Los Angeles 1992," which is at L.A.'s Mark Taper Forum until July 18th and opens in late October at the McCarter Theatre in Princeton. "Points of empathy *with themselves*," she added. "To create a situation where they merely empathize with those less fortunate than themselves is another kind of theatre. . . . My political problem is this: Privilege is often masked, hidden, guarded. This guarded, fortressed privilege is exactly what has led us to the catastrophe of non-dialogue in which we find ourselves. I'm not talking about economic privilege. I'm talking about the basic *privilege* of white skin which is the foundation of our rare vocabulary."

Smith wants to breach this fortress by including both people of color and their unofficial language in the public debate. She speaks heart to heart with her subjects, who, in turn, speak memorably to us. There is no buttonholing, no buzz of sound-bites, nothing from the bargain basement of sociology. Instead, like the Billy Holiday song, she asks heartache to come in and sit down. That she succeeds completely is a testament to the integrity both of her performance and of the complex, often poetic feelings she coaxes out of her subjects. "Twilight," which distills more than a hundred and seventy interviews into an hour and three-quarters, attempts, through twenty-seven narratives, to take the pulse of Los Angeles between the Rodney King incident, of March 3, 1991, and the federal trial that ended this April with the conviction of two L.A. policemen for violating King's civil rights. The play—the fourteenth installment of a series she calls "On the Road: A Search for American Character," which came to national attention in 1991 with her award-winning "Fires in the Mirror," about Brooklyn's Crown Heights riots that year—is a bold, prodigious democratic gesture that calls to mind Walt Whitman's dictum "The United States themselves are essentially the greatest poem." Whitman's great poem, of course, invoked the voices of America but celebrated only himself. Smith, who speaks verbatim the words of the voiceless, is really writing a poem with them in public. In this heroic undertaking, she is conducting one of the most sophisticated dialogues about race in contemporary America.

When the lights come up on Smith, the eyes struggle to find her amid the clutter of chairs and tables strewn in some surrealist pattern around the thrust stage. ("Anna's always saying 'It's not domestic. It's not domestic,' " says the director, Emily Mann, who puts Smith neatly through her paces.) The epic nature of the piece is reinforced by the large, undecorated gray back wall, at the center of which is a recess that becomes, variously, a TV split screen, a hodgepodge of graffiti, an office window. Onstage, barefoot and with her hair pulled back, to make the changes of costume and sex easier, Smith somehow neutralizes herself in the task of giving shape to the multifarious voices of others. (In rehearsal, with earphones on, she literally lets the characters take her over, playing back their unedited talk and speaking their words until images and gestures emerge from the rhythms.) "As a student learning Shakespeare, I became fascinated with how the spoken word works in relationship to a person's psychology," she says. "It's the *manipulation* of the words that creates character, not just the words, not just the emotion. My earliest exercise was to take Queen Margaret's speech from 'Richard III'—a vicious speech—and say it over and over again. I did it for three hours. I felt that I'd entered this awful world and this strange woman. I was completely taken over. That became my point of reference for acting. I kept wondering why that wasn't happening in more realistic plays. Why the words didn't really hold. In Shakespeare, the words held not just the psyche of the person but also the psyche of the time."

By demonstrating that to be "literature" a narrative doesn't have to be "educated," "Twilight" goes right to the heart of the issues of race and class. "The process of creating literature is natural. It isn't dependent on a pen and paper. It's a person using their voice and the making of words to come to consciousness of what they know," she says, pointing to the print on my newspaper. "This little thing on a page is

Anna Deavere Smith, photographed by Richard Avedon in New York City, March 16, 1993.



just a capsule. The real magic happens when the word hits your breath."

Certainly in her case it does. I saw "Twilight" twice, and it was thrilling to watch different parts of the Los Angeles community face their reflection. At the first performance—a truncated one, which was part of the Taper's Young Audience Program—things didn't look good for Anna Deavere Smith. A rambunctious audience of more than seven hundred students from eleven L.A. high schools began laughing at the TV images of looting which open the section she was about to perform. But Smith soon tamed them. As Julio Menjivar—one of the innocent Latinos with no criminal record who were nonetheless rounded up by the police during the riot—she was describing in Spanish the police abuse, then suddenly stopped and said to the audience, "I don't think I should say what the police said. Your teachers will mind." The kids shouted back, "No they won't!" So Smith said, "Get up, motherfucker! Get up!" What had started in laughter ended in a standing ovation. The next day, a predominantly white and paying adult audience also rose to its feet at the finale. "She's the closest thing to a professional athlete I know," the Taper's producing director, Robert Egan, told me. "There's a willingness to go out into the field of play and just do it. She's got a uniquely instinctive instrument. She also learns as much dialogue as anybody I've ever seen."

"Twilight" is both a metaphor for a scarred city and the tag of one of Smith's characters, Twilight Bey, who helped to organize the L.A. gang truce, and whose poetic interpretation of his name gave Smith the idea for her title. "I can't forever dwell in darkness," he said to her of the limbo his name signifies to him. In Smith's script, for reasons of rhythm and memorization, the words are printed like poetry, falling unpunctuated down the page. Here, for example, is Bey, a kind of night watchman of his grim neighborhood, discoursing about his name:

> So twilight
> is
> that time
> between day and night
> limbo
> I call it limbo
> so a lot of times when I've brought up
>   ideas to my homeboys
> they say
> Twilight
> that's before your time
> that's something you can't do now
> when I talked about the truce back in
>   1988
> that was something they considered
>   before its time
> yet
> in 1992
> we made it
> realistic
> so to me it's like I'm stuck in limbo
> like the sun between night and day

But in its ruthless probing of both the language and the life of its subjects Smith's piece embodies another aspect of twilight. "The twilight hours are a time when it's harder to see, but they become a more creative time, because you have to participate more," Smith told me. "We might see more because we have to look harder." Her show looks for no scapegoats and offers no solutions. "It'd be horrible to give an answer," she says, "because there hasn't been an examination."

"Twilight" is the beginning of the inquiry. It bears theatrical witness to the barbarity not just of violence but of envy, which in Los Angeles drives both rich and poor crazy. Smith shows people struggling to make coherent their sense of rage and pain. Over the phone, a former Black Panther activist socks it t a militant about armed struggle: "If you just want to die, and become a poster, go ahead and do that." A Korean wife tells of hospital visits to her husband, who has been partially lobotomized by a rioter's bullet fired at point-blank range. "At night, and all the day long, and I spend all my time and in my heart for him," she says, in halting English. Almost all of Smith's subjects struggle to get to the point. Smith tracks her subjects through their quirky syntax and their repetitions. "The process of getting to the point is where I think character lives," she says. "Shoshana Felman, in 'The Literary Speech Act,' says that people talk and talk in order to have an experience of themselves. The sludge is the journey to understanding. The sludge is the self." In "Twilight," out of the groping for words Smith creates a sense of spiritual static. For example, here (with punctuation added) a Hollywood talent agent, trying alternately to deny and to admit that winning in the American sweepstakes means somebody else's losing, ties himself up in the kind of semantic knots that David Mamet would envy:

> But maybe—not maybe but, uh—the system plays unequally. And the people who were the "they" who were burning down the Beverly Center had been victims of the system. Whether well-intentioned or not, somebody got short shrift, and they did. And I started to absorb a little guilt and say, uh, I deserve . . . I deserve it. I don't mean to get my house burned down. The "us" did not in—not (I like to think)—not intentionally . . . But maybe so. There's just . . . It's so awful out there.

The agent never finishes his thought. To Smith, who is fond of quoting to her students Allen Ginsberg's "The breath is the inspiration," the agent's stammering is a metaphor of his moral stalemate. "I'm not interested in who's responsible," she says. "I'm interested in catching this particular agent, who wears Armani suits and is a neat guy. Where is he? That inability to express is itself a reality."

Listening is one of "Twilight" 's major unspoken dramas. In making the audience hear the characters, Smith is also showing it how to listen to the strangers in its midst. She creates a climate of intimacy by acknowledging the equality of the other. She waits out the anger. She accepts the contradictoriness. She cleverly notes the body language. And sometimes even her right to listen is tested. Angela King, the aunt of Rodney King, says at the end of her interview, "You understand what I'm sayin' now. You do? Alright." "That 'Alright' is her allowing me to listen. I'm passing the test," Smith explains. "There is also the issue of 'Am I worthy to hear them?' I like it that in some cases the dance that you have to do to get to the position of being allowed to listen is difficult. That's why I'm interested in a character like Big Al, who says to me, 'You got to live here to express this point, you got to live here to see what's goin' on.' "

The information for which Smith listens is not facts but the inner conflicts of the soul and how they express themselves in everyday speech. There's no mistaking the former L.A. Police Chief Daryl Gates' slip of the tongue when he refers to Rodney King as "Rodney Thing." "You can't appreciate the blossom without the sludge," she says, and her extraordinary interview with Reginald Denny proves her point. Denny, who was pulled from the cab of his truck and nearly beaten to death, became the media's totem of ghetto barbarity: his beating but not his rescue by four blacks got the TV coverage. Smith follows Denny's meandering vacuity—"I didn't usually pay too much attention of what was going on in California, or in America, or anything"—which leads to a moment of eloquence: "How does one say that someone saved my life? How does a person . . . How do I express enough thanks for someone risking their neck? And then I was kind of—I don't know if afraid is the word—I was just a little awkward meeting people who saved me. Meeting them was not like meeting a stranger but it was like meeting a buddy. There was a weird common thread in our lives." Smith says that Denny's phrase brought something into focus for her and her desire to dramatize difference in the community. "What I'm offering—and I never started thinking about it until Reginald Denny's piece—is a kind of an aggressive response to the damage the search for sameness has done for us. We're never going to be the same. It wouldn't be the worst thing in the world for whites to acknowledge it. Then we really could say, 'We have this weird common thread,' which is racism."

The discrepancy between surface and seriousness is brilliantly pointed up by Jon Stolzberg's "videowall," with its elegant use of iconic L.A.-riot reportage ("image looters" is what the South Central locals dubbed the media), which never approaches the depth of discourse of Smith's speakers. We hear from Theresa Allison, whose nephew was murdered and whose son is in jail, how the L.A.P.D. fakes drive-by killings and sometimes eliminates a project

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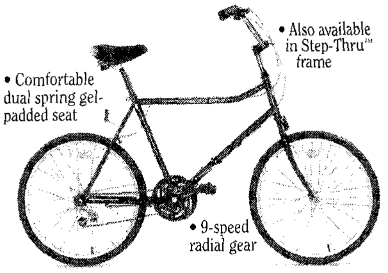
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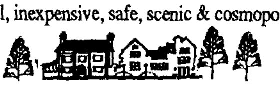

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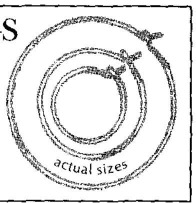

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youth by merely picking him up and dropping him into enemy-gang territory. Angela King remembers the young Rodney King standing up to his ankles in a stream, so alert and agile that he could catch trout with his hands: "I said, Boy, you sure you ain't got some African in you? Ooh, yeah, I'm talkin' 'bout them wild Africans not one them well-raised ones like with a fish hook." A juror in the first trial, which cleared the L.A.P.D. of any wrongdoing in Rodney King's beating, cries in Smith's presence, recounting public reaction to the decision: "One of the most disturbing things—and a lot of the jurors said that— The thing that bothered them that they received in the mail—more than anything else, more than the threats—was a letter from the K.K.K. saying we support you and if you need our help, if you want to join our organization we'd welcome you into our field. And we all just were—*No!*" A juror from the federal trial agreed to talk to Smith after her lawyer saw a preview of "Twilight." Her interview, restricted by contract from quotation or publication, is one of the most fascinating of the evening—a hilarious and touching account of the back-room frustration in which the deadlocked jurors (one Hispanic, two blacks, and nine whites) had to face their own racial guilt before they could finally find two of the policemen guilty of violating King's civil rights.

Twice in the play, characters refer to waking up. Elvira Evers, a cashier whose life was saved by the elbow of her unborn baby when she was hit by a stray bullet, concludes, "So it's like—open your eyes. Watch what is goin' on." And Reginald Denny is aroused almost to a fury at the thought of racism as he says, "I just want people to wake up." "Twilight" aspires to disenchant a community whose major industry is the business of enchantment. "How do we encourage people to grow up?" Smith wondered out loud to me. "Will there ever be a sobering moment?" She then confided a dream she had had the night before.

In her dream, Smith went into a hospital room, where she was alone with a Japanese man whose head was shaved and who had a perpendicular incision on the front of his forehead. She realized that the man didn't know what had happened to him and was terrified. "This is the place where I relate to Reginald Denny," she said of the dream. "It's a very terrifying place, to tell you the truth. It's a place that has to do—it's very, very deep—with coming into consciousness. Of the *terror* of coming into consciousness, whatever that consciousness is. So, for me, my point of connection with Denny is when he's in the hospital, not knowing who's there and having to put together why he's there." Smith's eyes shone suddenly with tears. Her voice cracked. "I guess that's what makes me so sad about America. I know we haven't yet come to consciousness. To me, there is something *very, very* dark and *very, very* disturbing about the inevitability of having to wake up after this *horrible, horrible* accident, which is racism. The only way to master this fear of coming into consciousness is by coming into the consciousness of others, mimicking how other people did it, because it's terrifying to come into my own."

In its judicious daring, "Twilight" announces that a multicultural America is here and functioning and is capable of noisy but brilliant collaboration. Smith herself was struck by the reality of this diversity as she watched on the TV monitors of the Taper lobby her many-hued dramaturges discussing the play with a preview audience. The next day, she sent them a note, which read, in part:

> In my life, in this moment
> you are proof
> that
> "a change's gotta come"
> has come.

Her victory is hard won, and theatre throughout America is better for it. "Twilight" goes some way toward reclaiming for the stage its crucial role as a leader in defining and acting out that ongoing experiment called the United States. ♦

In addition, the Administrator also announced earlier the appointments of Loretta Ucelli to be Associate Administrator for Communications, Education and Public Affairs, and Robert Hickmott to be Associate Administrator for Congressional and Legislative Affairs.

To obtain biological sketches of these nominees, contact Harold Hammock.

—*EPA Activities Update.*

That health-care-reform task force really has Washington on its toes.

THE THEATRE

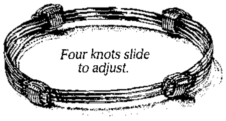
SHOP TALK

BY EDITH OLIVER

IT was almost exactly thirty years ago that I first saw and reviewed (and adored) "She Loves Me," a musical with score and lyrics by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and with a book by Joe Masteroff, adapted from a play by Miklos Laszlo. The show, with Harold Prince making his début in the double role of director and producer, was enchanting. That the revival at the Roundabout seems less so is not entirely a matter of the haze of memory. The current production is a romp, cheerful enough but often clumsy, without the tongue-in-cheek humor or the European decorum or the subtlety, or even the charm, of the original (or of the movie "The Shop Around the Corner," with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart). "She Loves Me" is set, for the most part, in a *parfumerie* in Budapest in 1934, and it tells the story of the chief clerk and a young salesgirl who spend their office hours feuding and their evenings separately writing love letters to an unknown "dear friend"; it takes a couple of acts for them to realize that they are writing to each other, and for her—after giving the poor fellow a hard time, even when he drops by her apartment with some ice cream—to realize that she couldn't be happier.

The plot, as you can see, offers any number of opportunities for comedy, to say nothing of good acting—supplied here by Boyd Gaines (the showoff of the Roundabout's "The Show-Off"), in the leading role, and Judy Kuhn, as his tetchy pen pal. Her role was originally played by Barbara Cook, whom I described, God help me, as "a girl with a lovely voice." Well, Judy Kuhn *is* a girl with a lovely voice, at her best when she sings "Will He Like Me?" as she goes off to meet Mr. Gaines—and, come to think of it, "Vanilla Ice Cream," on another occasion. Mr. Gaines' singing of the title song is a high point of the evening. I also enjoyed Howard McGillin as the shop's Lothario (a role he inherited from the divine Jack Cassidy), and Sally Mayes as a hopeful spinster. For that matter, all the actors are well cast—singly, that is. Louis Zorich is the boss, Lee Wilkof is a most Danubian salesman, Brad Kane is a delivery boy promoted to clerk before our eyes, and Jonathan Freeman is a comical headwaiter. But the production numbers and the dances are clunky ("Amateur night," said the fellow on my left) and could be taking place anywhere—anywhere except Budapest in 1934—and the amplification is a pain. What does hold up is the show itself. The appropriate settings are by Tony Walton, and the elegant costumes are by David Charles and Jane Greenwood.

ATHOL FUGARD'S "Playland," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is an unbroken hour-and-forty-minute conversation between two South Africans, one black and one white, at a travelling amusement park in the Karroo on New Year's Eve. Frankie Faison, as Martinus, the park's stoic night watchman, confronts Kevin Spacey, as a visitor named Gideon, who has a lot on his mind, and before the evening is over they have bared their souls, moving from symbolism to humanity. The subject they eventually reach is the Sixth Commandment: Thou shalt not kill. Each of them, we find out, is a killer. Martinus has murdered the man who raped his woman, and Gideon has killed any number of black Africans. For Martinus, the murder means damnation, which he faces calmly and with no regrets; Gideon is torn to pieces by guilt, unable to stand still for a moment, until the very end, when the men appear to give each other absolution. That is all there is to the action. Yet I have rarely seen an audience so mesmerized, or been so mesmerized myself. Fugard, who directed the play, brings all of South Africa to the postage-stamp stage. The performances are strong (Mr. Faison's is nothing short of indelible), but the spell they cast is rooted in Mr. Fugard's moral passion. The set by Susan Hilferty and the lighting by Dennis Parichy bring the amusement park to delirious life. ♦



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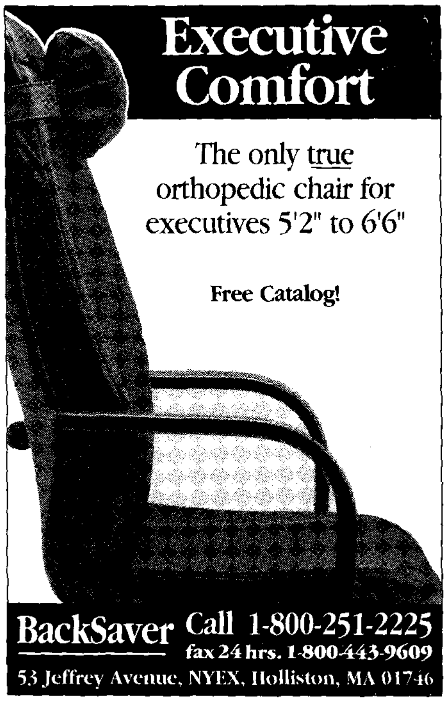
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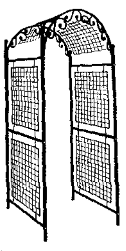
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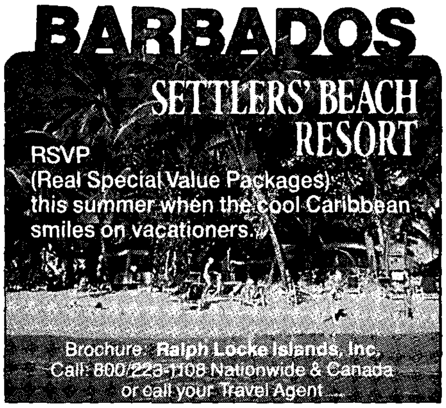
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

PREDATORS

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

The dinosaurs in Steven Spielberg's "Jurassic Park" are the handiwork of a small army of special-effects technicians, and the beasts look pretty good, at least in comparison to their nearest movie kin, the galumphing atomic-mutant monsters that crunched Japanese cities under their feet in the cheap horror-matinée pictures of the fifties and early sixties. Spielberg's state-of-the-art dinos (whose characteristics are based on the current theory that the animals were warm-blooded, and therefore much more active and more versatile than had previously been believed) are a lot speedier than Godzilla and his hyperthyroid-reptile colleagues, and that enables the filmmaker to create dynamic stalk-and-chase sequences. The carnivorous animals in "Jurassic Park"—which include a massive, toothy Tyrannosaurus rex, a venom-spitting dilophosaur, and a pack of tenacious velociraptors—are efficient, resourceful predators: good scream-generators, in movie terms, because they're both intelligent and relentless, like the best serial killers. The placid herbivores don't figure in the plot at all; their appearances are confined to a handful of mawkish sense-of-wonder shots in the intervals between bouts of terror. But in "Jurassic Park" neither the benign beasts nor the scary monsters inspire anything close to awe, even with the aid of audience stimulants like surging symphonic music (by the shameless John Williams) and repeated closeups of wide-eyed, openmouthed actors. Spielberg's monsters have a showroom shine, and they're zippier than the old models, but the novelty wears off fast; for all the ingenuity of the movie's engineering, "Jurassic Park" doesn't have the imagination—or the courage—to take us any place we haven't been a thousand times before.

It's just a creature feature on amphetamines, and its natural audience—as usual for Hollywood blockbusters—is people who have never seen a movie or who want only to see the same story again and again: kids, that is, and grownups who yearn to relive the dumb thrills of their first moviegoing experiences. We're all capable of reverting to childish responses from time to time, but most of us like to feel that we can't be had too easily—that the filmmakers should have to *work* a little if they want us to suspend our adult disbelief and start squealing and cheering and stamping our feet like twelve-year-olds. "Jurassic Park" assumes that we're going to react exactly as we're intended to: everything feels programmed, as if by computer whizzes who think that a piece of software this simple can't go wrong. (It doesn't seem to have occurred to anyone involved in this picture that human beings are more readily bored by predictability than machines are.) Michael Crichton's novel, on which the movie is based, is a rather elegantly designed diversion: science-fiction-thriller junk, but with a narrative so intricately constructed that we don't mind being taken for a ride. But the screenplay, which is credited to Crichton and David Koepp, reduces the story to its bare bones—people running away from hungry animals. The movie "Jurassic Park" turns back the clock on its own source: it's interested in only the most primitive horror-movie effects, and the storytelling is so basic that it's virtually prehistoric.

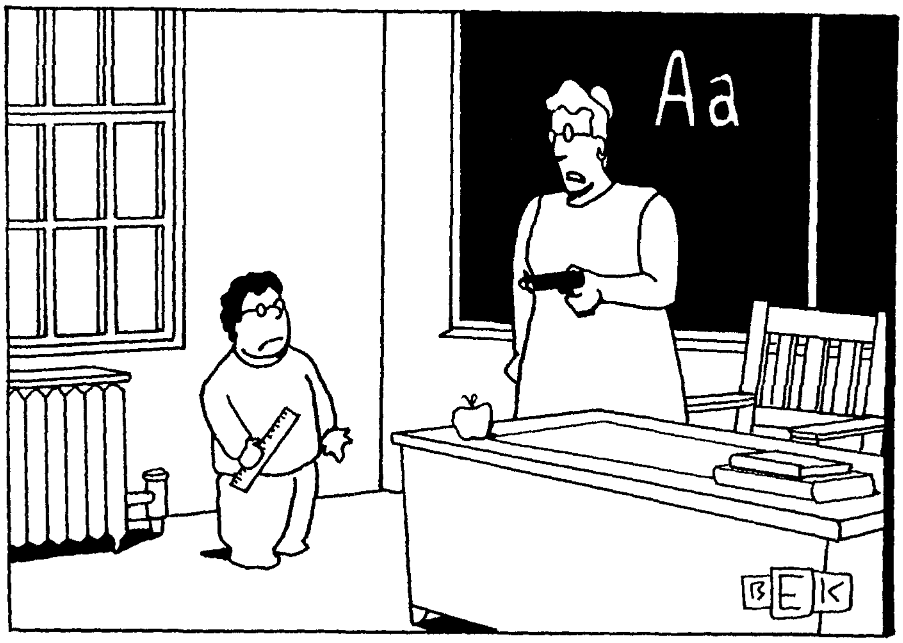
The action takes place on an island off the coast of Central America, where a wealthy entrepreneur, John Hammond (Richard Attenborough), has set up an amusement park that features live dinosaurs. The animals have been cloned from DNA recovered from fossilized mosquitoes that once sucked dino blood. When he has a few full-grown animals (of six species) roaming the island, behind electrified fences that are controlled by a sophisticated computer system, Hammond invites a few people down for an inspection tour: a couple of paleontologists (Sam Neill and Laura Dern); a chaos-theory mathematician (Jeff Goldblum); a lawyer (Martin Ferrero), who represents some large investors in the park; and his own grandchildren, Tim (Joseph Mazzello) and Lex (Ariana Richards). In the middle of the tour, the island's power goes out—an act of sabotage by Jurassic Park's loathsome computer expert (Wayne Knight)—and no one can figure out how to turn it back on. Pretty soon, the T. rex is crashing through the now unelectrified barriers and picking up people in its giant jaws, the dilophosaur is spewing its inky poison, and the six-foot-tall velociraptors are scurrying around everywhere, converging on their victims with frightening speed. (The raptors work together like a basketball team with a murderous full-court press.) Some people die; others don't. The moral is: You shouldn't mess with nature, even for a noble purpose like creating large-scale, lucrative entertainment for children.

This message is not fresh, despite being dressed up in gaudy chaos-theory jargon about the inherent instability of complex systems. And the conceit of a theme park gone haywire is one that Crichton tried out on a smaller scale in the 1973 movie "Westworld," which he wrote and directed. For Spielberg fans, "Jurassic Park" is like an album full of new, slickly rearranged versions of the director's greatest hits. Most obviously, the movie recalls "Jaws," but several of the action set pieces—one involving a truck teetering in the branches of a tree, and one having to do with a suddenly reëlectrified fence—are in the style of the cliffhanger-serial thrills in the Indiana Jones pictures, and the scenes in which the children gape at gentle dinos like the long-necked brachiosaurs cover the "Close Encounters" and "E.T." bases. Crichton and Spielberg haven't come up with anything fundamentally new in "Jurassic Park"; they've just cloned themselves (with a few strands of conventional monster-movie DNA thrown into the genetic cocktail), and they clearly believe that the audience can no longer tell the difference between the real thing and a lab-hatched replica. But conviction can't be faked, even in popular art. When the spark of enthusiasm—of wit, or obsession, or simple joy in invention—isn't there, a movie takes on a dead, glassy look, like the insomniac stare of the killer robot that Yul Brynner played in "Westworld." "Jurassic Park" has a couple of effectively frenetic suspense sequences and one terrific visual joke (involving a charging T. rex and a rearview mirror), but over all the picture feels lifeless. The cinematography, by Dean Cundey, is drab; the exposition is perfunctory (most of the scientific information we need to know is conveyed in an insultingly jokey animated segment featuring Mr. DNA); the characters are endowed with a maximum of two traits apiece, and the actors are hung out to dry on those tiresomely reiterated idiosyncrasies; the dialogue consists largely of strained, witless wisecracks (often delivered by characters who should be speechless with fear or pain); and the plotting is so rushed and porous that it undermines the picture's momentum.

"Jurassic Park" isn't as sorry a mess as Spielberg's last movie, the unspeakable "Hook." It's the same kind of mess, though: an immensely gifted filmmaker's strenuous, confused attempt to recapture past glory. There are only so many ways for a movie to get a big rise out of a big audience, and Spielberg had most of them down cold by the time he made his sixth feature, "E.T.," in 1982. Since completing that perfect piece of Hollywood entertainment, he's been treading water. Hit-makers of Spielberg's magnitude (in music as well as in movies) often suffer puzzling creative slumps, because the relationship between a commercial entertainer and his audience is a tricky one: you might even say that it's inherently unstable. When an artist is aiming for universal acceptance, he's constantly gauging the desires of an unknown, generalized audience, and that's dangerous territory: if his calculations are off, and the audience doesn't want what he thinks it wants, he's stuck with a flop, and, worse yet, a trivial flop—a mousetrap that didn't spring. At a certain point, the technical challenges that face pure pop craftsmen like Spielberg become enervating: it's difficult to do the same tricks over and over—especially if you've already performed them so beautifully that there's no real room for improvement. The movie-magic program that Spielberg has devised in "Jurassic Park" may work for him this time, but he's playing a loser's game.

BENOÎT JACQUES

One of the wittiest things about Crichton's book is its portrayal of Jurassic Park's prime mover, Hammond. In the novel, he's a greedy, arrogant entrepreneur: he's in the live-dinosaur business for profit and for the godlike sense of power that this expensively engineered world can give him. He's a predator himself, and it's deeply satisfying to read, at the end of the book, of the grisly death inflicted on him by the stronger animals that he has brought into being. The movie's Hammond, however, is a cuddly, kindhearted old dreamer, whose primary motive in constructing Jurassic Park is to provide joy and education for all the world's children. He's meant to be a poignant figure, and in this version he's not gnawed to a bloody pulp by maddened beasts; he leaves the island by helicopter, taking one last, forlorn look back at the ruins of his grand, benign, misguided vision. This complete reversal in the portrayal of Jurassic Park's creator is perhaps the clearest indication of the moviemakers' capacity for self-delusion. We're supposed to be moved by this billionaire's disappointment at the failure of a gigantic and criminally stupid entertainment project: he's a decent man who just wanted to put a smile on our faces and make a nice buck. He reflects, that is to say, the American movie industry's sentimental sense of itself. And he *survives*, along with the other good people who deserve happy endings. Survival—with self-esteem—is what big-budget studio filmmaking is all about, and the movie community's ability to congratulate itself on mediocre, cold-blooded creations like "Jurassic Park" is perhaps its most essential adaptive mechanism. Hollywood's scaly denizens don't believe in the possibility



"I'm sorry, but you know too much."

• •

of extinction; they think they're actually living in a land that time forgot.

As popular-music biographies go, "What's Love Got to Do with It," which tells the story of Tina Turner, isn't bad, especially considering that its subject's life inconveniently lacks the tragic ending that filmmakers usually require to give shape to the rambling, unstructured existence of a musician. Tina, at fifty-three, is still performing and recording: she didn't die in a plane crash, like Buddy Holly or Ritchie Valens or Patsy Cline, or from drug abuse, like Sid Vicious or Charlie Parker or Elvis. In the absence of the snuffed-out-in-her-prime option, the screenwriter, Kate Lanier, and the director, Brian Gibson, have constructed "What's Love Got to Do with It" as a kind of feminist survival story: Tina (played by Angela Bassett) rises to fame as part of a husband-and-wife act, the Ike and Tina Turner Revue, but then breaks away from her brutal, domineering spouse (Laurence Fishburne) and climbs back to the top of the charts on her own. The picture's narrative ends in 1984, with Tina touring in support of her solo album "Private Dancer," which wound up winning Grammys and selling more copies than any of the records she made with Ike. (Her 1986 autobiography, "I, Tina," written with Kurt Loder, also uses that album's success as the climax of her story.) To drive the point home, the movie includes a coda in which the real, present-day Tina struts her stuff in a concert performance of the title song; she looks great, and sings as forcefully as ever. Take that, Ike.

"What's Love Got to Do with It" needs that final jolt of irrepressible exuberance, because much of the picture is grim and disturbing. The heroine's marriage is a nightmare. Ike, who discovered her in a St. Louis club, abuses her in just about every way a man can abuse a woman: he works her like a mule, insults her constantly, cheats on her frequently and flagrantly, and beats her up whenever he feels a little out of sorts (since he's a coke addict, he's almost always in that state). The domestic-violence scenes are intense, harrowingly graphic; and when Tina finally walks out on Ike we're relieved, but also shocked to realize that this gruesome union has lasted sixteen years. Seeing Ike's monstrous behavior through Tina's eyes has drained us emotionally, and we want some sort of explanation of the heroine's long-suffering passivity. We understand that the psychology of a battered wife who sticks with her tormentor isn't always easy to fathom, even for the woman herself (Tina's autobiography doesn't shed much light on the question, either), but it's frustrating, in dramatic terms, that the filmmakers can't make better sense of her behavior. The movie has a manic-depressive rhythm that keeps the audience absorbed: Gibson alternates scenes of the heroine's misery with rousing, superbly staged numbers. "What's Love Got to Do with It" gives us a real workout, but it doesn't resolve the human mystery at the heart of the drama, and it's a touch too slick to make its ambiguities and elisions resonate—to give artistic meaning to the murkiness of its subject's motives. At least, the picture has the decency to end on an up, and, for lack of anything better, we're grateful.

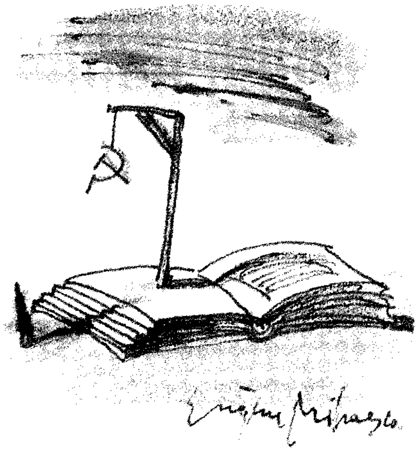
Although Angela Bassett is a conscientious, skillful actress, she seems miscast as Tina Turner. In the musical sequences, she lip-synchs convincingly (to Tina's newly recorded vocals) and scrupulously imitates Tina's spectacular dance moves, but her performances look studied, inhibited: there's no let-it-rip joy in them, and not much sex, either—and without sex Tina Turner would be just another raspy-voiced belter. Laurence Fishburne's astonishing performance as Ike is what holds the movie together. Fishburne manages to charm us, along with Tina, in the early scenes: we see, especially in his confident stage presence when he's charging through R. & B. numbers in smoky clubs, the masculine assurance that attracts young Tina to him, and then we see that power turn threatening, inhuman. The actor builds, in precise increments, a devastating portrait of a macho control freak, and the amazing thing about the performance is that Fishburne finds a kind of ghastly humor in the character's madness. In the second half of the picture, Ike, dressed in a variety of hideous seventies outfits (loud shirts, huge bell-bottoms, gold chains, platform shoes, and even, in one scene, a pair of tight little hot pants) and spewing cokehead inanities at his stoned entourage, becomes a clown—a mean, dangerous clown, but a ludicrous figure nonetheless. At the end of the movie, when he looks back on the rubble of his great project—his musical partnership with Tina, in which he treated her like a trained animal until she rebelled and set herself free—he doesn't have a shred of dignity left. ♦

BOOKS

LIFE WAS ELSEWHERE

BY JOHN UPDIKE

COMMUNISM, though embattled pockets of it still exist and the social problems it hoped to rectify are still globally present, has quickly become something we'd rather not think about. All those junked monuments in concrete and steel, those dreary windowless corridors of power and atrocity, reeking of vodka and fear—let history swallow the whole quaint, grim mass, while we get on with our weightless electronic future, haring after the Japanese. Communism, except in its Maoist version, lacks the macabre charm, the campy death's-head chic, of Nazism, whose insignia recur as graffiti and whose theatrical masterminds exercise the fascination of archfiends. Fascism recreated the glamour of murder and death, and still appeals to desperate or adolescent minds as a way out of this world, whereas Communism ended mired in the world's economic mud, humiliated by its own poverty and beggary. The empire was worse than evil; it was inefficient. A rather majestic enemy became a pitiable failure. So this is an inauspicious moment for an ambitious, conscientious novel painfully explaining the rise and fall of the Communist faith in one earnest agonist.



Ivan Klíma's new novel reflects on the betrayals of Communist Prague.

Ivan Klíma's "Judge on Trial" (translated from the Czech by A. G. Brain; Knopf; $25) dresses an alter ego in judge's robes and attempts to condemn, from within, the Communist system as it functioned in the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic in the nineteen-sixties. Klíma has done some delving into judicial and bureaucratic procedure and shows the slippery human way in which the hierarchy of socialist power achieves its ends, stifling initiative and effectiveness as it does so. But Adam Kindl, his hero, does not manifest much of the Communist functionary's iron, even in rusted, metal-fatigued form; he seems soft and disillusioned from the start. The story begins not long after August, 1968, when an invasion of Soviet troops reversed the liberalizing movement of Czechoslovakia's brief Prague Spring, under Alexander Dubček. The hard-liners have been reinstated and the reformers are in disgrace if not in exile. Kindl, a judge in his late thirties who is no longer in the Party, is handed the case of Karel Kozlík, indicted for gassing his landlady and her small daughter, and is instructed to bring in a hanging verdict. At the same time, Magdalena, a girlfriend of Adam's during his first judicial posting thirteen years before, telephones him; they arrange to meet, and she confides that she needs his help in keeping her husband from being fired from his job as a teacher at an agricultural college. That evening, Adam's wife, Alena, returns from a librarian refresher course where, it is clear to the reader long before it is clear to her husband, she has begun an affair with a young man called Honza. And another erotic thread begins to be spun as Adam, attempting to do Magdalena's favor, reëstablishes relations with Oldřich Ruml, his worldly-wise mentor a decade ago at the Law Faculty of an institute in Prague, and is attracted to and then seduced by Ruml's wife, Alexandra. Meanwhile, Adam's younger brother, Hanuš, a mathematician, is off in England with his wife and debating whether or not to return to their bedevilled land.

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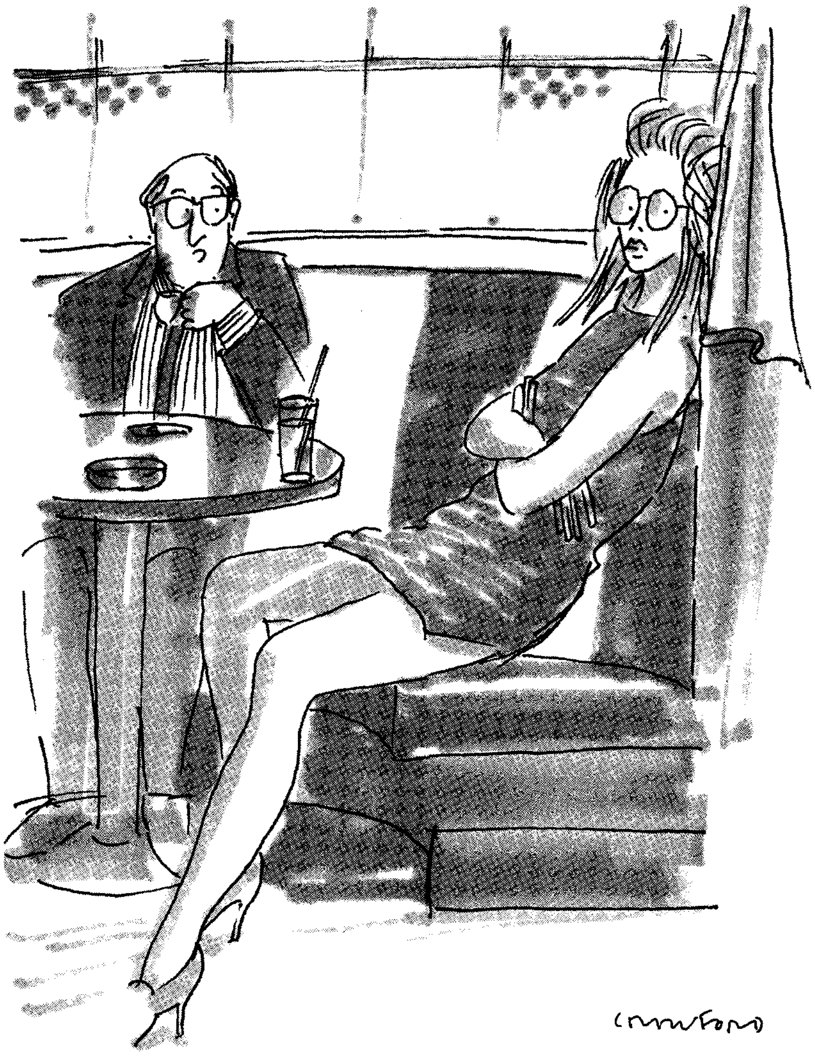


"You know, if you stopped shaving your eyebrows doors might open."

• •

tive sections given the eerie running title of "Before we drink from the waters of Lethe," which consecutively bring Adam Kindl's story up to the book's present. Such alternating layers are becoming a novelist's tic—e.g., Anne Tyler's "Earthly Possessions," Mario Vargas Llosa's "The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta," Yuri Trifonov's "The Old Man." A certain depth is gained but at the price of halving the narrative's speed. The formal interjection of the past begins to irritate the reader; like a hiker chronically halted by a companion's sore foot, we keep waiting for the laggard to catch up. The multiple subplots of the Victorian novel, by and large, moved forward in a spatially extended present; the art of fiction was understood to include the consolidation of the characters' histories within their present deeds. In "Judge on Trial," flashback and reminiscence dominate.

Adam's life story carries the ideological burden of the novel: the making of a Communist functionary. Like the nameless narrator of the other novel of Klíma's to be translated into English, "Love and Garbage," Adam Kindl as a child survived incarceration in a concentration camp. His best friend there, Arie, is from a more observant Jewish background than Adam's, and tells him "with enthusiasm about the old law . . . about the Sanhedrin which judged more justly than courts today." An ominous clown, one of the entertainers the authorities allow into the camp, singles out Adam by asking him "who is the most useful of men." Adam guesses a doctor, but the answer is "the man who tells the truth." That night, Adam peeks out of a paper-masked window and sees "a large gleaming eye . . . swirling round a fiery point," and "in sudden awe I realised that it was He: God or Life whose mystery no one could fathom." At about the same time, he and other children discover in the camp's barracks loft a harmonium, which an older girl, Olga, plays. The music fills Adam with a "strange ecstasy":

> As if I'd been cut off from a world in which one looked forward to ersatz coffee and stewed swede, in which countless unknown people were packed together, a world of shouting, stench, and fear, a world of screeching burial carts pulled by humans. It started to become distant and I found myself elsewhere. I was alone, just myself within my own crystal-clear space. I don't know why, but at that moment I longed to see a wide desert. Most likely it wasn't a desert I longed for, but freedom.

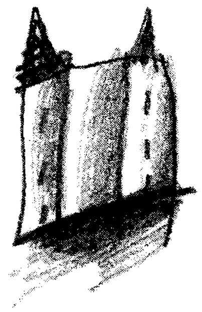
From such inklings of freedom and justice, then, Adam emerges from the camp—liberated by Russian troops—"convinced I had to do something to ensure that people never again lost their freedom." Meanwhile, his father, an engineer, narrowly survives in a German camp, and writes in his journal:

> The boards of management of the munitions firms—Metro-Vide, Imperial Chemical Trust, Krupp, they all created Hitler. Without their help he would have ended up in an asylum the first time he tried to seize power. But their insane hatred of socialism in the Soviet Union where the bosses were put to work, where ordinary working people were appointed in place of the rulers, that completely blinded them. Maybe all this suffering has been good for one thing at least: it has completely opened my eyes. If I live to see freedom, I'll know who to thank for my life.

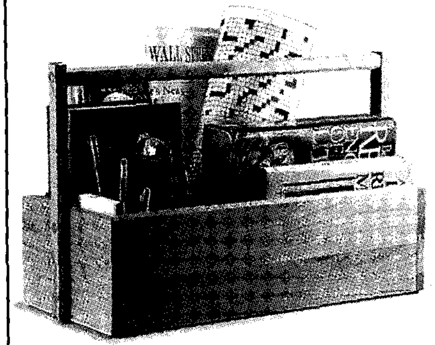
Further, Adam's uncles on both sides are stalwart revolutionaries: Uncle Gustav fought with the British in North Africa, but with no love of the British, and Uncle Karel spent the war in Moscow, where he imbibed the doctrine at the source and saw Stalin at close enough quarters to pronounce him "wise and modest." Small wonder that Adam becomes "a foot-soldier of the revolution, a hobby horse for a new generation of butchers to mount." In adolescence his conviction grows "that it was the communist movement which embodied courage, conviviality, wisdom, humanity and all the other virtues of whose real nature someone of fifteen has no idea."

His gradual disillusion is traced with a meticulousness that we who never shared those particular illusions scarcely need. Yet it is good to remember that postwar idealism and abhorrence of the trauma just endured assisted the Soviet armies in painting Eastern Europe red. European politics had long been polarized by the opposition of Communism and Fascism; the opposition, so clear to Americans, between democracy and totalitarianism in all its forms was relatively unreal, especially after the ineffectual performance of parliamentary governments between the wars. What did the anti-Fascists expect of Communist governments? Not what they got, the repression of individual freedom and the devious self-maintenance of an élite: “Politics . . . consisted entirely of intrigues and scarcely visible movements and shifts within the ruling circles.” Adam's father is more persuasive as a betrayed believer than Adam; he sees what he has lived by ruined. “Science and technology are finished,” he says. “And especially anything creative. They destroy anyone who might be capable of achieving anything. Because the place is run by numskulls and lazy slobs.” While Adam is a student, his father, who has become a factory manager, is arrested and imprisoned for twenty-five months, on phony charges; at the end of a prison visit, he confides in his son. “Adam, it's all lies and falsehoods.” Still, Adam clings to his dream of creating an “island where reason held sway, where I ruled alone for the good of everyone, where I had eliminated all the inequality, depravity and immorality of the present-day world, along with want and unhappiness and all other untoward phenomena.” Though his imaginary island erodes as his experience of the working judiciary grows, it does not sink beneath the waves, even when he is expelled from the institute for questioning the death penalty in an article and asserting, in the consequent hearing, that “censorship was only needed by governments which went in fear of truth and their own people.” It takes the combined weight of a sojourn in America in the mid-sixties, the political events of 1968, a cool betrayal by his judicial superior, and his messy midlife marital crisis to bring him to the point where he can confess, “I used to go on about a juster society and about freedom, but I didn't know what I was talking about. And meanwhile I took away others' freedom and repressed it within myself.”

This is a novel of ideas, political and metaphysical, but Klíma lacks his fellow-Czech Milan Kundera's ability to float them angelically above the action. On the contrary, they get submerged by the action. As in “Love and Garbage,” sexual events seek to garb themselves in political significance. “Judge on Trial” presents not a triangle but a quadrangle: Adam betrays his demure, waif-like wife, Alena, with the short-skirted, wanton Alexandra, and then betrays them both with the willowy love from his past, Magdalena. If a bottle of vodka was the quickest way out of Communist Russia, a bed seems to have offered the handiest exit from Communist Czechoslovakia. The pages describing Adam's affair back in the mid-fifties with Magdalena are the most sensually glowing, alive not only with their youth but with the beauty of the Central European countryside: “We are walking on moss among mountain thyme and Carthusian pinks, and along dry-stone walls that radiate heat, and along a valley up which the sound of bells is carried. I can see Magdalena in her light flowered dress; for the first time I saw her happy.” They spend the night in an old farmhouse. The next day, Magdalena drinks too much at the local inn and makes Adam stay too late; by way of apology, back in their room, she plays her flute and begs him to sing. “The scene etched itself in my memory: her slim, almost white body, which seemed to shine in the darkness, the black flute in her big fingers, and behind her the country bed with its striped quilt.”



We are not surprised when, thirteen years after this idyll, as his domestic and professional worlds are collapsing, he invites Magdalena once again to bed, and she accepts. Only with her does he not feel that—in the phrase of Rimbaud's with which Kundera titled a novel—“life is elsewhere.” The sexual venturing of this novel is insistently tied to the political malaise, the sense of captivity. Magdalena feels “surrounded by lies . . . in a country enclosed with barbed wire.” Alena is drawn to Honza in part because his father was sent to prison when he was very young; Adam is cold and



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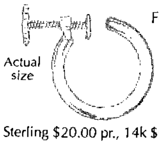

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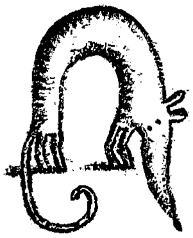
distant because he is, with his grim idealism, a slave to the system. Alexandra (whose father, a policeman, shot himself when the Communists took over) sleeps around and drinks hard in the same spirit of protest in which she wears Western-style miniskirts and deals with the economic underground. She scoffs at the "laws that say it's a crime to want to live like people and not slaves," and longs to escape to "somewhere I'd know I was alive."



All this would be more persuasive if sexual infidelity and restlessness were unknown under capitalism, or if Adam were not himself so relentlessly and humorlessly self-regarding. Once Alena slips from the innocence he had assigned her in his mind, he numbly turns his back upon her and their two children to devote himself entirely to rather ponderous self-seeking, filling his head and Klíma's pages with such disquisitions as:

> What was he to do? How was he to find harmony when he was incapable of knowing himself, had never learnt to heed his inner voice and it was so long since he had seen his own light, ever since he lost it in the way sleepers lose for ever the light of the star that they observed with such amazement in the night sky before they fell asleep?

In the face of his wife's plea for a reconciliation, he resents that she didn't ask him, "Where are you now and where do you want to go from here? Have you still any capacity at all to live and act as a free individual?" She goes off to have an abortion and a religious vision, while he relives his painful memories with miserly absorption and arrives at the illumination that "every decision in this life is wrong from some point of view. . . . After all there is nowhere to go to and no one to go with; we're all alone." Such nihilism gives him a mystical satisfaction; his early longing for a desert is realized in Texas, among "just stones, waterless valleys, grey-blue rocks riven with gullies, a non-terrestrial landscape, even more desolate than the one I had seen in the Holy Land." Years later, he tells Magdalena, "I felt happy there."

On the one hand, Klíma wants Adam to stand as the deadened lackey of a futile system, and on the other wants him to voice his own profoundest thoughts. Beneath this fable of a judge found wanting is a search for religious meaning—both Adam and Alena have visions of God—and a certain amount of private complaint. First published underground in 1978, and revised in 1986, "Judge on Trial" is older than "Love and Garbage," which was written between 1983 and 1986. Less overtly autobiographical, the earlier novel seems more cumbersomely heavy-hearted, more of a "working through." A veritable thematic gridlock builds up as Adam, the end of the book in sight, counsels his reeling self: "It was immaterial what would happen next. Only an effeminate, pampered and introverted mentality demanded the assurance that everything that caused it to rejoice at a given moment, everything that nourished and intoxicated its body and soul, would last for ever and ever. There was no way of insuring the future, one could only lose the present." By way of illustration, the plot peters out inconclusively. The mystery of the Karel Kozlík case is never unravelled, nor is the marriage of our Communist Adam definitely resumed or dissolved. That so bulky an epic of anti-socialist realism ends in midair surprises us. Compared (as he inevitably must be) with Kundera, Klíma is a strenuous moralist, a dogged piler-on. Suggestiveness and humor were weapons that writers under Communism developed; Klíma—though he presents some hectic dialogues of lovers and spouses that make us sadly smile—seems deficient in both. "Judge on Trial" is a novel of high purpose and considerable richness, spoiled by a sententious tone and a soggy hero. ♦

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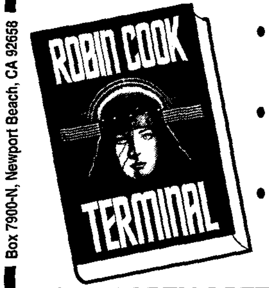

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Dead Man Walking
by Helen Prejean, C.S.J.
(Random House; $21)

Although the American public's support for capital punishment is soft, and polls find that most people would accept the certainty of a long prison sentence as a substitute for execution, the United States still retains the death penalty. Helen Prejean's painful and powerful testimony against capital punishment depends not on argument but on a decade's experience. In a simple, unemphatic style, she recalls that she was teaching adult-education classes in a New Orleans housing project when a friend in a prison-reform organization asked if she would write to a death-row inmate. Her agreement led to her counselling and praying with murderers and witnessing their executions, comforting their families, examining the inadequate legal processes by which they had been condemned, and interviewing prison officials, including a chairman of the Louisiana Pardon Board who had served a term in prison for taking bribes. Her practical moral courage is heroic.

Pack My Bag: A Self-Portrait
by Henry Green
(New Directions; $18.95)

An autobiographical memoir (published in England in 1940 but not here), covering the first twenty-four years of his life, by one of the most original writers of our century. Henry Green (1905-73), whose real name was Henry Yorke, was brought up on an estate in Gloucestershire, went to Eton and Oxford, and served an apprenticeship in his father's Birmingham factory; he also wrote fiction. In 1938, sensing that a devastating war was coming, which he, then thirty-three, would be unlikely to survive, he decided to set down "what comes to mind before one is killed." What came to mind was his school days, and the need to unlearn and forget doctrines taught at "fascist" institutions like English public schools; the heady pleasures and occasional miseries of life at Oxford; "Bump suppers" and Hunt Balls; fishing, billiards, and early encounters with girls. There are also spirited reminiscences of the wounded Air Force officers who convalesced at his parents' house during the First World War. He wasn't killed, of course; he served out the war as a fireman in London, and went on writing those incandescent novels.

The Memory of All That
by Joan Peyser
(Simon & Schuster; $25)

This revelatory biography of George Gershwin claims, not always convincingly, that his mother, Rose, and his sister-in-law Leonore (Ira's wife) were coldhearted bullies; that Gershwin possibly had two illegitimate children, one male, one female, both still living; that he had countless girlfriends, married and unmarried (among them Kay Swift, Paulette Goddard, Simone Simon, Kitty Carlisle, and Jascha Heifetz's sister Pauline), to whom he often unsuccessfully and insouciantly proposed marriage; and that he might have survived the brain tumor that killed him at the age of thirty-eight if he had been given some sort of alert medical care. (The debilitating headaches he suffered for months before he was finally operated on were generally treated by psychoanalysts.) Peyser also concludes that Gershwin was, despite his seemingly unassailable brilliance, damaged by the highfalutin attitudes toward him of such local musical highbrows as Aaron Copland and Virgil Thomson and by the vicious anti-Semitism of his time. The writing is heedless and sometimes garbled, but the photographs are wonderful.

VERSE

The Museum of Clear Ideas
by Donald Hall
(Ticknor & Fields; $18.95)

A stunning volume of testamentary verse, comprising the seriocomic "Another Elegy," the set of Horatian imitations that make up the long title poem, and "Baseball" and "Extra Innings." What is unusual is that within this formal or syllabic structure Hall is able to weave in and out of a variety of details, past and present, public and private, giving us glimpses of himself as athlete, son, father, and cantankerous purveyor of obiter dicta, or plumbing the old contrarieties (the rural or urban scene, the classical or experimental temper), and doing so with the utmost ease and panache. Though the conversational style may owe a debt to O'Hara or Schuyler, Berryman or the later Auden, the wit and momentum of the book as a whole, and, in particular, its tone (an often perfect American blend of rue and buoyancy, narrative verve and grace), are distinctly Hall's own. Despite illness, despite loss, despite a highly imperilled view of time, Hall embraces, ultimately, the "ongoing life," "the ecstatic/day's routine" of the "quotidian, rare, sensible paradise."

Dante's Inferno: Translations by Twenty Contemporary Poets
edited by Daniel Halpern
(Ecco; $24.95)

If something of the Inferno's stylistic unity is lost in this new collaborative translation, a heightened sense of each tier of Hell emerges through the distinct voices. Virgil's design for Dante, that he will "grow used/to the sad stench," for "after a short while/human senses numb," does not extend to this volume's readers; our senses are continually jostled and primed by the unexpected shifts in style. In the end notes, several poets explain their reasons for translating in a given form: Jorie Graham's longer lines gain force and overflow their initial approximation of terza rima to invoke "the rhythm of two men walking and talking and thinking and seeing," while Richard Howard's dense, unbroken stanzas emphasize the poem's "pensive narrative." Susan Mitchell's account of the bumbling devils' escapades in Cantos XXI and XXII (including her loose translation of their names—among them Dog Face, Dog Scratcher, Hog-With-Tusks) captures some of the swagger and bawdiness of Dante's Florentine. In an afterword Giuseppe Mazzotta compares the enterprise to "a vast chamber of resonance in which discordant strains—the bedlam of taverns, the lovers' whispers in enclosed gardens, the careful pitch of courtiers, the wild screams of battlefields, the noises of the streets—vibrate and still touch us." ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

SCREENWRITER'S LEXICON

BY DAVID FREEMAN

"So is it a fish out of water or womjep?"

"It's tits 'n' tires. And no sympathy."

"Then pair them up, get M.H.M.E."

"M.B.A.! M.B.A.! You're talking strictly N.A.L.W."

"Sorry. I should think more like Joe."

"Joe? Joe? He doesn't bother with this stuff."

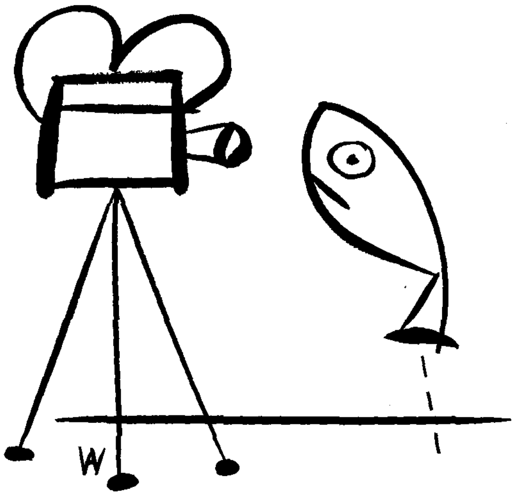
THE idea of the unhappy screenwriter is part of Hollywood's mythology. Screenwriters live, famously, in gilded cages, where producers torture them, studio bosses fire them, and actresses ask them where the director is. Many are fallen intellectuals, smarter than the scripts they turn out. Perhaps because irony is not always a useful quality in a Hollywood script, it surfaces in the writers' conversation, which is marked by private references and obscure abbreviations.

Fish out of water: Every few months, another catchphrase surfaces for the sort of script the studios want. It's not anything as simple as "A cop movie is a hit, so let's make another." The task is to identify and reduce to a few words the underlying theme. In "Scent of a Woman," the young man played by Chris O'Donnell is a provincial scholarship boy at a fancy prep school—a fish out of water. He accompanies an odd military man, Al Pacino, to the big city—so he's twice out of water, enough to asphyxiate most fish. As in all the fish movies of the last sixty years, he learns to live and flourish.

Womjep: A woman in jeopardy; sometimes called femjep. It's a hardy perennial among movie plots, from "The Perils of Pauline" to "Slumber Party Massacre." The fems in jep were once beautiful and helpless and had torn clothes. They're still beautiful, but now they're often surgeons or architects in torn clothes.

Tits 'n' tires: The sort of movie that responsible adults once felt obligated to condemn. A misunderstood young man would steal a car and drive fast. He slowed down long enough to pick up a young woman who had a compulsion to unbutton her shirt. Today the car thieves are often women and their temporary companions dim-witted drifters with well-developed pectorals. The gender and the era may change, but in Hollywood, cars and chests are inseparable.

Sympathy: Producers and directors want their heroes to be sympathetic. This is more complicated than it might seem. Because producers have heard that drama is about change, they want to make sure that change is apparent. If it's a story of youth maturing (always a good bet, considering the age of the audience), chances are a writer will make the youth callow at first. Producers always profess to understand. Then, as surely as the popcorn will be overpriced, they panic when they see those callow beginnings. "More sympathy! More sympathy!" says the producer, sounding like Count Dracula asking for blood. "I wanna love him. Give him a puppy dog! Give him a limp!" "The puppy dog has a limp?" the screenwriter asks. "Hey! I don't know. You're the writer."



M.H.M.E.: More heart, more edge—reduced to initials by writers who have heard it too often. It's the sort of instruction issued by people in authority who haven't any idea what they're talking about but recognize that "Do it again, better" is insufficient. It means, as far as it means anything, to make the emotions larger and the danger greater. "This script needs more heart, more edge," the producer says. "Oh, now I see," the writer says. "Very helpful." "Hey! That's what I'm here for."

M.B.A.: Male-bonding alert. (Nothing to do with a business-school degree.) After the success of the "Lethal Weapon" movies, scripts about unlikely pairs of men who learn to be friends threatened to engulf us all. Screenwriters have learned to warn one another with the anguished cry "M.B.A.!"

N.A.L.W.: Not an A-list writer. This includes almost every screenwriter. The shorthand comes from the now unplugged Writers Guild computer bulletin board (WGA-BBS), where so many abbreviations appeared that a typical screen looked like the first draft of a script about F.D.R. and the New Deal.

Joe: Joe Eszterhas is a hero to a generation of screenwriters, held in esteem not for his scripts—"Basic Instinct" and "Sliver" are recent examples—but for his sales record. He prefers to stay out of development, keeping his own counsel. He usually doesn't take money in advance, and so doesn't have anyone looking over his shoulder. Journalists love to write about how he stood up to Mike Ovitz—a confrontation they tend to paint in Capra-like terms. Screenwriters, who know better, talk only about how Eszterhas sells script after script for a few million dollars a pop without even living in Hollywood. ◆

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